Oct. 21, 1967

THE NEW YORKER

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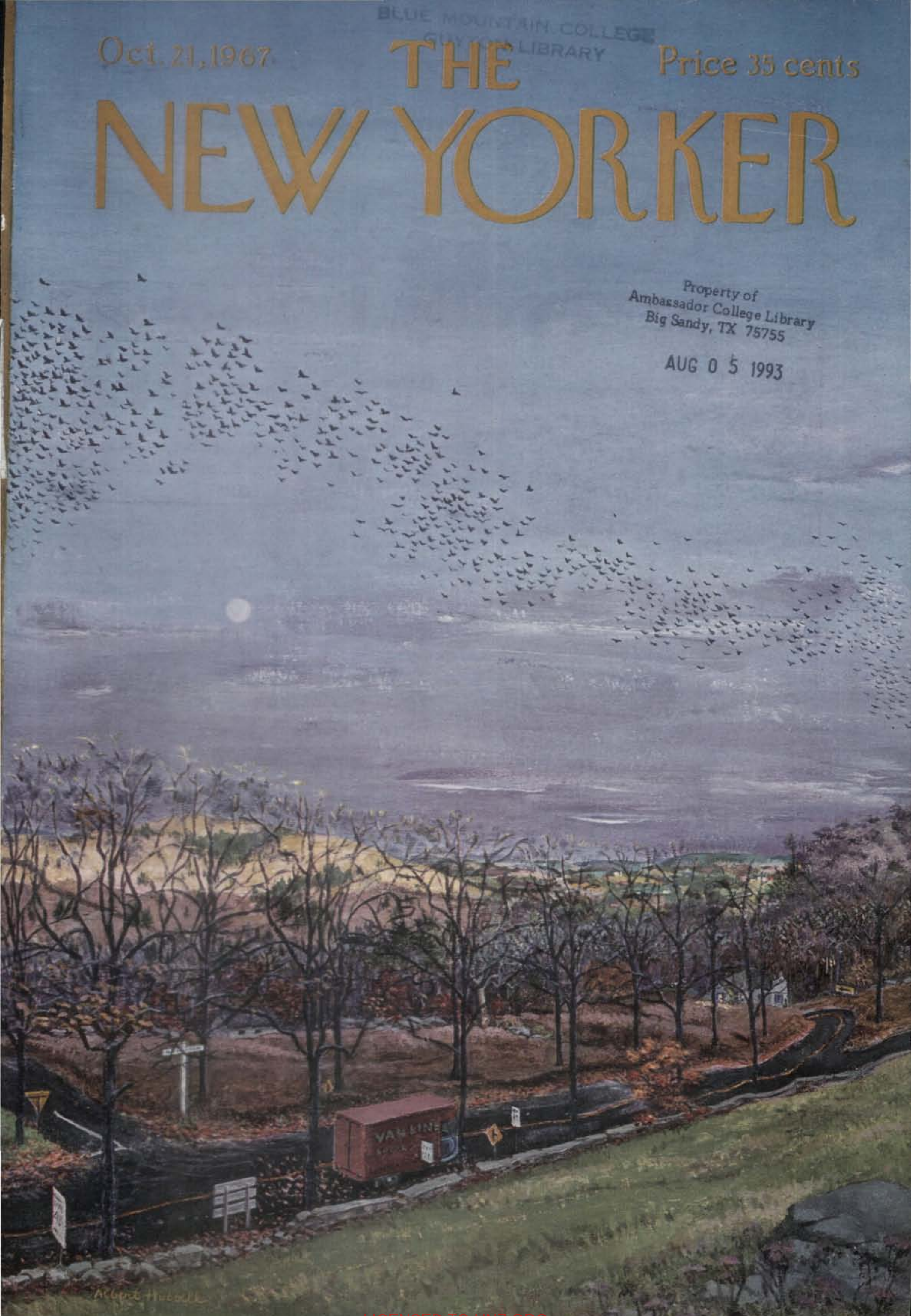
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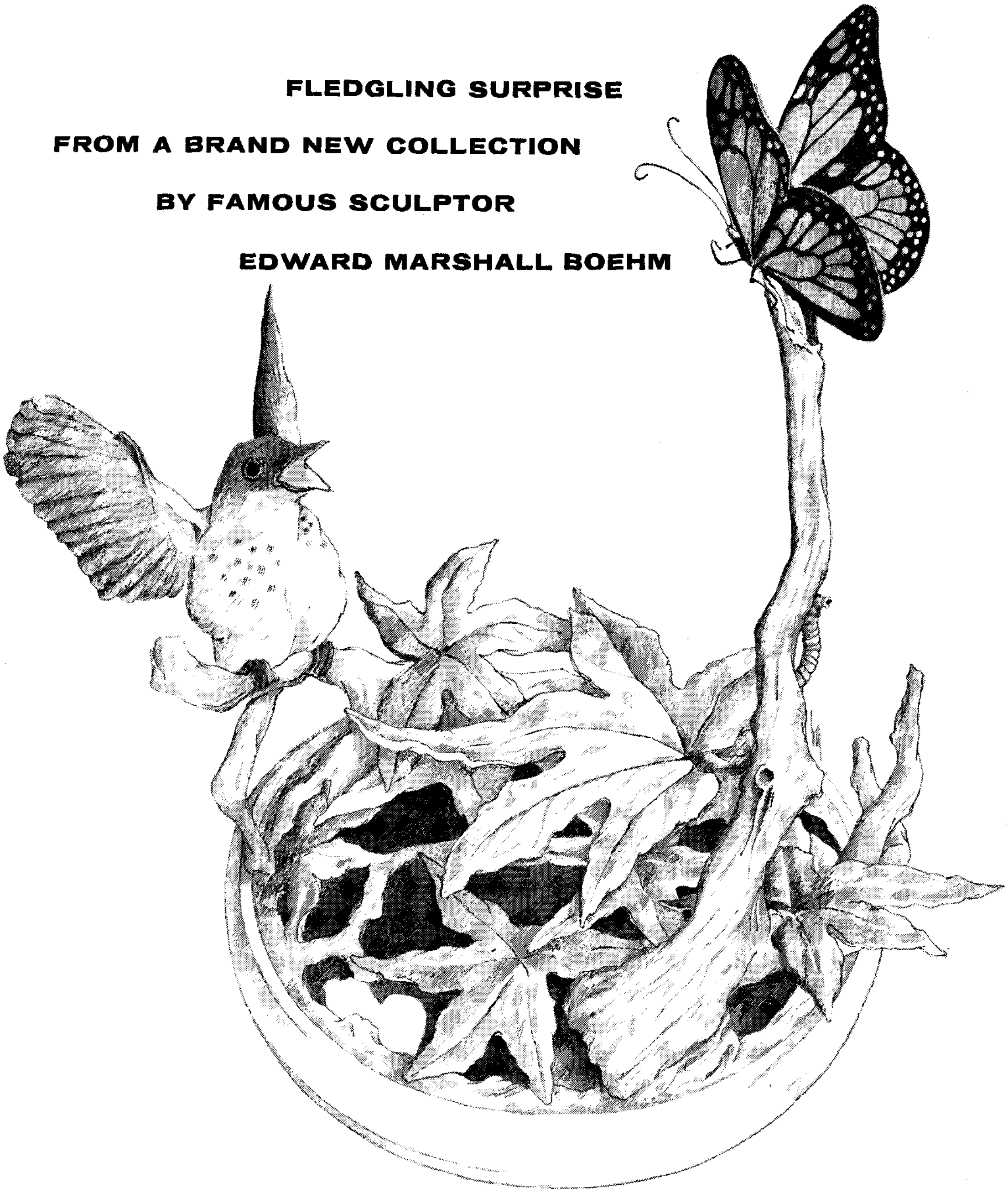

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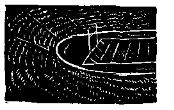

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

After the Rain—A glimpse of the future as it might be after a flood has all but wiped out humanity. John Bowen's play is fairly diverting, and the cast is excellent. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Birthday Party—The first full-length drama by Harold Pinter. Written a decade ago, the work is pretty murky but has its interesting aspects. The American cast isn't always happy with the English roles they are called upon to play, and Alan Schneider's direction is not always successful. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Black Comedy—Odd doings during an electrical blackout in South Kensington. A funny invention of Peter Shaffer, which is preceded, alack, by a curtain-raiser called "White Lies" that isn't up to Mr. Shaffer's par. As directed by John Dexter, the cast in "Black Comedy" cannot be faulted. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Unknown Soldier and His Wife—Peter Ustinov's attempt at a satire on war through the ages fritters away whatever force it might have had into facetiousness. There are, however, quite a few entertaining spots, and the performances are generally good. That of Brian Bedford, as a recurring general, is especially good. (George Abbott, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

You Know I Can't Hear You When the Water's Running—Four plays by Robert Anderson that concentrate determinedly on sex. Mr. Anderson's creations are sometimes funny but not overly original. However, there is not a thing wrong with the cast—Martin Balsam, Eileen Heckart, George Grizzard, Joe Silver, and Kathleen Dabney—and the direction, by Alan Schneider, is entirely satisfactory. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**cactus flower**: Abe Burrows' study of a slow-blooming dental nurse. Lauren Bacall and Lloyd Bridges. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **don't drink the water**: A Jewish family from Newark behind the Iron Curtain. Put together by Woody Allen and featuring Lou Jacobi and Peggy Cass. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Daphne in Cottage D—Sandy Dennis and William Daniels are the entire cast of Stephen Levi's play. The director is Martin Fried. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead—A London import by Tom Stoppard, in which Brian Murray, John Wood, and Paul Hecht appear. Directed by Derek Goldby. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 245-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

There's a Girl in My Soup—A comedy by Terence Frisby, imported from London, with Gig Young, Barbara Ferris, Jon Pertwee, and Rita Gam. Robert Chetwyn is the director. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Hallelujah, Baby!—Leslie Uggams makes a commendable first appearance on Broadway in this show. The libretto (weak) is offset to some extent by the amiable lyrics of Betty Comden and Adolph Green and the easygoing music of Jule Styne. Miss Uggams has the help of a sprightly cast that includes Allen Case, Billy Dee Williams, and Lillian Hayman. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Illya Darling—Melina Mercouri as one of those lovable prostitutes, in an adaptation of the movie "Never on Sunday." Pleasant music and plenty of manly jigging, but not much real substance. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**the apple tree**: A musical taken from short stories by Mark Twain, Frank R. Stockton, and Jules Feiffer. With Barbara Harris and Alan Alda. Carmen Alvarez substitutes for Miss Harris at the matinée performances. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **cabaret**: How things went in Germany shortly before the Nazis took over. Jack Gilford, Lotte Lenya, and Joel Grey. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **fiddler on the roof**: Herschel Bernardi in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **hello, dolly!**: Betty Grable now has the role of La Belle Cordière. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **i do! i do!**: Mary Martin and Robert Preston in a highly sentimental account of a half century of marriage. Carol Lawrence and Gordon MacRae play the matinée performances. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **mame**: Angela Lansbury in an adaptation of the Patrick Dennis novel. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday, Oct. 22, at 7:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Jewish State Theatre of Poland—In its first appearance here, this company headed by Ida Kaminska will present Jacob Gordin's **mirele efros**, in Yiddish, in an eight-week engagement that starts Thursday, Oct. 19, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 10. Simultaneous-translation ear-sets may be rented at each performance. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

What Did We Do Wrong?—Henry Denker's comedy, starring Paul Ford and staged by Sherwood Arthur. Previews through Saturday, Oct. 21. Opens officially on Sunday, Oct. 22. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Henry, Sweet Henry—Don Ameche and Carol Bruce in a musical based on the novel "The World of Henry Orient," by Nora Johnson. Nunnally Johnson wrote the book and Bob Merrill the music and lyrics. Directed by George Roy Hill. Previews through Saturday, Oct. 21. Opens officially on Monday, Oct. 23. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center Drama Company—Dorothy Stickney and Leon Ames in a revival of Lindsay and Crouse's **life with father**. The first of two plays in this year's American Playwrights Series. Opens Thursday, Oct. 19, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 5. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of Lillian Hellman's **the little foxes**, with Anne Bancroft, Richard A. Dysart, Margaret Leighton, E. G. Marshall, Austin Pendleton, William Prince, Beah Richards, George C. Scott, Maria Tucci, and Andre Womble. The first in this season's series of four plays. Previews through Tuesday, Oct. 24; special benefit performance (for tickets, call EN 2-7600) Wednesday, Oct. 25, at 8:45. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 26, at 7:30, and will run through Saturday, Dec. 16. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Amato Opera Company—Presentations of **la bohème**. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

America Hurrah—A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

American Savoyards—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday, Oct. 19, at 7:30 (opening), and Friday, Oct. 20, at 8:30: **the gon-**

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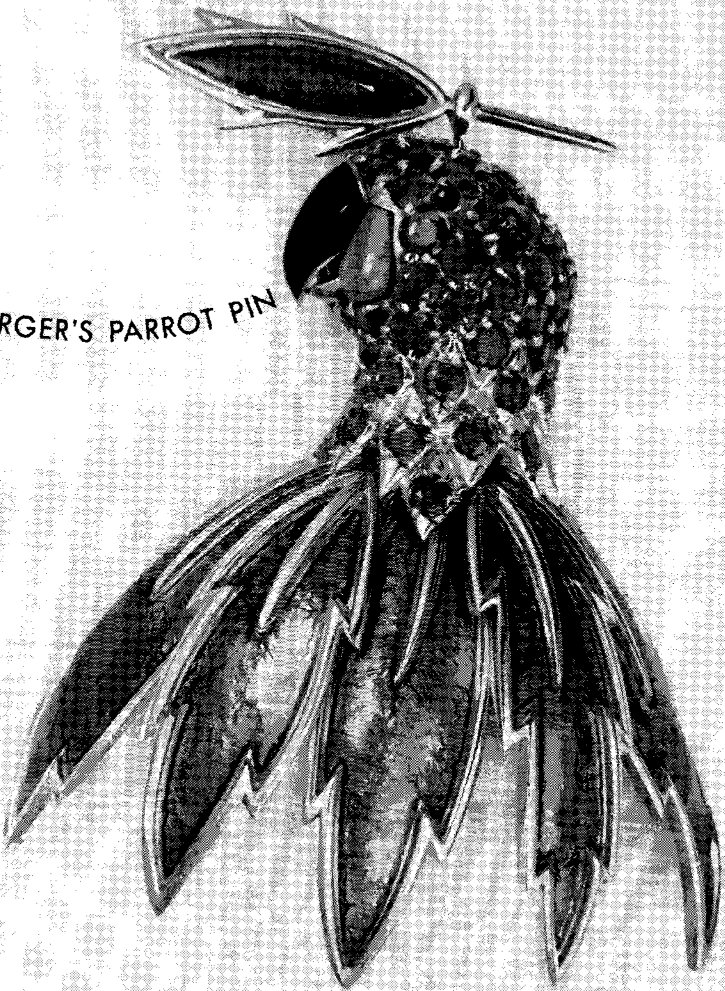
TALK, TALK, TALK . . . SCHLUMBERGER'S PARROT PIN



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

DOLIERS. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 21, at 4 and 8:30: **PATIENCE.** . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 22, at 3 and 7:30 (previews): **H.M.S. PINAFORE.** . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 24, at 7:30 (opening), and Wednesday, Oct. 25, at 8:30: **THE MIKADO.** . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Oct. 26-27, at 8:30: **IOLANTHE.** . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 28, at 4 and 8:30: **THE GONDOLIERS.** (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.)

ARMS AND THE MAN—A revival of Shaw's comedy. The performance just about gets by, but the play, now over seventy years old, is as fresh as paint. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE FANTASTICKS—The Server shall not serve until the Receiver is ready. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

FATHER UXBRIDGE WANTS TO MARRY—A play by Frank Gagliano. Season subscribers (twenty dollars) only. (American Place Theatre, 423 W. 46th St. CI 7-0393. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; on Saturday, Oct. 21, at 9, and Monday, Oct. 23, at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Nov. 11.)

FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES—A play by John Herbert. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

FRAGMENTS—A pair of depressing comedies, by Murray Schisgal, about people who have cut themselves off from life and are left adrift. There are some bright moments, though, and the acting is way above the neighborhood par. With Gene Hackman, James Coco, and Tresa Hughes. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

HAIR—A rock-'n'-roll musical presented by the New York Shakespeare Festival. Gerome Ragni and James Rado wrote the book and lyrics, and Galt MacDermot the music. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

MAN OF LA MANCHA—Dale Wasserman's interpretation of "Don Quixote" is only fitfully interesting, even though the music, by Mitch Leigh, that accompanies it is admirable. David Atkinson plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator, and Robert Rounseville and Irving Jacobson support him handsomely. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

THE NIGGERLOVERS—A sneering piece of synthetic Brecht by George Tabori, but with good performances by Stacy Keach and James Spruill. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Thursday and Friday at 8:40; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 22.)

NOW IS THE TIME FOR ALL GOOD MEN—A musical by a new team—Gretchen Cryer (words) and Nancy Ford (music)—about a teacher who has been court-martialled in Vietnam and who gets into trouble when he preaches the doctrine of civil disobedience in and out of school. The setting is a small town in Indiana. The tunes are appealing, the company is attractive and spirited, and the numbers work well, but the words—full of message and heavily ironic—get very obtrusive. David Cryer is extremely good as the young teacher. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE POCKET WATCH—A comedy by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

SCUBA DUBA—Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is the comic Walpurgis Night of an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. In the course of the action, which is strenuous, a good many traditional routines and acceptable attitudes bite the dust, and obscenities abound. Mr. Friedman knows what he is doing, but what he is doing is not for every taste. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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STEPHEN D.—The glorious words of James Joyce are delivered with moving intensity by Stephen Joyce in the role of the Artist as a Young Man, and satisfactorily, or more than that, by other actors in other roles. The play, an adaptation by Hugh Leonard, and the production are both somewhat short on wit and fire, but they are often effective. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 3.)

YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN—This delightful little musical and the six actors who play in it manage to capture the elusive humor and charm of Charles M. Schulz's "Peanuts," on which, of course, it is based. Joseph Hardy was the director, Clark Gesner wrote the songs, and John Gordon wrote the libretto. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

LUCERO TENA—Spanish dancer, with her troupe, plus an orchestra, in the final performances of a one-week engagement. (Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd St. 279-3970. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 19-20, at 9; Saturday, Oct. 21, at 2:30 and 9; and Sunday, Oct. 22, at 2:30 and 7.)

BOSTON BALLET COMPANY—In its first appearance here. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 20-21, at 8:30.)

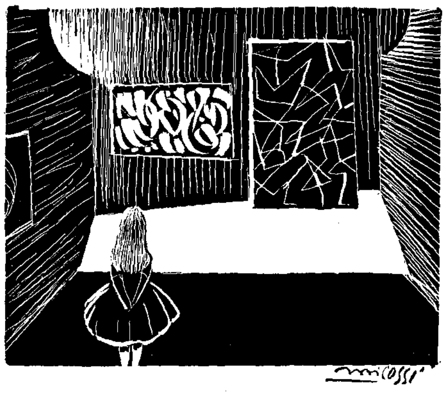
MANHATTAN FESTIVAL BALLET—"Devanagari," an unnamed Sokolow work, "Dance for Three People," and "Schubertiaden." (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-9740. Mondays at 8:30.)

PAUL TAYLOR DANCE COMPANY—"Agatha's Tale" (New York première), "Post Meridian," "Duet," and "Aureole." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, Oct. 28, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

MARLENE DIETRICH—A solo show of songs in English, French, German, and Hebrew. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3. Through Saturday, Nov. 18.)

BY GEORGE—Max Adrian as Bernard Shaw in a three-week engagement of his one-man London show devised by Michael Voysey. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3877. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 4:30. Final performances Saturday, Nov. 4.)



NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Ella Fitzgerald, who was born backstage in a green-and-yellow basket, is still singing about that cradle and a lot of things that have happened since—roundly, soundly, and sometimes profoundly. She is to be heard during dinner and supper in the Royal Box. The intervals between are filled full by the flowing orchestra of Lee Evans. Closed Sundays.

BARBERRY, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—As before, there is a reasonably slender Billy Reed to lean on as he patrols his refectory and (from nine until two every evening but Sunday and Monday) his small *palais de danse*.

DELMONICO'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—A life of ease is the sole objective of the couples who inhabit the floor of the restaurant. The music comes from Ernie Warren's small band of longtime local citizens, who carry on from eight until one or two every evening but Sunday and Monday.

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Considered by many fanciers of night school to be an absolutely required course. The instructors are the bands belonging to Lester Lanin and George Anaya, which never pause between eight and three-thirty. No classes on Sunday.

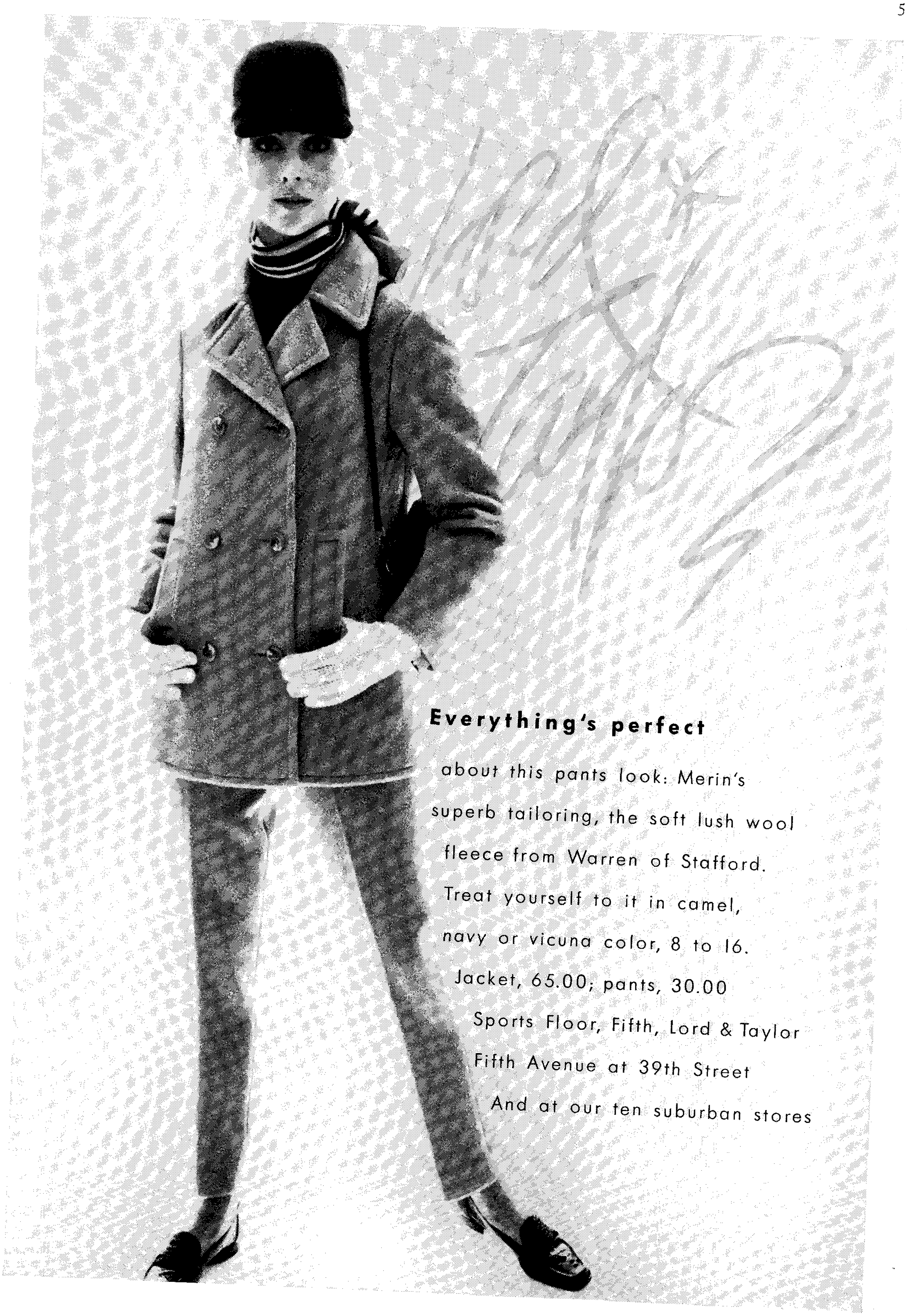
PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Café Pierre is not yet an institution accredited by the Ivy League, but the curriculums are the same. Ben Cutler's Yale boys are on the bandstand seven nights a week. Lest Homer and the other old-school metropolitans nod between sets, a guitarist of Brazilian fervor turns himself on.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Tony Sandler, a knowing man-about-Europe, is chanting and chaffing in the Persian Room at dinnertime and suppertime, and being deft about it, too. He gets assistance from other hands, but of a sort that might lead one to suspect that he could be better off by himself. The jaunty bands of Burt Farber and Mark Monte are at play there all evening long. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Fiddle and piano (these are the arsenal of Leo LeFleur's duo) speak with bated breath from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, which is the nineteenth century at the pinnacle of perfection, and again from seven to nine (except Sundays) in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes the most beautiful of all Manhattan's architectural follies when lavender light begins to suffuse the statuary and Gunnar Hansen's fiddle begins its sentimental journey down the Danube. No music Sunday nights.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The chalet on top of old Mount Rockefeller is a life-enhancing project, especially when Peter Duchin's band, decked out in orchestrational finery, sets to at nine. Phil Wayne's trio starts bringing up the room temperature at seven. Curfew does not arrive until two. Closed Sundays.

THE RIVERBOAT, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (PL 9-2444)—Carmen Cavallaro's band, replete with supreme unction, lives on the quarterdeck. On Friday, Oct. 20, the Mills Brothers, standing four-square against the ravages of time, will be added, to murmur like the pines of a mighty forest. Eight until two is the running time for all hands, and Sunday is everyone's time-out.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Marni Nixon (in person at last, and not just a movie sound track) sings for her dinner and her supper in the Maisonette like a hi-fi bird, or (considering today's run of sopranos) a *rara avis*. The United States band of George Cort and the Latin band of Quintero do the rest of the work. All quiet every Sunday, and on Monday, Oct. 23, Dorothy Shay, who calls herself the Park Avenue hillbilly, succeeds Miss Nixon. . . . ¶ La Boite, the across-the-way peace haven, simmers ever so quietly to the piano of Carey



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Robert Randall

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Gregory. Six to one-thirty is his span of office. His work week does not include Thursday and Sunday.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Eddie Fisher, a living, breathing, *singing example of what automation can accomplish*, finishes his string of dinner and supper recitals in the Empire Room on Saturday, Oct. 21. The enterprise shuts down, as usual, *on Sunday, but reopens on Monday*, Oct. 23, to house Shirley Bassey, a high breeze and balladier from London. Charles Turecamo's orchestra is staying on. . . . ¶ Horace Diaz, early settler in this town, runs a dance trio in Peacock Alley. Eight or nine until one or two is the scheme during the week; Sundays, it is five to ten; Mondays and Tuesdays are silent. Every day but Saturday and Sunday, there is piano in another part of the Alley from four until ten.

Note—ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—Moderation in all things is the rule of thumb—or, rather, foot—because the Monkey, the Fracture, and the Urban Sprawl are all forbidden. The setting is plain but painstaking; the menu is token. Two ceaseless bands, one Norte and one Sud, tee off at about seven-thirty during the week and stay put until around one; Sundays they begin at three-thirty. For insatiables, there is a floor show at eleven every Tuesday. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): An off-campus campus that looks after a whole bunch of people who knew each other when and seem rather glad about it. The music for the reunion is piano, piano, piano the whole night through—by Goldie Hawkins and his valiant aide, Wayne Sanders. Closed Sundays. . . . **L'INTRIGUE**, 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1990): The imaginary world that is peopled by Baltimore Oriole, True Blue Lou, and such, will be revived as of Monday, Oct. 23. It will function (no earlier than ten) every night but Sunday. The peopling will be done by the songs and piano of Hugh Shannon, and a brave old world it is. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): A snug, shipshape West Indie, visited every night from dinner time until after the theatre by a troubadour who sings in the choicest broken-Jamaica dialect. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): You're only young a thousand times—this is the attitude of the boy and girl workers in the communications arts who gather here. The threesome of Chuck Wayne, a deft abstractionist, does the holding forth with great glee. No music Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri's portrayal of the wickedest woman in Paris (done mostly from the top deck of a piano) is all fool and a yard wide, which is how the guests in her small drawing room like it. She chants at dinner during the week, at dinner and supper Friday and Saturday, and—as a good Greek—never on Sunday. Leisurely dance music commences at eight. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Where the gypsy caravans of Hungary have rested, though never in complete silence. After the zimbalons and fiddles have had their say, Béla Babai's band does dance music and Tibor Rakossy does ballads of passionate importunity. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Not quite tempest in a teapot is the corner-saloon lounge of the Hotel Earle, but the animation in this Village snug can be ample. Here Laurie Brewis conducts, from his piano, a sort of sing-along that begins at nine-thirty every evening but Monday, and goes on and on into the night. . . . **TAMBURLAINE**, 148 E. 48th St. (PL 1-0033): The Department of Forestry in Outer Mongolia has an exhibit here, and so does the chef (at times), but the dance music, which runs from eight-thirty until one-thirty, is mid-Manhattan. It is a bit bumpy except on Monday night, for then Billy Rubenstein's piano embellishes it. Another improvement, operating from six to eight, Mondays through Fridays, is Allan Haig, whose piano is a thing of beauty as well as of bounty. Closed Sundays. . . . **KIPPYS**, 240 W. 52nd St. (581-4773): A higher standard for the Broadway way of life, with (in the abovestairs annex) Danny Apolinar contributing his brash piano from nine until two every evening but Sunday. . . . **NEW YORK HILTON**, *Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000)*: Unancient Rome is the hallmark of the Roman Pub, but it's a handsome Rome all the same, gathered about a tiny dance floor. A threesome paced by the precise piano of Joan St. James is usually in action from five-thirty to seven-thirty and from nine-thirty to one-thirty, but it skips the early set on Saturday and everything on Sunday. No more than tidbits for the internally hungry. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Scratch a waiter and you'll find a tenor whose mother tongue is Italian. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie when Cy Walter addresses himself to the piano that, from a gentle slope, surveys this lordly manor. This act of beneficence takes place from the cocktail hour until one every night but Sunday, when Allan Haig serves instead. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): This castle is a put-on, all right, but a merry, gregarious, and comfortable one. The master of revels is Norbert Faconi, dean of the faculty of nighttime violinists. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The same king's second retreat, likewise in a put-on mood, and circumnavigated by the fiddle of George Cardini, an incurable romanticist. He stays away Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The city itself is eternal, but the nights are not, for two o'clock is curfew. Until that hour, musicians and singers, who begin at seven-thirty, are on the move. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The watchmen of the night along this stretch of the Via Veneto are the ambulatory musicians under the bow and baton of Herman Honigsberg, master fiddler; the listeners are an outgoing lot. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The Casino-on-the-Park is again illuminated by the hand-carved piano of Steven Weltner, who is on duty from six-thirty until one, except on Saturday and Sunday. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Grand is the manner of the Regency Room, where there is piano between five-thirty and twelve-thirty. Supper but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The Elegant Eighties and the Gay Nineties are permanent occupants of a town house that looks as it was in the beginning. In the bar, a leisurely piano dwells. No music Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): What the well-dressed bar and restaurant will wear. From five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve-thirty, someone diligently plies a piano, every night but Sunday and Monday. . . . **POLO BAR**, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Conrad Monjoy is applying himself to the mannerly piano beside the bar in the grand salon-restaurant of the Westbury Hotel. He is not a Sunday or Monday visitor. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9494): A refectory deep in the arcanebrakes of some Far Eastern country, real or imaginary. In one alcove of it, a piano gets almost subliminally into whatever the act is. Closed Sundays.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining unless indicated.)

ARTHUR, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Practically a closed circuit to anyone without a promissory note from the booking office. The eye of the booked beholder grows dizzy as it follows the free-form footwork of the often enchanted young champions. Some of the music comes out of wax containers, some of it comes out of people—the rocking-folk crew called the Third Bardo. Nine until four is the rule; a slight bill of fare is offered. No Monday action. . . . **SHEPHEARD'S** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The dance music, crisp and commanding, flows from storage batteries, but the characters onstage (the Young-Holt jazz threesome) are real enough. Dining in proper fashion. Closed Sundays. . . . **YELLOWFINGER'S**, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): Mid pleasures and palaces, mostly Roman Mod—in both décor and dress. It must be looked for behind an unmarked door. The eclectic music is from the grooves of Academe. It is open every

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night, from nine-thirty to three-thirty. . . . **CHEETAH**, 1680 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): When the rock and roll is called up yonder, the boy and girl pinwheels who spin in this cave of the winds will be the prize-winners there, too. The music to which they twirl is live enough to be just about livid. Eight until three is the usual schedule, but Sundays begin at three in the afternoon. Cheetah is in the temperance zone. . . . **WHEELS**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A sort of super-motor inn, whose décor is wheels (all the way from automobile to jukebox) whirling like dervishes from six until late in the morning. Since Herbert Jacoby, last of the Blue Angel, is the mad inventor thereof, the inn does possess a stage; on it, one finds the New York Rock-and-Roll Ensemble, which has a bowing acquaintanceship with Bach and a scraping acquaintanceship with rock. The Ensemble is off duty every Monday, but the Wheels continue to turn. . . . **ELECTRIC CIRCUS**, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080): This spaceship, tenuously moored to earth, is a *son et lumière* that gives one pause but also amusement. The occasional circus acts, seemingly as spontaneous as the light cues, are just as entertaining. Though the lighting effects are all fermented, none of the available beverages are. The hours are eight-thirty until three or four, every night. . . . **L'INTERDIT**, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Certain formalities are to be gone through, such as dressing like little ladies and little gentlemen, but the music (nine until early morn) is as vibrant as any, though not at the top of any lungs. Supper, too. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

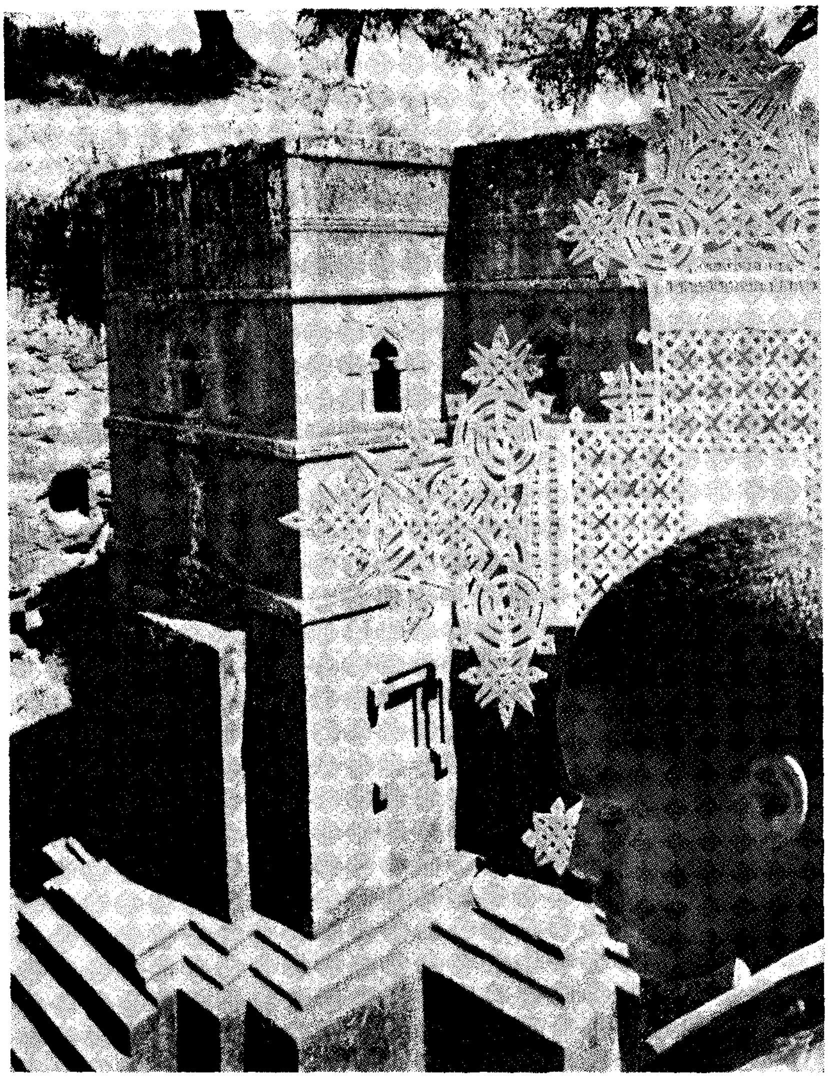
(Dining and dancing.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The stag at eve can drink his fill of Peggy Lee, the great American blonde, who sings all the words he could ever want to hear—funny and feral, fond and furious—about the most absorbing of all emotions. The spell is broken only by the activities of a *soi-disant* wit; the Copa ballerinas, going anxiously through fall practice, are pretty enough to be forgiven their unknowingness. On Thursday, Oct. 26, Tony Martin, all gloss and glitter, becomes the main event. Twice a night, for time immemorial. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the bar-lounge, music starts whooping and dooping at ten, and is not likely to stop. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Dear Lisa, Magda, Melba, Juliet, Pattie, Ingrid, Toni, and the rest of the beauties unadorned (yes, indeed, unadorned) who inhabit the extravaganza known as "Maid in Paris," may you always stay as young and gay as you are tonight. The male cause is upheld by Sid Caesar and his right bower, Mickey Deems, who seem to know most of what there is to know about vocal and visual humor. Twice a night, and every night. Dancing.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Mary Louise Wilson and Liz Sheridan, darkling damsels who are all arsenic and no lace, pursue their merry, lethal way—with the enormous help of Rex Robbins, Terry O'Mara, and Alex Wipf—through "Four in Hand," Julius Monk's willful, witty consideration of the world we must live with. The orchestra is the dashing double piano of Robert Colston and Otis Clements; the interlude piano comes from Baldwin Bergersen. Nine and eleven-thirty are the starting times. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): A fine body of men known as Los Chavales de España applies a great deal of jubilant body Spanish to its stamping, cavorting, and flirting songs; a set of ballerinas aids their cause, and a brace of bands urges the guests into quite a spate of exhibition dancing. Dining, too. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ After ten, in the happy alcove just off the bar, there is the guitar of Emilio Prados, which will have you marching through Iberia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Joan Rivers, who was held over at the analyst's all summer, can hardly wait until ten at night to tell all about it. She is not a Sunday worker. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Dark Horses," a



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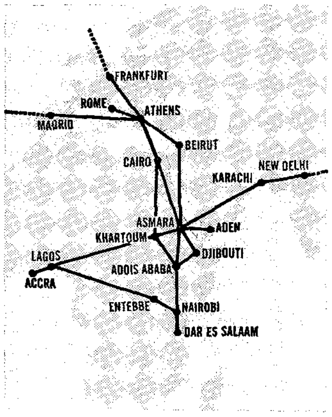

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

new Lilliputian revue with words and music and girls and boys, is in operation at nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE IMPROVISATION**, 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): A busman's holiday after the theatre for this or that Broadway player who feels he hasn't yet done a full night's work. Earlier, there is impromptu entertainment by the staff of this quite casual bar. . . . **LIVING ROOM**, 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): Abandon all hope of peace and quiet, ye who enter here. Merely hope that ye can hear Sylvia Syms blockbusting through her jovial songs. She retires on Sunday, Oct. 22, and next evening brings on Bobby Short, his piano, and his along-the-Riviera arias.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Gary Burton's quartet (what's new) moves out on Thursday, Oct. 19, but Mose Allison's trio (what's ditto) remains at its post, to be joined the following evening by the foursome of Thelonious Monk (what's pneumatic). The Monkey business ends on Sunday, Oct. 22. Monday will be devoted to uprisings by the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band; on Tuesday, Oct. 24, Freddie Hubbard's Jazz Communicators, which involves Joe Henderson and Louis Hayes, will join up with the Allisons. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The roster is sometimes subject to rapid change, but these bookings for the lower deck of this operation have an air of probability: Symphony Sid and his Latin-American bandsmen every Monday; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 20-21, the quintet of Miles Davis, the lonely end, and Gabor Szabo's foursome. . . . ¶ On the upper deck, Johnny Lytle's trio plays touch-and-go Mod music. Tuesdays are allotted to one-night-standers. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The minute pizza salon is picking on bands of more than its own size; to wit: Friday through Sunday every week, the Donald Byrd-Duke Pearson seventeen-man squadron; every Monday, Howard McGhee's mob, also seventeen strong. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor's threesome walks with a springy step the length of the oval bar and brightens every inch of it. There is also interlude piano by Fran Thompson. Kickoff time is nine-fifteen. Mondays, everybody stays home. Dining. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The venerable powerhouse is getting along, and with power to burn, under the guidance of such as Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown. Closed Sundays. . . . **SLUGS'**, 242 E. 3rd St. (WA 4-8400): The address is in the center of one of the new youth-for-joy-and-health cantons, and the slacks tide is in full flow among the customers. Tradition is likewise forsworn by the musicians. Right now, every night but Monday, Jackie McLean's quartet is the responsible party, and on Monday it is Sun Ra's outerspacemen. On Tuesday, Oct. 24, the McLeans will be replaced by Cecil Taylor's Unit, which is making a study of the disunities of sound. . . . **POOKIE'S PUB**, 282 Hudson St., near Spring St. (924-1945): Grand (in every way) is the slam that Elvin Jones imposes on his timpani. His group, which has important contributions to make toward the welfare of contemporary music, includes Billy Greene. Nine to four is the curriculum offered every night but Monday. . . . **THE FRAMMIS**, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (EL 5-7160): A new hearthstone to keep the faith warm. The music, which is Mood in mood, is concocted by Allan Haig's piano and whoever looks, and sits, in. Mr. Haig departs on Saturday, Oct. 21; on Tuesday, Oct. 24, Tal Farlow, a hermit for the past decade, returns to civilian life with a trio. Nine until late. Dinner. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (GR 5-7804): The best of our Village coffee-and-ice-cream parlors starts out with a two-hour seminar at six. This is the work of Dr. Richard Ireland, who once more is doing E.S.P. demonstrations and getting R.S.V.P. messages from presumably occult patients in the audience. What happens later is usually folk music (currently represented by Lori Burton) and rumpus (the Jr. Wells Blues Band). Miss Burton departs on Monday, Oct. 23; the blues situation will intensify on Friday, Oct. 20, when the Siegel Schwall Blues Band signs on. Tuesdays are devoted to drop-ins. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Straw hats, blazers, and banjos on the rostrum; beer and peanuts on the table—a current eternal-youth formula. From nine to three or four every night, the musicians give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): More agenda for the rather young. The music is live and cast-iron. It goes until two or three all week long, and on Sundays it commences at four-thirty in the afternoon, when the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band reports for a matinée. Ruth Crews, a cast-iron soprano, augments the uproar on the evenings of Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday. . . . **RED GARTER**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270): Museum pieces. The largest is the 1906 truck chassis in which the rataplan band plays. Chaplin and Laurel & Hardy movies occur at times; beer, peanuts, and pretzels happen continually. There are Sunday matinées, too, beginning at five. . . . **GOTHAM RESTAURANT**, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): The Talbot Brothers, who discovered and settled Bermuda long before it became an American possession, do a five-to-nine Sunday musicale for their up-North friends. Bring yours, and nostalgia. Dining.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

PAT ADAMS—Oils, in which expanses of color are divided eccentrically, and gouaches; through Nov. 11. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

RICHARD ANUSZKIEWICZ—Eye-tricking paintings and constructions by a well-known Op artist; through Saturday, Oct. 28. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

ROMARE BEARDEN—Bright-colored paper collages *of figures, some representing family scenes;* through Nov. 4. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

CAMILLE BOMBOIS—Thirty-six early oils by the French primitive; through Nov. 11. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

SALVADOR DALI—Paintings and drawings from a private collection; through Saturday, Oct. 28. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

GENE DAVIS—Paintings of colored stripes differing in width from canvas to canvas; through Nov. 2. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

TOM DOYLE—Three large sculptures, mainly of fibre glass; through Nov. 2. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

RAYMOND DUCHAMP-VILLON (1876-1918)—Sculptures and drawings, featuring his masterpiece in the Cubist mode, "The Great Horse," by an elder brother of Marcel Duchamp; through Nov. 4. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

DAN FLAVIN—Carefully calculated compositions of fluorescent lights; through Nov. 8. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

ARTHUR GETZ—Covers for *The New Yorker* and other paintings; through Oct. 30. (Wilburt, 194 Third Ave., at 18th St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 7; Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

PETER GOLFINOPOULOS—Abstract paintings; through Nov. 10. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)

KAWASHIMA—Geometric paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 21. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St.)

KARL KNATHS—*Sixteen abstract and semi-abstract* canvases by a well-known American, now seventy-seven; through Nov. 11. (Rosenberg, 20 E 79th St.)

ROCKNE KREBS—The first show here of works in plastic and metal by a young Washington, D.C., sculptor; through Saturday, Oct. 21. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

WALT KUHN—A showing of fifty-two paintings and a large group of etchings by an organizer of the Armory Show, known for his circus subjects, who died in 1949; through Nov. 7. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)

DAVID LUND—Abstract landscapes in oil and pas-

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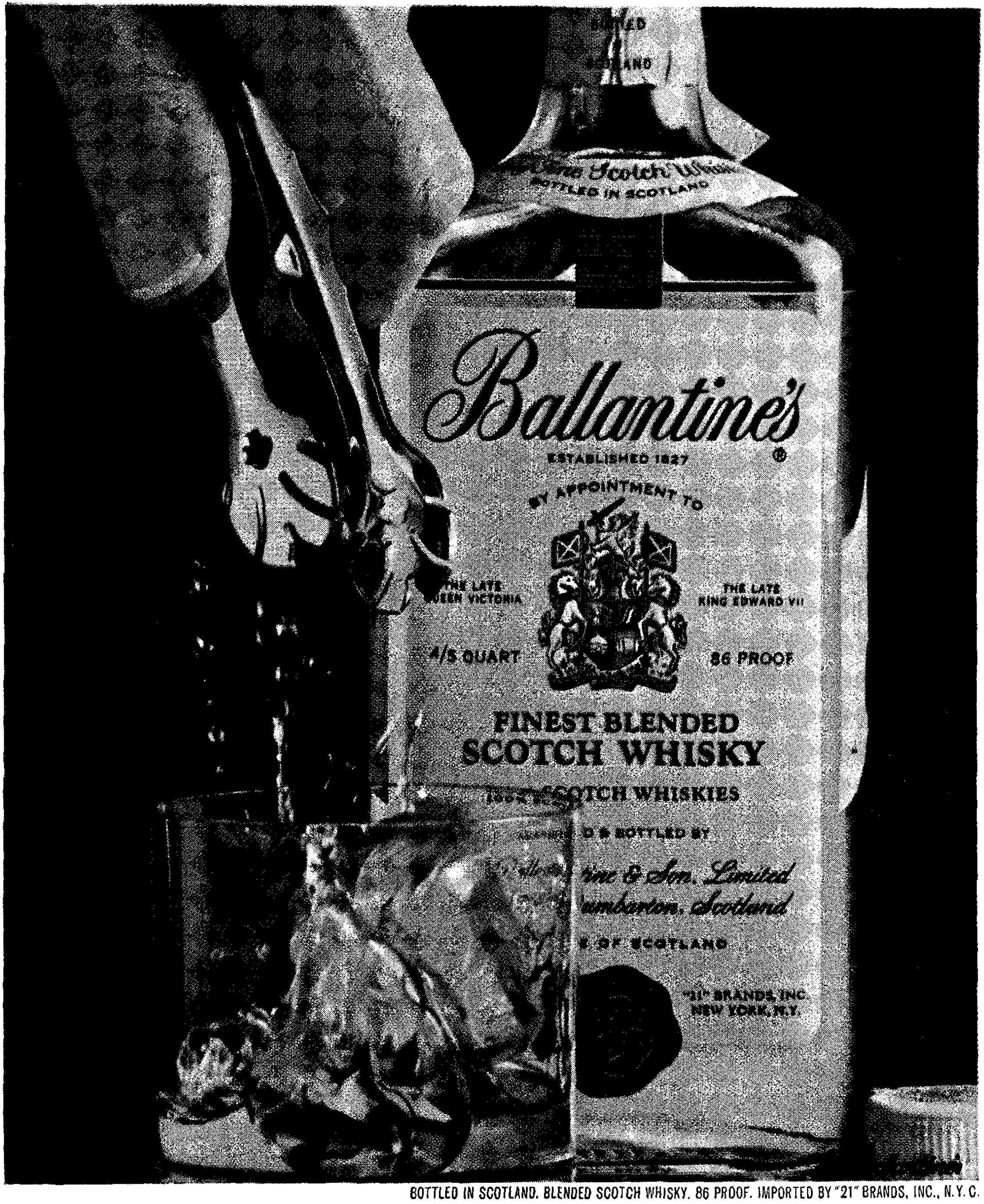
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tel; through Saturday, Oct. 21. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Lilian Mac Kendrick—An anniversary exhibition of more than seventy paintings by a veteran artist; through Nov. 4. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Mitzi Melnicoff—Oil paintings of figures in patterned interiors; through Nov. 1. (Roko, 645 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

Mike Nevelson—Finely finished furniture designed to resemble the human figure; through Nov. 2. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

Philip Pearlstein—Paintings of de-romanticized nudes, also portraits; through Nov. 4. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Reinhoud—Primitive, derived monsters in hollow metal by a Belgian sculptor; through Nov. 4. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Günter Ris—Machined metal constructions of curved volumes by a German sculptor; through Saturday, Oct. 21. (Findlay, 11 E. 57th St.)

Ludwig Sander—Geometrical paintings by a veteran of the New York School; through Nov. 11. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Syd Solomon—Abstract paintings; through Nov. 11. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Albert Stadler—Paintings emphasizing a few simple abstract color areas; through Friday, Oct. 27. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lenore Tawney—Constructions, collages, woven forms, and drawings, with a leaning toward mystical concepts, by a former student of Archipenko; through Saturday, Oct. 21. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Joseph Tiberino—Representational paintings by an artist of the downtown school of political dissent; through Saturday, Oct. 28. (100 Flowers Gallery, 122 Christopher St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2 to 11.)

Stanley Twardowicz—Paintings in horizontal bands of softly toned color; through Saturday, Oct. 28. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Cy Twombly—Abstract configurations in crayon on gray surfaces; through Saturday, Oct. 21. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Whitman—An exhibition, by one of the pioneers of Happenings, of projected stripes of red, blue, and green light, which move around the walls; through Nov. 7. (Pace, 9 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Pre-Columbian Art—More than a hundred examples of figures, vessels, jewelry, and plaques; through Nov. 25. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sculptures—At the **BYKERT**, 15 W. 57th St.: Works, featuring minimalists Donald Judd, Sol LeWitt, Bill Bollinger, and others; through Nov. 1. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ODYSSIA**, 41 E. 57th St.: Marble and bronze pieces by Manzù, Viani, Consagra, and Somaini; through Saturday, Oct. 21.

Americans; Group Shows—At **GREAT HALL**, City College, Convent Ave. and 138th St.: About a hundred and fifty paintings and sculptures by Negro-Americans, 1800-1950; through Nov. 5. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.) . . . **LEWISON**, 35 E. 64th St.: Nineteenth-century portraits, including some of prominent New Yorkers, by, among others, William Jewett, Thomas Sully, Emanuel Leutze, William Sidney Mount, and J. Alden Weir; through Nov. 18. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: Drawings and watercolors by Burliuk, Sol Wilson, Hartley, Kerkam, Walkowitz, Joseph Stella, and others; through Nov. 15. . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 41 E. 57th St.: A three-man show by Doris Leeper, Fay Zetlin, and Honorio Morales, abstract experimentalists in individual modes; through Saturday, Oct. 28. . . . **WISE**, 50 W. 57th St.: Various handlings of light by artists in their twenties and thirties; through Nov. 4. (Closed Mondays.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **FEIGEN**, 24 E. 81st St.: An exhibition based on

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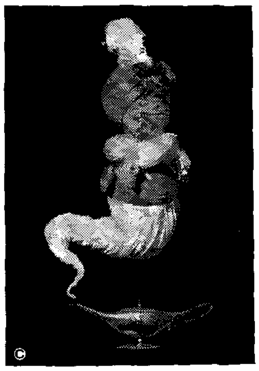


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the use of *words as a modern compositional* element, from Klee and Schwitters to Johns and Fahlstrom; through Nov. 9. . . . **JACKSON,** 32 E. 69th St.: Seventeen works owned by the gallery, by artists such as Bacon, de Kooning, Dubuffet, Gorky, Moore, and Tobey; through Nov. 18. (Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **GOLDOWSKY,** 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Twenty-three paintings and sculptures by twentieth-century artists, among them Magritte, Giacometti, Dubuffet, and Picasso; through Nov. 10. (Closed Mondays.). . . **PARSONS,** 24 W. 57th St.: *Four British painters of controlled* patterns and surfaces; through Saturday, Oct. 21. . . . **VIVIANO,** 42 E. 57th St.: Sculptures and gouaches by Afro, Dino Basaldella, and Luciano Minguzzi; through Saturday, Oct. 28. (Closed Mondays.). . . **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit show of sixty paintings and twenty-five sculptures from a private collection, covering modern art *from* van Gogh, Renoir, and Cézanne through Soutine, *Matisse,* and Picasso; through Nov. 4.

Note—Eighty-eight sculptures by Chaim Gross, Joseph Konzal, Ezio Martinelli, Dorothy Dehner, Doris Caesar, and others are being shown in Bryant Park, Sixth Ave. at 42nd St., through Nov. 3. . . . ¶ Twenty-eight giant pieces of sculpture by such contemporaries as Chryssa, Calder, Liberman, Marisol, and Nevelson have been set up in various parks, plazas, and building setbacks, ranging from City Hall Park to the Low Library fore*court—all adding up to what must* be New York's first citywide outdoor sculpture exhibition. Through Oct. 31. For information about who is where, call RE 4-1000.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—American paintings and historical prints from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. J. Wil*liam Middendorf II; through Nov. 26.* . . . ¶ Musical instruments, medieval to eighteenth-century, including a tiny Venetian *pochette,* a German porcelain flute, and an Austrian hooked harp; through Oct. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The first comprehensive survey of Picasso's sculpture presented in America, consisting of more than two hundred pieces in bronze, wood, terra-cotta, painted sheet metal, and ceramic, many from the artist's own collec*tion; through* Jan. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

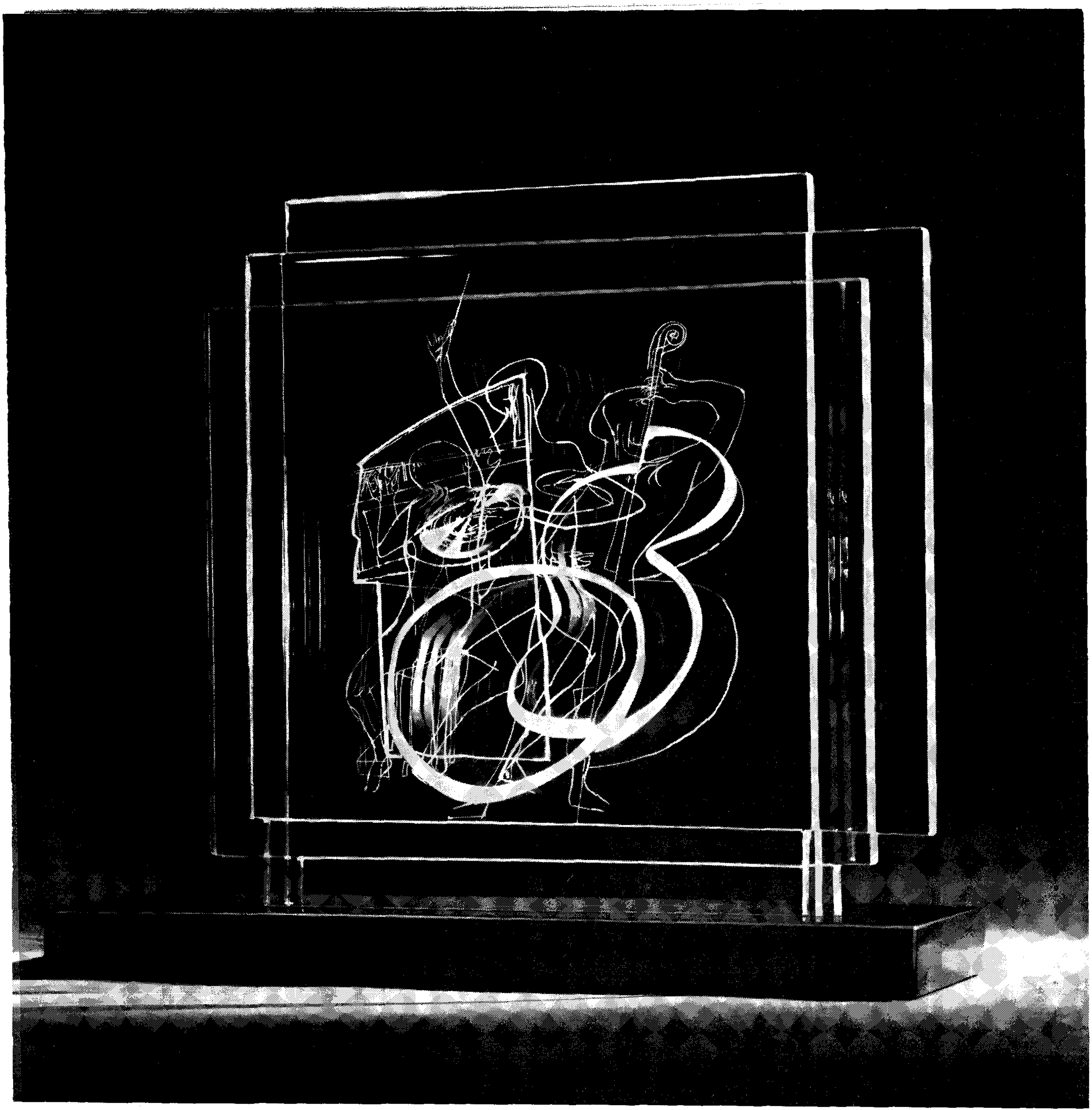
Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The fifth Guggenheim International Exhibition; this one, the first to be devoted entirely to sculpture, includes nearly a hundred examples, executed since 1960, by eighty artists from twenty nations. Starts Friday, Oct. 20. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A showing of sixty-five works with New York as their theme by outstanding artists from the beginning of the century to today; through Nov. 5. . . . ¶ A retrospective of eighty-nine works, including oil and canvas collages, collage drawings, metal collages, and aluminum sculptures, by Conrad Marca-Relli; through Nov. 12. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and one American and European paintings, including works by Courbet, Whistler, Eakins, and Chase, assembled under the title of "Triumph of Realism;" *through* Nov. 19. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. An admission charge of fifty cents goes to the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"The World Beneath Our Feet . . . Minerals," a panoramic arrangement illustrating the variety of color, form, and composition of these elements. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper Union Museum, Cooper Sq. at 7th St.—More than eighty examples of graphics by Mary Cassatt, the nineteenth-century American who specialized in scenes from family



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

life, including all her color prints; through Nov. 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Portraits of figures in the arts—Braque, Lipchitz, Calder, de Kooning, Aldous Huxley, Stravinsky—by René Bouché, who died in 1963; through Nov. 12. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibition portraying the heroic resistance, to the death, of Jewish Zealots against the Romans at Masada in the first century A.D. The show consists of archaeological findings, photomurals, charts, and maps. Through Feb. 18. . . . ¶ Sixty master prints by artists from the fifteenth century to the eighteenth—Cranach, Dürer, Rembrandt, and van Leyden—interpreting themes from the Book of Genesis; through Jan. 7. (Sundays through Wednesdays, 10 to 10.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"The Book Beautiful," a show that points out the synthesis of various talents in the production of books and manuscripts, with examples in many languages from medieval times to the present; through Jan. 31. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

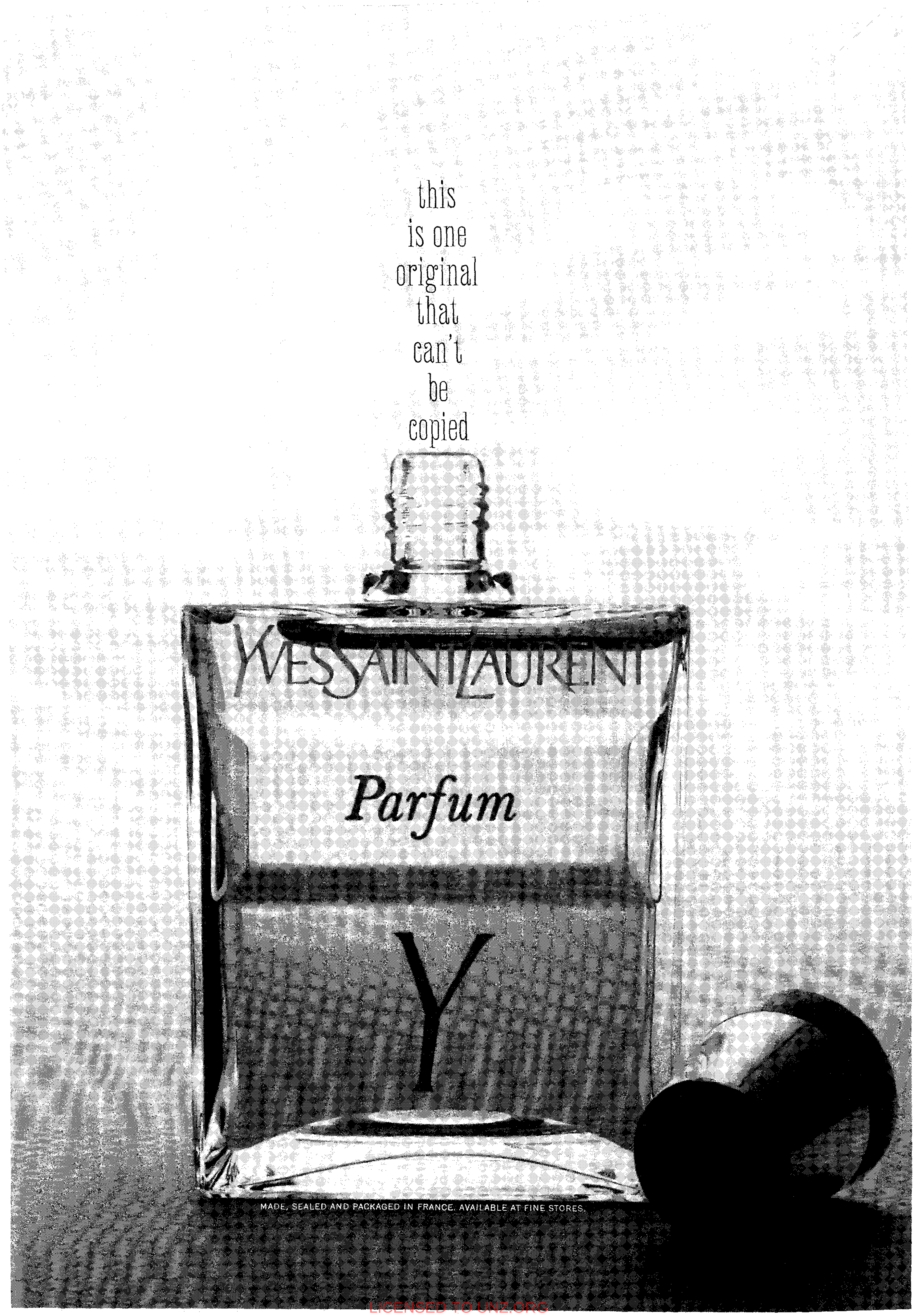
MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, Oct. 19: "La Traviata," with Jeannette Pilou, George Shirley, and Cornell MacNeil. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 20: "Die Zauberflöte," with Pilar Lorengar, Roberta Peters, Patricia Welting, Luigi Alva, Jerome Hines, John Reardon, and Morley Meredith. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 21: "La Forza del Destino," with Leontyne Price, Nancy Williams, Bruno Prevedi, Sherrill Milnes, Nicolai Ghiaurov, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 21: "Manon Lescaut," with Renata Tebaldi, Marcia Baldwin, Richard Tucker, William Walker, and Raymond Michalski. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Oct. 23: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Pilar Lorengar, Mirella Freni, Teresa Berganza, Nancy Williams, Cesare Siepi, Tom Krause, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 24: "Falstaff," with Raina Kabaivanska, Mary Ellen Pracht, Fedora Barbieri, Mildred Miller, Anselmo Colzani, Luigi Alva, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 25: "La Forza del Destino," with Leontyne Price, Belén Amparán, Richard Tucker, Sherrill Milnes, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 26: "Roméo et Juliette," with Mirella Freni, Franco Corelli, Marcia Baldwin, John Reardon, Justino Díaz, and Raymond Michalski. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 27: "La Gioconda," with Renata Tebaldi, Biserka Cvejic, Belén Amparán, Barry Morell, Anselmo Colzani, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 28: "Die Zauberflöte," with Judith Raskin, Colette Boky, Patricia Welting, George Shirley, Theodor Uppman, Jerome Hines, and Morley Meredith. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 28: "Falstaff," with Pilar Lorengar, Jeannette Pilou, Fedora Barbieri, Mildred Miller, Ezio Flagello, Luigi Alva, and Frank Guarrera. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Thursday, Oct. 19, at 8:15: "The Barber of Seville," with Anne Elgar, Beverly Evans, Dominic Cossa, Enrico di Giuseppe, and Malcolm Smith. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 20, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Athena Lampropulos, LaVergne Monette, Michele Molese, and David Clatworthy; and "Pagliacci," with Carol Bayard, Bernabé Martí, Romano Roma, and William Ledbetter. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 21, at 2:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Joan Summers, Frances Bible, Spiro Malas, and Malcolm Smith. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 21, at 8:15: "Tosca," with Jeannine Crader, Salvador Novoa, Romano Roma, David Smith, and Nico Castel. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 22, at 1:15: "Julius Caesar," with Beverly Sills, Frances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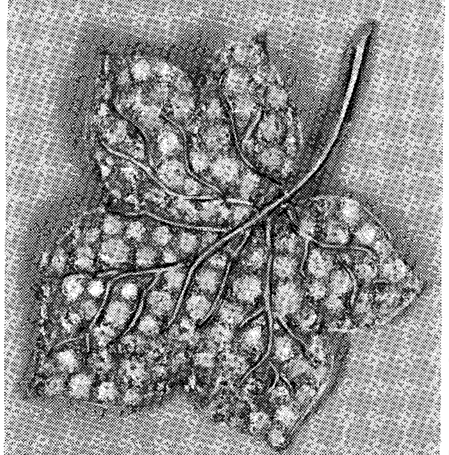

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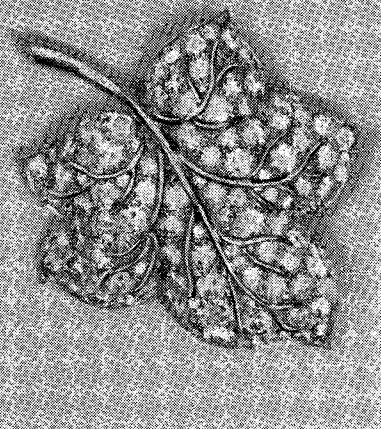

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Bible, Beverly Wolff, Norman Treigle, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 22, at 7:15: "Carmen," with Edith Evans, Joan Patenaude, LaVergne Monette, Kay Creed, Salvador Novoa, and David Clatworthy. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 25, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Francesca Roberto, Beverly Evans, Enrico di Giuseppe, and Seymour Schwartzman. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 26, at 7:45: "Lizzie Borden," with Brenda Lewis, Ellen Faull, Anne Elgar, David Smith, Nico Castel, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 27, at 8:15: "Julius Caesar," with Beverly Sills, Frances Bible, Beverly Wolff, Norman Treigle, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 28, at 2:15: "La Bohème," with Lee Venora, Carol Bayard, Jerome LoMonaco, and William Beck. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 28, at 8:15: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Elisabeth Grümmer, Frances Bible, Anne Elgar, Georg Schnapka, and Richard Fredricks. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 12.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Leonard Bernstein conducting a Copland-Mahler program. (Philharmonic Hall. Thursday, Oct. 19, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 20, at 2:15; Saturday, Oct. 21, at 8:30; Monday, Oct. 23, at 7:30; and Wednesday, Oct. 25, at 8:30.)

Boston Symphony—Erich Leinsdorf conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, Oct. 19, at 8:30; no soloists. . . . ¶ Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Oct. 20, at 8:30, with Rita Bouboulidi, piano.)

French National Orchestra—Igor Stravinsky and Robert Craft directing an all-Stravinsky program, with the Rutgers University Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday and Monday, Oct. 22-23, at 8:30.)

I Solisti di Zagreb—A Yugoslav chamber orchestra, with the cellist Antonio Janigro as both conductor and soloist. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, Oct. 20, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Leopold Stokowski directing a second performance of a program with Raymond Buckingham, bass; the Gregg Smith Singers; the Ithaca College Concert Choir; and the boys of the Choir School of St. Thomas Church. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 22, at 3.)

Symphony of the New World—James DePreist conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Oct. 22, at 3.)

Yomiuri Nippon Symphony Orchestra—Arthur Fiedler conducting the orchestra in its first appearance here. With Hiro Imamura, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 24, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting a Bach-Mozart program, with Gaby and Robert Casadesus, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Oct. 28, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

New York Choral Society—Martin Josman directing, with Mary Ann King, soprano; Rosalind Hupp, alto; Richard Krause, tenor; and Richard Anderson, bass. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Oct. 22, at 8.)

RECITALS

Bernard Kruysen—Baritone. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, Oct. 19, at 8:40.)

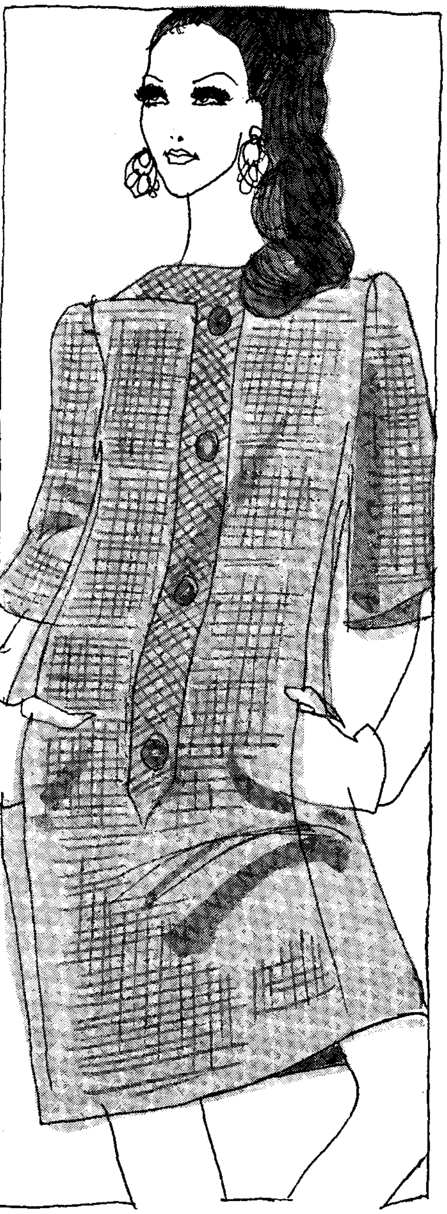
Alicia de Larrocha—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Oct. 21, at 8:30.)

Christa Ludwig and Walter Berry—Mezzo-soprano and baritone, in an all-Wolf program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Oct. 21, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Julian Bream—Guitarist and lutanist. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 21, at 8:30.)

Elmer Bernstein and Marc Brown—Piano and violin, in a benefit sonata recital. (Town Hall. Sunday, Oct. 22, at 2:30.)

Naum Sluszny—Piano, in an all-Beethoven pro-



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gram. (Town Hall. Monday, Oct. 23, at 8:30.)

Frans Brueggen—Recorder. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Monday, Oct. 23, at 8:40.)

Contemporary Music Society—A program of music by Olivier Messiaen and Paul Earls, performed by John Ranck and Irén Marik, piano. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, Oct. 24, at 8:30. For tickets, call TR 3-1250.)

Jacques Abram—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 25, at 8:30.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The first in a series of five concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Oct. 25, at 8:40.)

Hyman Bress—Violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Thursday, Oct. 26, at 8:30.)

Zagreb Pro Arte String Quartet—Chamber music. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, Oct. 26, at 8:30.)

Renaissance Quartet—With Hugues Cuénod, tenor. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, Oct. 27, at 8:30.)

Paul A. McGhee Washington Square Chamber Music Concerts—The Zagreb Pro Arte String Quartet. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Friday, Oct. 27, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 685. Mondays through Fridays.)

Beaux Arts Trio—The first in a series of three concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Oct. 27, at 8:40.)

Nikhil Banerjee—Sitar, with Kanai Dutt, tabla. (Town Hall. Saturday, Oct. 28, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Alexander Tcherepnin—A program of his chamber music, performed by the American String Quartet and the composer himself at the piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 24, at 8:30.)

Jazz/Folk/Rock—Jefferson Airplane, rock. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Oct. 20, at 8 and 10:30.)... ¶ Paul Butterfield's blues band. (Town Hall. Friday, Oct. 20, at 8:30.)... ¶ Anita Sheer, folk singer. (Town Hall. Saturday, Oct. 21, at 8:30.)... ¶ Buffy Sainte-Marie, folk singer. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Oct. 27, at 8:30.)... ¶ Aretha Franklin, with the Young-Holt Trio. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Oct. 28, at 8 and 11.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Oct. 21, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Los Angeles.... ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 24, at 6:30: Philadelphia vs. Detroit and Knicks vs. St. Louis.... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 28, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Detroit.

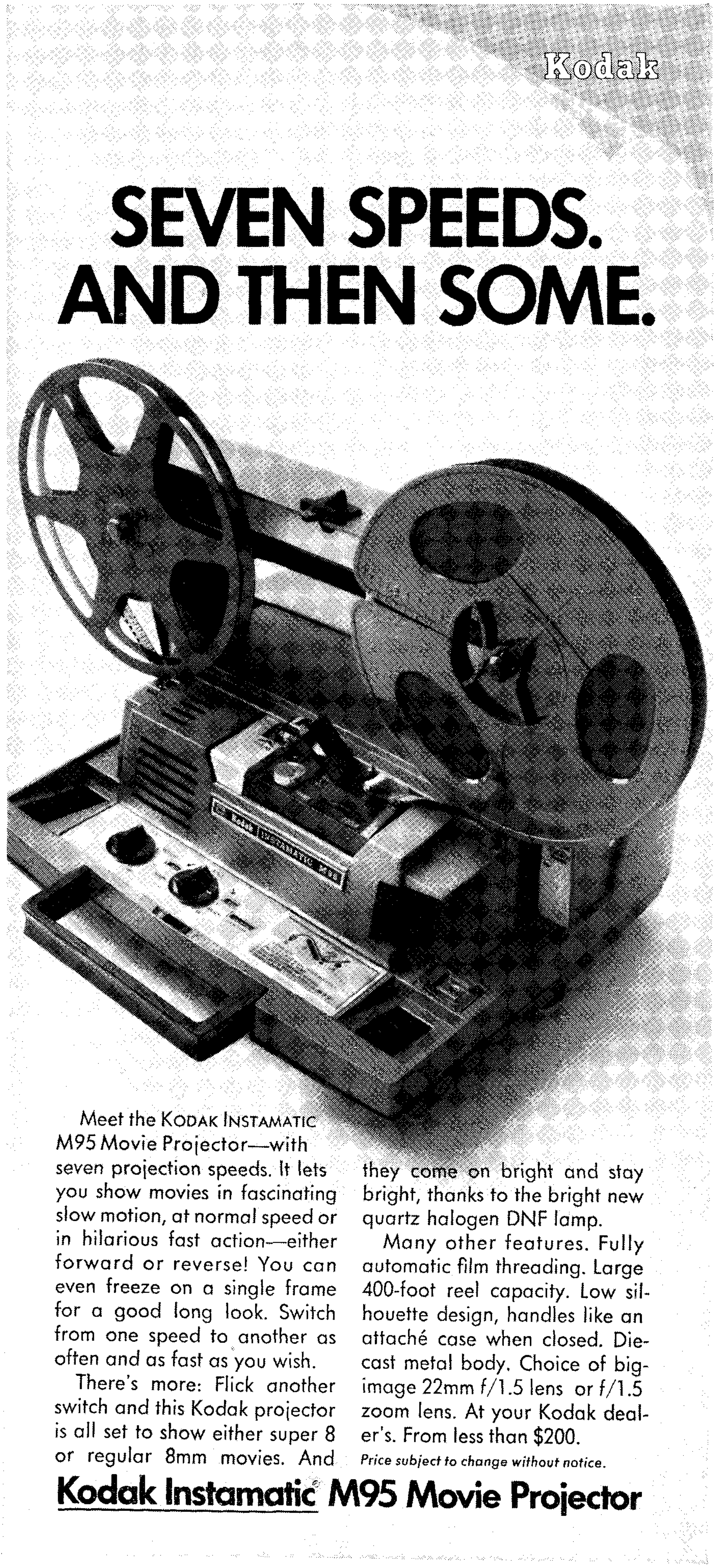
College Football—SATURDAY, OCT. 21: Army vs. Rutgers, at West Point, at 2.... ¶ Brown vs. Dartmouth, at Providence, at 1:30.... ¶ Columbia vs. Yale, at Baker Field, at 1:30. ... ¶ Cornell vs. Harvard, at Ithaca, at 2. ... ¶ Navy vs. William and Mary, at Annapolis, at 2.... ¶ Princeton vs. Colgate, at Princeton, at 2.... SATURDAY, OCT. 28: Amherst vs. Wesleyan, at Amherst, at 2.... ¶ Army vs. Stanford, at West Point, at 2. ... ¶ Brown vs. Colgate, at Providence, at 1:30.... ¶ Columbia vs. Rutgers, at Baker Field, at 1:30.... ¶ Fordham vs. Fairfield, at Fordham, at 1:30.... ¶ Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cambridge, at 1:30.... ¶ Princeton vs. Pennsylvania, at Princeton, at 2.... ¶ Yale vs. Cornell, at New Haven, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Green Bay Packers. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Oct. 22, at 1:30.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Oct. 22, at 7: Rangers vs. Pittsburgh.... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 25, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Chicago.

Horse Shows—Pennsylvania National Horse Show. (Harrisburg. Through Saturday, Oct. 21.)... ¶ Washington International Horse Show. (Washington, D.C. Monday through Sunday, Oct. 23-29.)

Hunt Racing—Monmouth County Hunt Racing



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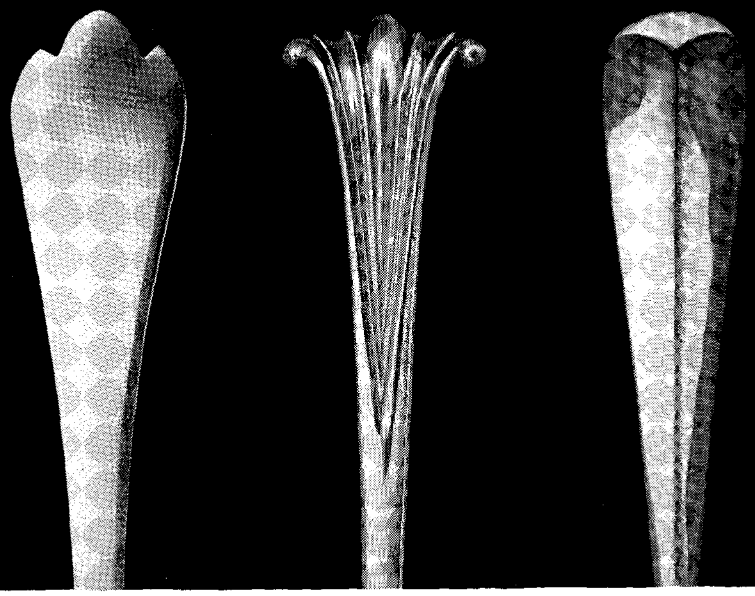

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Association. (Red Bank, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 21.)...¶ Essex Fox Hounds Race Meeting Association. (Far Hills, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 28.)

POLO—At Blind Brook Polo Club, Purchase: Sunday, Oct. 22, at 3:30.

RACING—**BELMONT-AT-AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays. Through Saturday, Oct. 21, post time will be 1:30; after that, it will be 12:30. The Man o' War, Saturday, Oct. 21, and the Jockey Club Gold Cup, Saturday, Oct. 28.... **UNITED HUNTS AT AQUEDUCT:** Thursday and Friday, Oct. 26-27, at 12:30. The Temple Gwathmey Steeplechase Handicap, Friday, Oct. 27.... **GARDEN STATE PARK,** Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Nov. 18.... **LAUREL,** Md.: Weekdays at 1, from Friday, Oct. 27, through Monday, Jan. 1. The Selima, Saturday, Oct. 28.

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8, from Thursday, Oct. 19, through Friday, Dec. 15.

YACHTING—A schooner race, starting off the Battery and finishing off Bay Ridge, for the Mayor's Cup and for the benefit of the South Street Seaport Museum. A replica of the schooner America, which started all that to-do off Newport, will be the committee boat, and Mayor Lindsay will be aboard her. The starting gun goes off at 10:30, Saturday, Oct. 21 (the race ends at 5), and a spectator boat, sponsored by the World Ship Society, sails from the Battery at 10:15.

FOR CHILDREN

MUSIC—By the **AMATO OPERA COMPANY:** An abbreviated version of "The Mikado." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Oct. 21, at 2:30.) ... **NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC:** Leonard Bernstein conducting the opening children's concerts of the season. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Oct. 28, at noon and 2:30.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the **AMERICAN CHILDREN'S THEATRE:** "Toby Tyler." (Bert Wheeler Theatre, 250 W. 43rd St. Sundays and Saturday, Oct. 28, at 2:30. For tickets, call 787-4749.) ... **GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK:** "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Saturdays at 2 and 3:30. ... ¶ "The Princess and the Frog," Sundays at 2 and 3:30. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177.) ... **MARA AND HER COMPANY:** "Princess Qua Qua: A Russian Fairy Tale." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 28-29, at 3.)... **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Guffawhaw." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.)... **PERFORMING ARTS REPERTORY THEATRE FOUNDATION:** "Young Mozart." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, Oct. 22, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.)... **SILVER BUTTON PRODUCTIONS:** "The Silver Button." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Saturday, Oct. 28, at 1 and 3.)... **STORYLAND THEATRE:** "Heidi." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)... **TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS:** "Adventures of Pinocchio," Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30....¶ "Adventures of Peter Pan," Saturdays and Sundays at 3. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283.) ... **LEA WALLACE PUPPETS:** "Adventures of Sinbad." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Oct. 21, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques" demonstrates the methods employed in pictorial art and includes examples of different mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The new show is called "The Realm of the Planets." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

MOVIES—"Clarence, the Cross-Eyed Lion," with Marshall Thompson and Betsy Drake. A

JAMAICA

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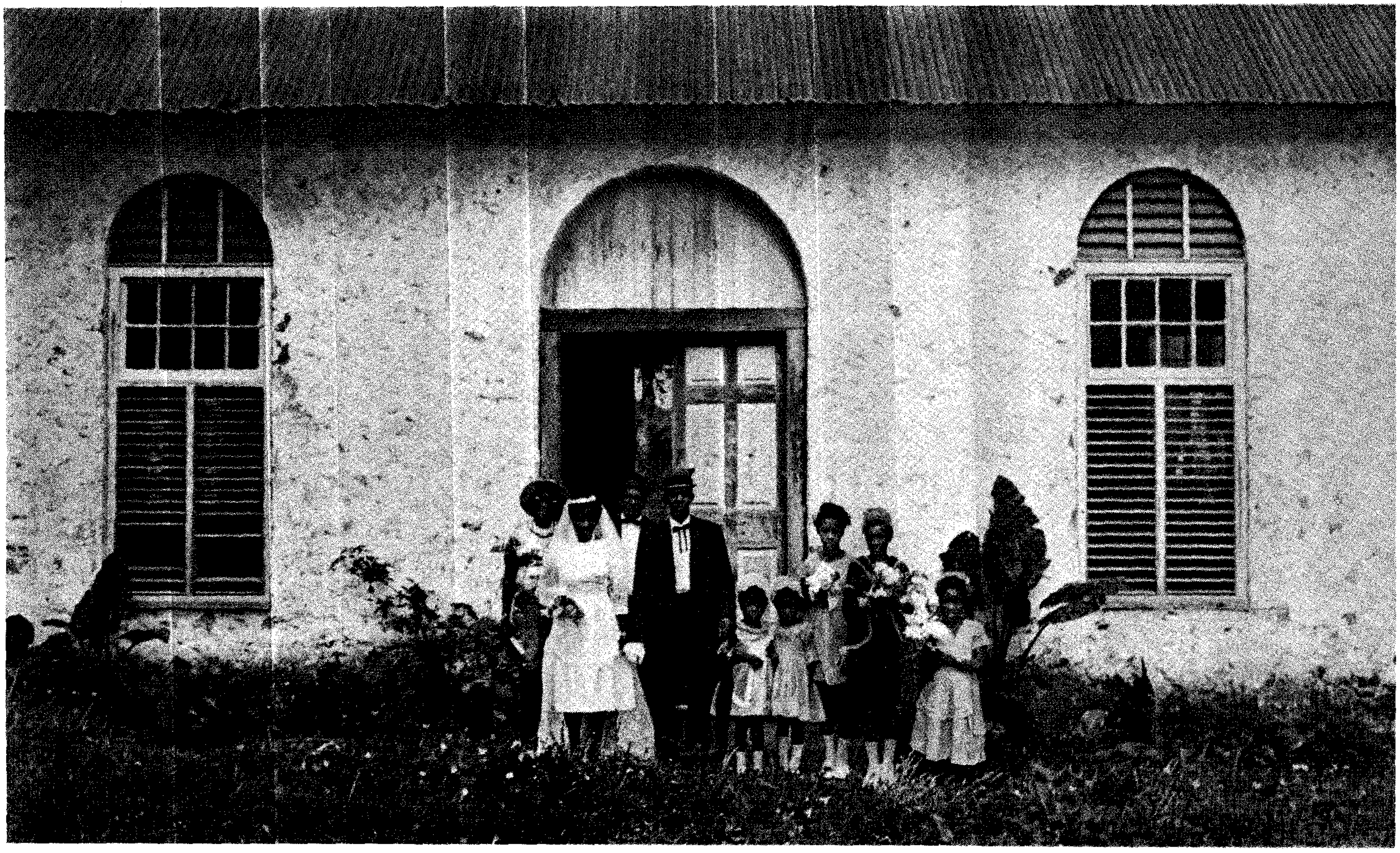

Ella Mae and Lascelles Ormsby,
married January 9, 1967,
St. James Anglican Church,
Burnam Wood.
They honeymooned in Jamaica.

The bride carried a bouquet of jasmine.

(But from her garden, not a florist.)

The groom wore a white flower in his hatband.

(Instead of his buttonhole.)

150 guests came in ruffled, brocaded and tulle-y yellows, pinks, blues. And black suits.

(Like at weddings anywhere.)

Leaving church, the couple walked under palm bowers.

(Instead of ducking rice.)

At the reception, they were toasted with rum, then feasted on curried goat, green banana, and hard dough bread, which is chewy like pumpernickel, but white.

(No champagne, no chicken, no chopped liver.)

Instead of *sleeping* on the wedding cake that night, everyone *bet* on it that afternoon. This is how we give gifts of money. We bet on whether the draped wedding cake should be uncovered or not, putting the money in "betting" saucers.

(Instead of envelopes.)

In the evening, dancing. The ska. The rudy. The quadrille.

(Our frug, lindy, waltz.)

Then the happy pair went on their honeymoon. They stepped inside their little Jamaican house.

(No plans for sailing, snorkeling, skin-diving, water-skiing, golfing, or going nightclubbing.)

That's marriage, Jamaican-style.

Not radically unlike yours.

Except—we never have to come home from our Jamaican honeymoons.

For all about the kind you come home from, see your local travel agent or Jamaica Tourist Board in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Miami, or Toronto.

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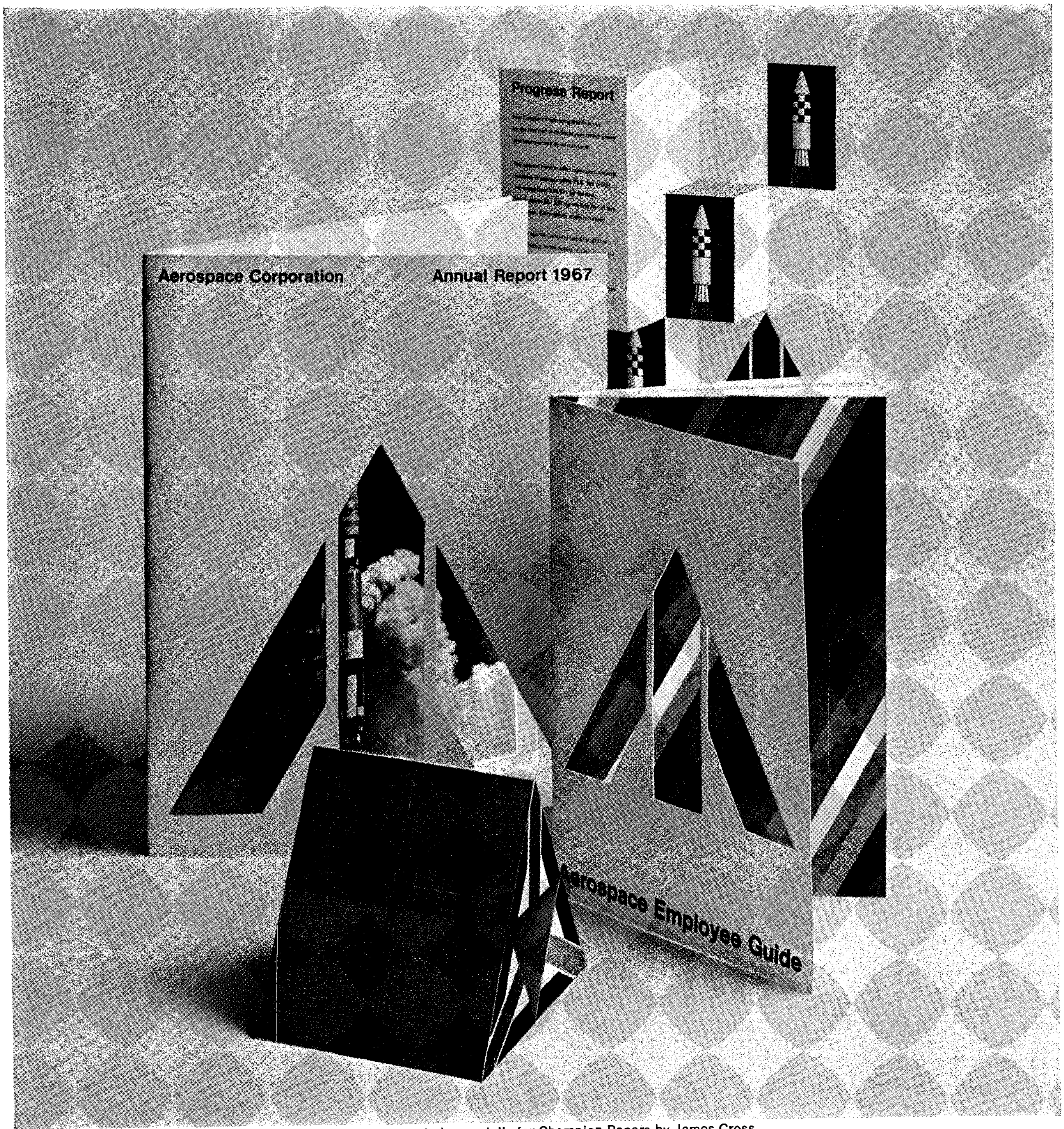
Progress Report
Aerospace Corporation
Annual Report 1967
Aerospace Employee Guide

The graphic designs reproduced in this advertisement were created especially for Champion Papers by James Cross.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

benefit performance. (Art Theatre, 36 E. 8th St. GR 3-7014. Saturday, Oct. 21, at 10.)

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. *A limited number of tickets are* available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)

Poetry Readings—Robert Lowell reading from his own works. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Thursday, Oct. 26, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

Expo 67—The Universal and International Exhibition of 1967, in Montreal, closes Sunday, Oct. 29.

New York Antiques Fair—The annual show of antiques, American and European, ranging from furniture to five-cent postcards. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 19-20, from 1 to 11, and Saturday, Oct. 21, from 1 to 6.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Oct. 19, at 8: American paintings, drawings, sculptures, and folk art by such artists as Georgia O'Keeffe, Arthur G. Dove, and Wilhelm Schimmel; the property of Dr. and Mrs. Michael Watter. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 20, at 1:45: Tiffany and other art glass, and Art Nouveau and Bauhaus furniture; from several collectors. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 21, at 11: Oceanic and African art, from the Heinrich collection. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 21, at 1:45: Early American furniture and decorations; the property of Dr. and Mrs. Daniel Bruce Moffett and others. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 24, at 8, and Wednesday, Oct. 25, at 1:45 and 8: Part III of the Thomas Winthrop Streeter collection of Americana, comprising documents, maps, books, and other material relating to the Northwest Territory and the states of Indiana, Illinois, and Ohio; the Mississippi Valley; and the South. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 26, at 8: Impressionist and modern paintings and sculptures by Cézanne, Corot, Degas, Rodin, and others; from the estate of Carl Weeks and from other sources. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 20.

Film Libraries—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd—Oct. 19-20: "The Rats Awakening" (1967), a Czechoslovakian film. . . . ¶ Oct. 21-22: "Morning" (1967), a Czechoslovakian film. . . . ¶ Oct. 23: "Every Seventh Child" (1967), directed by Jack Willis. . . . ¶ Oct. 24: "The Titicut Follies" (1967), a documentary film made at a state prison for the criminally insane. . . . ¶ Oct. 25: "Desert Victory" (1943), a British documentary film. (Showings Sundays through Fridays at 2 and 5:30, and Saturdays at 11:30, 3, and 5:30, plus additional showings on Thursday evenings at 8.) . . . GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—Nine programs in a series called "A Tribute to Rouben Mamoulian." Oct. 19 at 3 and 5:30: "Becky Sharp" (1935), with Miriam Hopkins. . . . ¶ Oct. 20 at 3 and 5:30: "The Song of Songs" (1932), with Marlene Dietrich and Brian Aherne. . . . ¶ Oct. 21 at 3: "Summer Holiday" (1946), with Mickey Rooney and Gloria De Haven. . . . ¶ Oct. 21 at 5:30: "Silk Stockings" (1957), with Fred Astaire and Cyd Charisse. . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 2 and 4: "Blood and Sand" (1941), with Tyrone Power and Rita Hayworth. . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 3: "Golden Boy" (1939), with Barbara Stanwyck and William Holden. . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 5:30: "High, Wide, and Handsome" (1937), with Irene Dunne and Randolph Scott. . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at 3: "We Live Again" (1934), with Fredric March and Anna Sten. . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at 5:30: "The Gay Desperado" (1936), with Nino Martini and Ida Lupino. . . . NOTE: At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

1966
THE QUEEN'S AWARD
TO INDUSTRY

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LTD. OF LONDON, ENGLAND

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

H Martin
FINEST MOVIES
ANDY
MERYL

Accident—How a heartless, predatory girl comes close to destroying a happy household. With Dirk Bogarde, Stanley Baker, and Vivien Merchant. The director was Joseph Losey and the screenplay is by Harold Pinter. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Oct. 24.)

The Battle of Algiers—A stirring quasi-documentary account of the guerrilla warfare that helped win independence for Algeria. Directed by Gillo Pontecorvo. In French and Arabic. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

The Bible—John Huston directed this great big silly picture book, and he also plays, most agreeably, the role of Noah. He appears to have had more fun with his animals than with his actors. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070; through Oct. 24. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Bonnie and Clyde—The police used a thousand rounds of ammunition to shoot the real Bonnie and Clyde (played by Faye Dunaway and Warren Beatty in Arthur Penn's film). The two had become the Depression's folk heroes, and they thought they had charmed lives. A shrewd and harrowing study of the criminal's urge to be remembered. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; starting Oct. 25.)

Closely Watched Trains—A comedy about a young lad who takes a job in a godforsaken railway station as a way of shirking service during the last war. One of the fine Czech films shown this summer in the Lincoln Center festival. Directed by Jiri Menzel. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

The Daisies—Another good entry from the Czech Film Festival of the past summer. This one, a comedy, concerns two teen-age girls who are mostly hungry. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; starting Oct. 25.)

Don't Look Back—Donn Pennebaker's acute and attentive study of Bob Dylan on an English tour. Often very funny. "Tell it like it is;" Pennebaker does. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; through Oct. 24.)

Father—The touching story of a boy whose dead father is both his hero and the burden he must put aside. Directed by István Szabó. In Hungarian. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123; through Oct. 22.)

Made in Italy—A delightful assortment of picture-postcard views of the Italian landscape, thickly peopled. Directed by Nanni Loy and starring, among others, Anna Magnani, Virna Lisi, and Sylva Koscina. In Italian. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Oct. 24.)

A Man and a Woman—An example of a movie that really moves, directed and photographed by Claude Lelouch, who doesn't make any mistakes in his treatment of a small love story. Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant play the lovers. In French. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

A Man for All Seasons—The moral tug of war between Henry VIII and Sir Thomas More, eloquently set forth by Robert Bolt and enacted by a superb cast, including Paul Scofield as More, Robert Shaw as Henry, and Leo McKern as the wily Cromwell. Directed by Fred Zinnemann. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. Daily at 2:30, 5:45, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED HERE

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				19	20	21
22	23	24	25			

Point Blank—Lee Marvin in a marvellous performance as a man who will do anything for money, especially if it is money that has been stolen from him. Directed by John Boorman. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431; and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

Reflections in a Golden Eye—A disappointing version of the McCullers novel. With heavy-handed direction by John Huston and starring Elizabeth Taylor and Marlon Brando. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

Robbery—How to gain a nest egg of millions simply by planning ahead. You also have to be a crook, of course. Stanley Baker is the master planner in this fine melodrama. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; through Oct. 24.)

She and He—A charming, rueful story about a young Japanese wife and her patient husband. Written and directed by Susumu Hani, and starring a delightful creature named Sachiko Hidari. In Japanese. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; starting Oct. 25.)

The Taming of the Shrew—Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton in Franco Zeffirelli's Hellz-a-Poppin version of the old comedy. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166.)

Thoroughly Modern Millie—A diverting movie, which could have been a lot better at half its length. With Julie Andrews, Mary Tyler Moore, James Fox, and Beatrice Lillie, and directed by George Roy Hill. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

The Tiger Makes Out—A somewhat too frantic account of how two offbeat egotists try to bring the world to heel. With Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

Ulysses—A laudable sortie into the Joyce country, which is full of flung missiles and secret ha-ha's. Joseph Strick has directed his excellent cast with intelligence and tact. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting Oct. 25.)

REVIVALS

Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this pioneer New Wave film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Oct. 22.)

Doctor Zhivago (1965)—A version of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, and many others; directed by David Lean. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Fahrenheit 451 (1966)—Directed by François Truffaut, with Julie Christie and Oskar Werner. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 20-23.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Help! (1965)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; through Oct. 25.)

Hud (1963)—A tug-of-war between three generations of males on a Texas farm. Paul Newman, Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Neal, and Brandon deWilde. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Oct. 24.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1962)—A dream, *au fond*, full of men and women moving as if drugged through baroque corridors and gardens. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; starting Oct. 20.)

The Man in the White Suit (1952)—Alec Guinness as the inventor of a fabulous fabric. With Cecil Parker and Joan Greenwood. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 19.)

The Married Woman (1965)—How to be married, have an affair, and be miserable, and be happy, as recounted by writer-director Jean-Luc Godard. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 23-25.)

Masculine Feminine (1966)—Directed by Jean-Luc Godard. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Oct. 22.)

The Moment of Truth (1965)—A picture about a Spanish matador by the Italian director Francesco Rosi. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 20-23.)

Morocco (1930)—Marlene Dietrich's first American picture, in which she plays a cabaret singer. Also with Gary Cooper as a Foreign Legionnaire. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Oct. 24.)

My Life to Live (1963)—Directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Anna Karina. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 23-25.)

The Pawnbroker (1965)—Rod Steiger plays the title role in this account of a corner of hell in Harlem. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through Oct. 24. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting Oct. 25.)

The Shameless Old Lady (1966)—A comedy, directed by René Allio and starring Sylvie. In French. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Oct. 24.)

Shanghai Express (1932)—Revolutionaries and politics in the Orient. With Marlene Dietrich and Clive Brook. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Oct. 24.)

A Thousand Clowns (1965)—An adaptation of the Broadway comedy, with Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, and Martin Balsam. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Oct. 24.)

Tom Jones (1963)—An embodiment of the Fielding novel. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Edith Evans, and many others. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; through Oct. 25.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg (1964)—A fantasy in song about the joys and sorrows of young love. Written and directed by Jacques Demy. In French. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through Oct. 24.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through Oct. 24: **ROBBERY.**
From Oct. 25: "Hour of the Gun," James Garner, Jason Robards.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Far from the Madding Crowd," Julie Christie. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
POINT BLANK.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
REFLECTIONS IN A GOLDEN EYE.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Bobo," Peter Sellers, Britt Ekland.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"The Penthouse," Suzy Kendall.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through Oct. 24: **THE BIBLE.**
From Oct. 25: Theatre closed.

TRANS-LUX WEST, B'way at 49th. (CO 5-1355)
"Waterhole #3," James Coburn.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
Through Oct. 24: Theatre closed.
From Oct. 25, at 8:30: "Camelot," Richard Harris, Vanessa Redgrave. (Opening night will be a benefit performance; for information about tickets, call MO 1-2320.)

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Oct. 24: **THE PAWNBROKER,** revival; and "The Trip," Peter Fonda, Susan Strasberg.
From Oct. 25: **ULYSSES.**

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
Through Oct. 25: **TOM JONES,** revival; and **HELP!,** revival.

CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Oct. 24: **THE SHAMELESS OLD LADY** (in French), revival; and **A THOUSAND CLOWNS,** revival.
From Oct. 25: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 24: **MADE IN ITALY** (in Italian); and "The Game Is Over," revival, Jane Fonda, Peter McEnery.
From Oct. 25: "Up the Down Staircase," Sandy Dennis.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Oct. 24: "Two for the Road," Audrey Hepburn, Albert Finney; and "Caprice," Doris Day, Richard Harris.
From Oct. 25: **THE PAWNBROKER,** revival; and "The Trip," Peter Fonda, Susan Strasberg.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
BONNIE AND CLYDE.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through Oct. 24: **DON'T LOOK BACK.**
From Oct. 25: **THE DAISIES,** a Czechoslovakian film.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Games," Simone Signoret.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Waterhole #3," James Coburn.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Day the Fish Came Out," Tom Courtenay, Sam Wanamaker.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Our Mother's House," Dirk Bogarde.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
POINT BLANK.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
THE TIGER MAKES OUT.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS (in French and Arabic).

YORK CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through Oct. 24: **THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG** (in French), revival; and **THE PAWNBROKER,** revival.
From Oct. 25: **ULYSSES.**

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Penthouse," Suzy Kendall.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Sand Pebbles," Steve McQueen, Richard Attenborough.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
REFLECTIONS IN A GOLDEN EYE.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Carmen, Baby," Uta Levka.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Fear" (in Greek).

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Oct. 24: "Up the Down Staircase," Sandy Dennis.
From Oct. 25: **BONNIE AND CLYDE.**

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
"In the Heat of the Night," Sidney Poitier, Rod Steiger.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (OR 4-3210)
Oct. 19: "Dialogue" (in Hungarian).
From Oct. 20: **LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD** (in French), revival.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Oct. 24: **ACCIDENT;** and "Tobruk," Rock Hudson, George Peppard.
From Oct. 25: "Up the Down Staircase," Sandy Dennis.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"The Birds, the Bees and the Italians" (in Italian), Virna Lisi.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Oct. 24: "Age of Illusions" (in Hungarian).
From Oct. 25: **SHE AND HE** (in Japanese).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Oct. 24: "Up the Down Staircase," Sandy Dennis.
From Oct. 25: **BONNIE AND CLYDE.**

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO, revival.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS, a Czechoslovakian film.

CINEMA RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Passages from Finnegans Wake," Martin J. Kelley.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
Through Oct. 22: **FATHER** (in Hungarian).
From Oct. 23: "Festival," a documentary about the 1963-66 Newport Folk Festivals.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"The Titicut Follies," a documentary film made at a state prison for the criminally insane.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"The Sucker" (in French), Bourvil, Louis de Funes.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Oct. 22: **BREATHLESS** and **MASCULINE FEMININE** (both in French and both revivals).
Oct. 23-25: **THE MARRIED WOMAN** and **MY LIFE TO LIVE** (both in French and both revivals).

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Oct. 24: **HUD,** revival; and "Alfie," revival, Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.
From Oct. 25: "A Countess from Hong Kong," Marlon Brando, Sophia Loren; and "Romeo and Juliet," revival, performed by the Royal Ballet, with Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Oct. 19: **THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT,** revival; and "Kind Hearts and Coronets," revival, Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson.
Oct. 20-23: **FAHRENHEIT 451,** revival; and **THE MOMENT OF TRUTH** (in Italian), revival.
From Oct. 24: **SHANGHAI EXPRESS,** revival; and **MOROCCO,** revival.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Oct. 24: **ACCIDENT.**
From Oct. 25: **ULYSSES.**

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

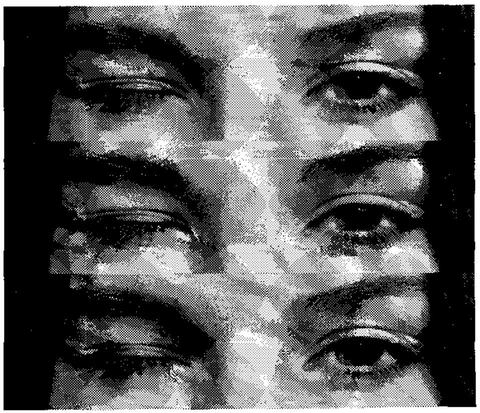
Snugging in close to the body. The new knitting divided into sweater and skirt and snip of a scarf. For flying around the city in a composite of high color. Shock stripes of yellow, red, blue, orange, cooled with beige. 5 to 13 sizes from our Young Elite® Sportswear. $40. Glad to fill mail and phone orders.

When an Avis girl winks at you, she means business.

The Avis Winker Code

1 wink: She has a car ready and waiting.

2 winks: It's a compact.



3 winks: It's a convertible.

There you are. Standing in our competitor's line. And in a hurry.

If the Avis girl at the next counter winks at you, you're in business.

One wink means she can put you into a shiny new Plymouth inside of three minutes.

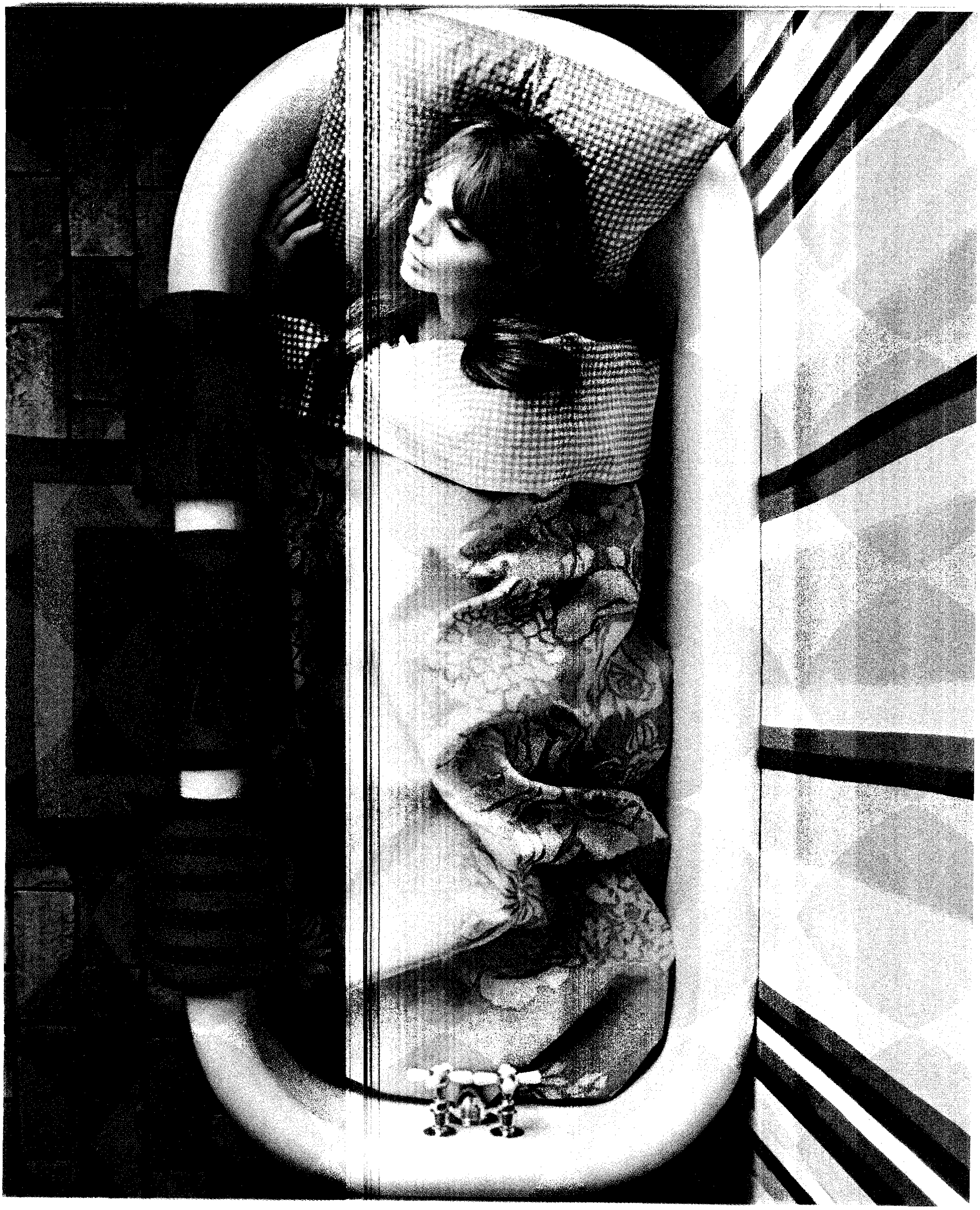
Two or three winks mean you can have a compact or a convertible. (See Avis Winker Code at left.)

That is your signal to leave the line, come to the Avis counter and get a car without waiting. We will even accept No.1's credit card.

But if the Avis girl winks more than three times, please disregard the message.

It's strictly against company policy.

©AVIS RENT A CAR SYSTEM, INC., A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT.



for bed and bath

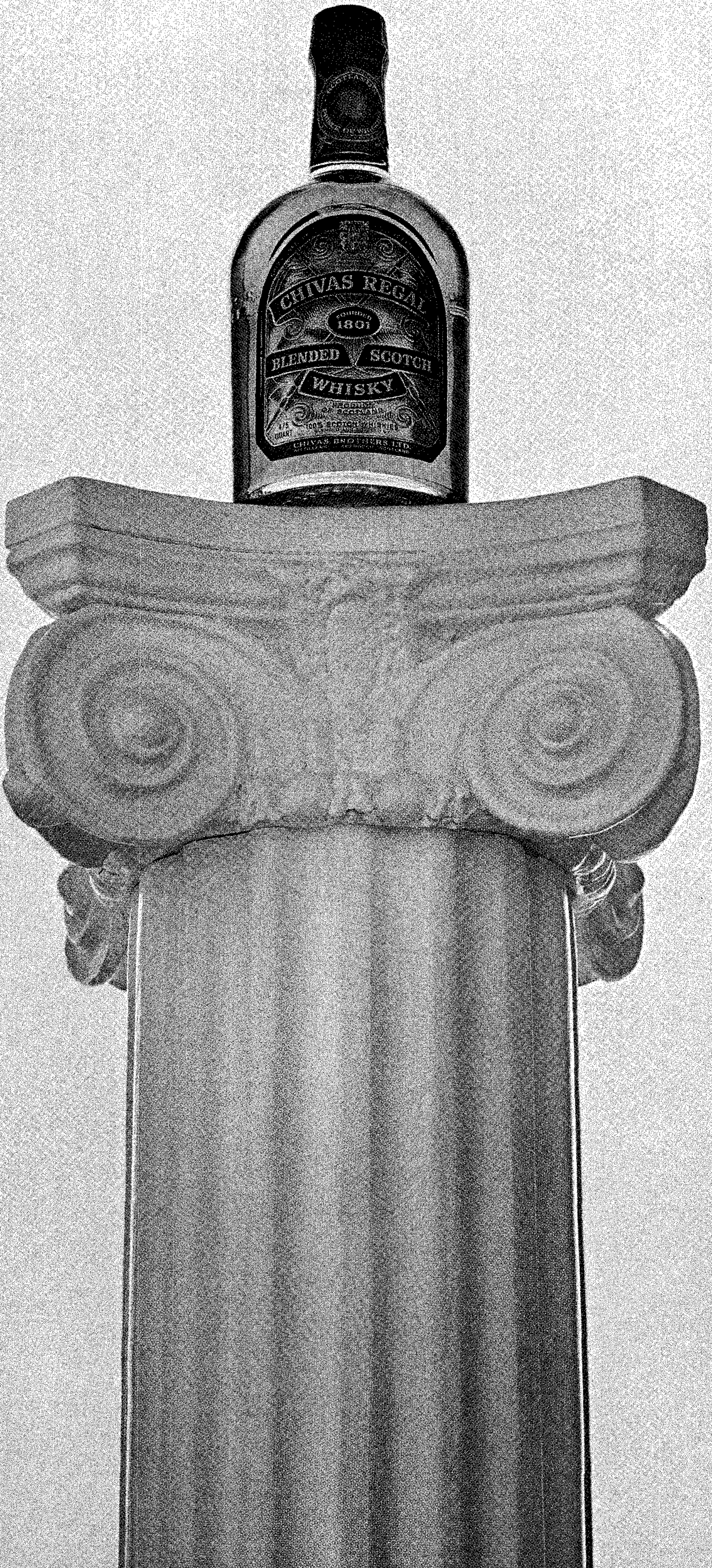
'Now-Group.' A whole new concept of what-goes-with-what. It's a rowdy collection of clash-pattern parts. All designed to mix and choose however they strike you.

Like gingham sheets with a flowered or multicolored stripe spread (shown hanging). Like towels that come in stripes, checks or border prints.

The colors are fire-hot (as shown), brassy golds or brazen blue-greens. In the bed and bath shop at the stores you love most.

A Division of Fieldcrest Mills, Inc., 60 West 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10018.

'NOW-GROUP' BY *Fieldcrest*


CHIVAS REGAL
FOUNDED
1801
BLENDED
SCOTCH
WHISKY
PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND
4/5 QUART
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
CHIVAS BROTHERS LTD.

12-YEAR-OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · 86 PROOF · GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

For six years now, the Chairman of Chivas Regal has been pleading for this ad.

"Chivas belongs on a pedestal," he (the Chairman) has told us (the advertising agency) more times than we care to remember.

"That's just about as corny an ad as you can do," we've told him more times, we're sure, than *he* cares to remember.

"Why is it corny?" he'd always ask us. "Chivas Regal is the finest Scotch in the world. If any Scotch should be on a pedestal, it's Chivas."

"Sure," we'd always answer, "but you don't convince people you've got the finest Scotch in the world just by putting it on a pedestal. Any Scotch can do that."

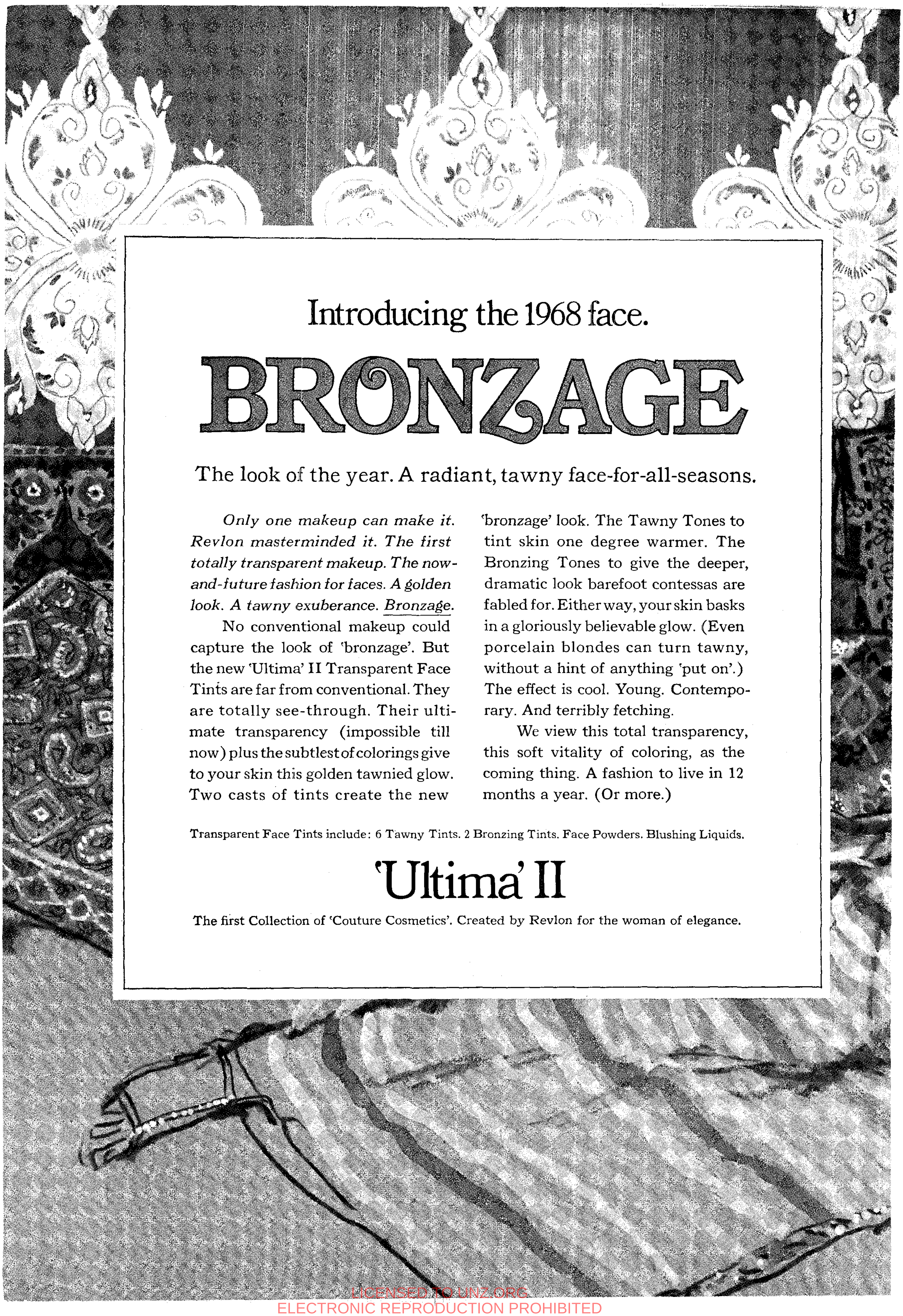
"Okay," he'd always say. "You fellows are the advertising experts."

And so it went on, year after year. Till finally, a few months ago, we figured we'd settle everything once and for all by taking the photograph he wanted and letting him see for himself what we meant.

Well, as it turned out, that picture taught us a little something too.

You see, a bottle of Chivas Regal up on a pedestal may look kind of corny.

But when you think about it, any other Scotch up there would look just plain ridiculous.



Introducing the 1968 face.

BRONZAGE

The look of the year. A radiant, tawny face-for-all-seasons.

Only one makeup can make it. Revlon masterminded it. The first totally transparent makeup. The now-and-future fashion for faces. A golden look. A tawny exuberance. Bronzage.

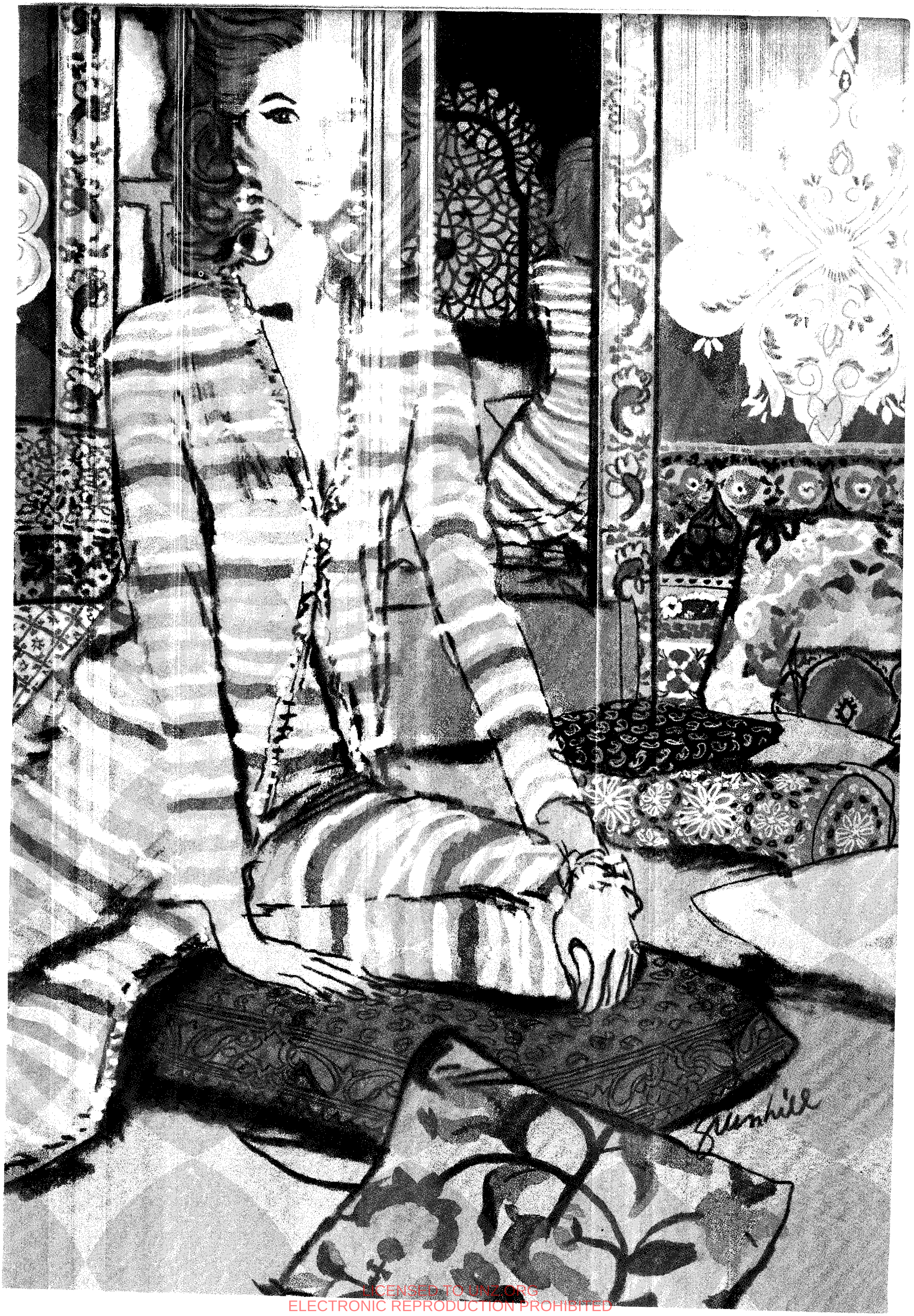
No conventional makeup could capture the look of 'bronzage'. But the new 'Ultima' II Transparent Face Tints are far from conventional. They are totally see-through. Their ultimate transparency (impossible till now) plus the subtlest of colorings give to your skin this golden tawnied glow. Two casts of tints create the new 'bronzage' look. The Tawny Tones to tint skin one degree warmer. The Bronzing Tones to give the deeper, dramatic look barefoot contessas are fabled for. Either way, your skin basks in a gloriously believable glow. (Even porcelain blondes can turn tawny, without a hint of anything 'put on'.) The effect is cool. Young. Contemporary. And terribly fetching.

We view this total transparency, this soft vitality of coloring, as the coming thing. A fashion to live in 12 months a year. (Or more.)

Transparent Face Tints include: 6 Tawny Tints. 2 Bronzing Tints. Face Powders. Blushing Liquids.

'Ultima' II

The first Collection of 'Couture Cosmetics'. Created by Revlon for the woman of elegance.



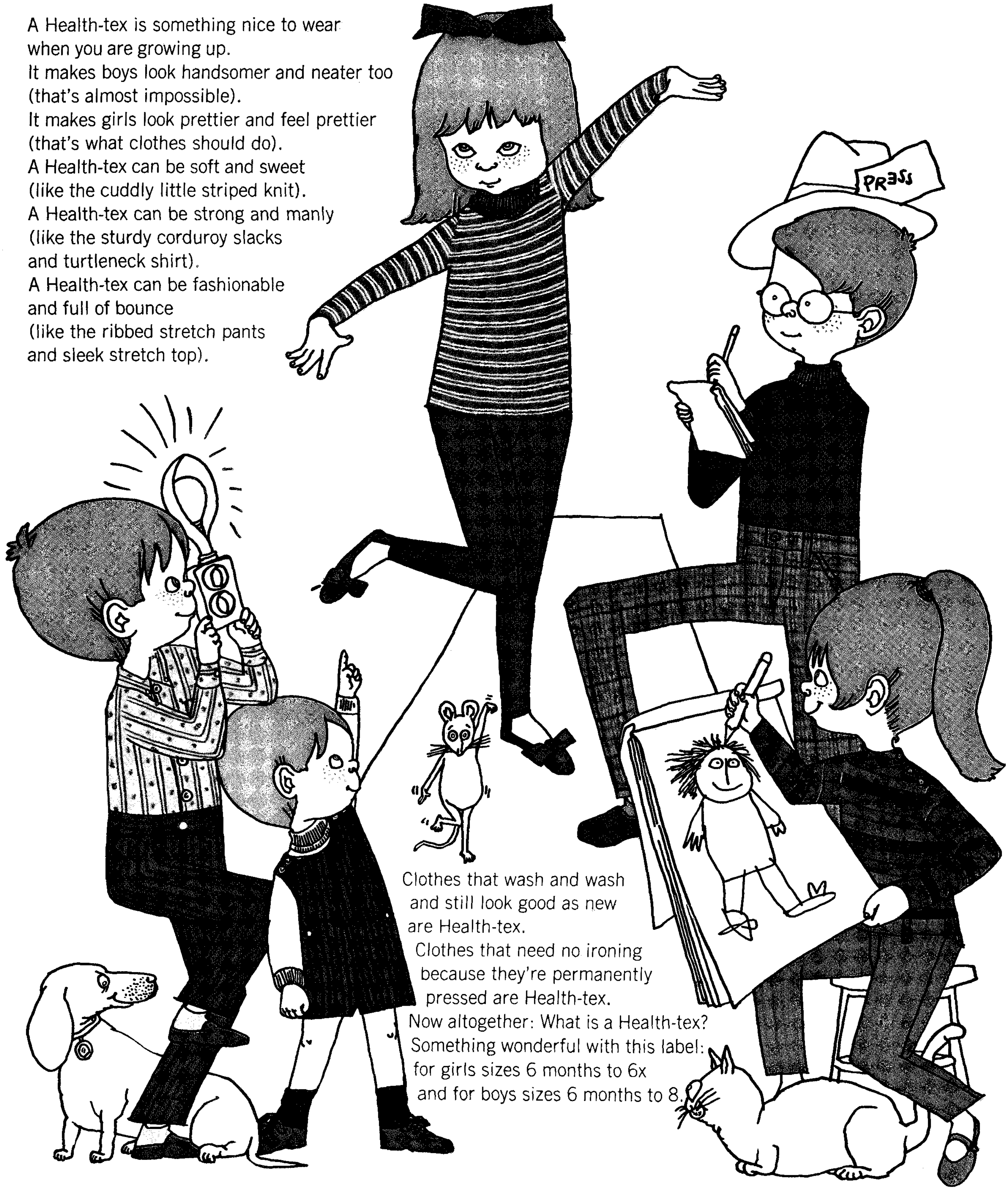
Come hunting in our Luggage Section and there's no telling what you might bag.

A tortoise with winning ways, a pig to parlor, an elephant to remember someone special with. Large or small, a game group all, and the Victorians had a name for them. Squirming Stools. Intended for children at family prayers, they now accommodate the elder's foot, as well as the gallery for TV. Dappled brown and black leather that's splendid and shining. From England where we discovered them some years ago, while looking, as usual, for luggage that's unusual. You can see much that's new right now. On One at Field's in Chicago. There's nothing like it back home.

Marshall Field & Company

Handy answers to hard questions asked by children in the Health-tex years.

WHAT IS A HEALTH-TEX ?



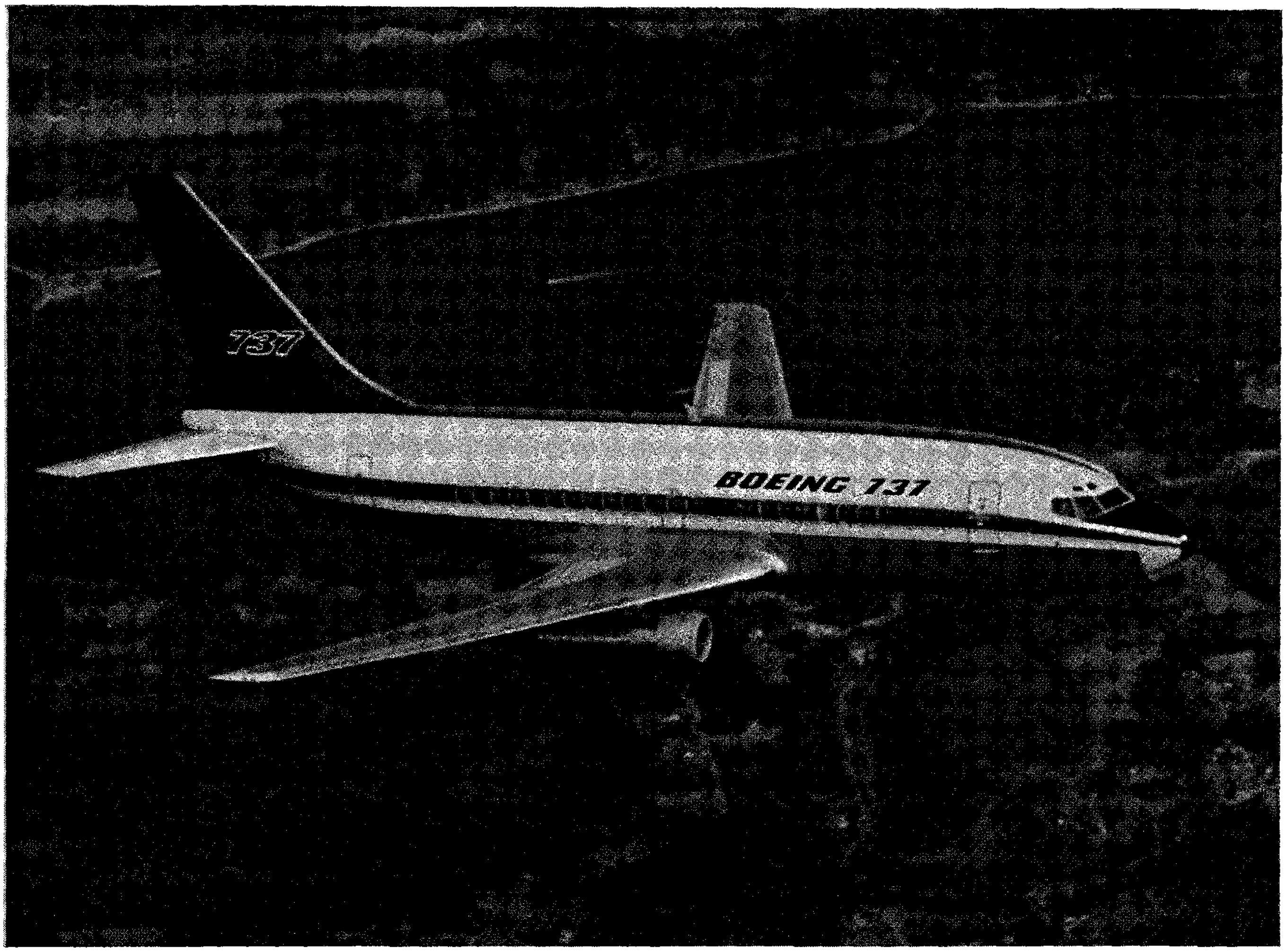
A Health-tex is something nice to wear
when you are growing up.
It makes boys look handsomer and neater too
(that's almost impossible).
It makes girls look prettier and feel prettier
(that's what clothes should do).
A Health-tex can be soft and sweet
(like the cuddly little striped knit).
A Health-tex can be strong and manly
(like the sturdy corduroy slacks
and turtleneck shirt).
A Health-tex can be fashionable
and full of bounce
(like the ribbed stretch pants
and sleek stretch top).

Clothes that wash and wash
and still look good as new
are Health-tex.
Clothes that need no ironing
because they're permanently
pressed are Health-tex.
Now altogether: What is a Health-tex?
Something wonderful with this label:
for girls sizes 6 months to 6x
and for boys sizes 6 months to 8.

A Product of the [illegible] 130 West 34th Street, New York, N.Y. 10001

Health-tex®
STANTOGS

The only short-range jet with big-jet comfort.



That's the Boeing 737's big plus for passengers.

The new 737 is the smallest member of the Boeing family of jetliners. Yet it's as wide and roomy as the big 707 Intercontinentals. It's the only airliner that can bring passengers on short-range routes the same wide-cabin comfort travelers enjoy aboard transcontinental and over-ocean flights.

Equally important, the new 737 inherits all the benefits of Boeing's unmatched experience as builder of the world's most successful jetliners.

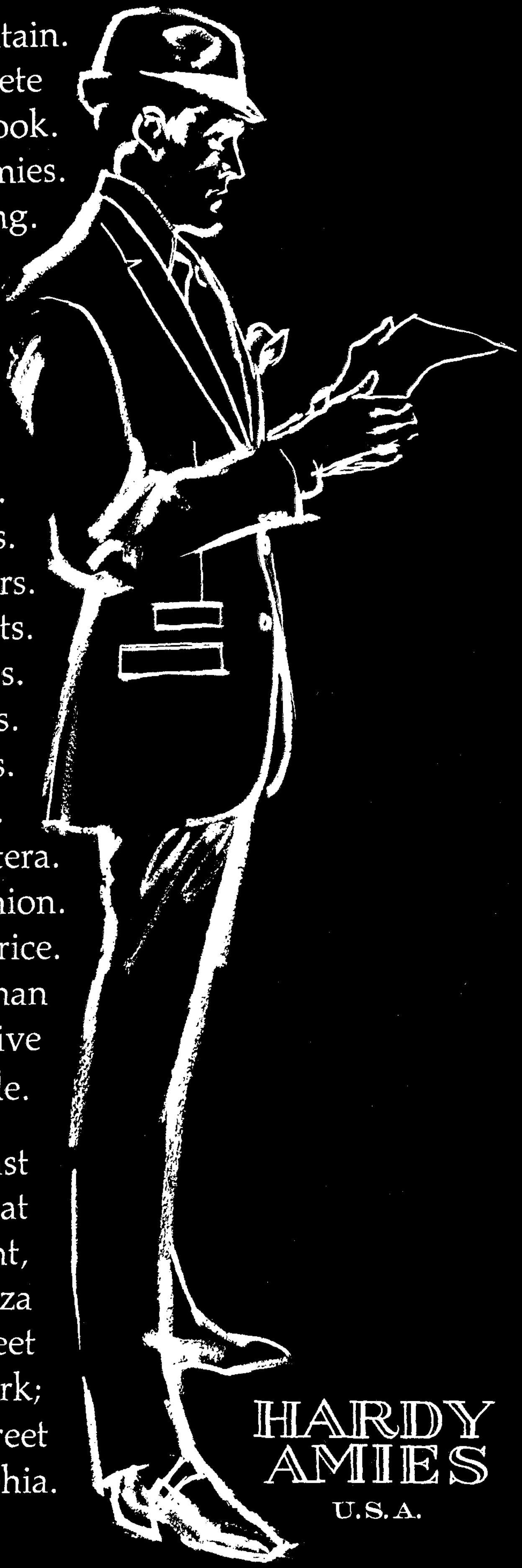
Newest, most advanced short-haul jet in the world, the 737 is currently undergoing an intensive flight test program. Pilots describe it as a delight to fly. The 737 takes off quickly, quietly. It cruises at 580 miles an hour, and carries up to 113 passengers.

The superb new Boeing 737 goes into service early next year. It has already been ordered by: Avianca, Braathens, Britannia, Canadian Pacific, Irish, Lake Central, Lufthansa, Malaysia-Singapore, Mexicana, NAC-New Zealand, Nordair, Northern Consolidated, PSA, Pacific, Pacific Western, Piedmont, South African, United, Western, Wien Air Alaska.

BOEING 737

From Great Britain.
The complete
new fashion look.
By Hardy Amies.
Long.
Lean.
Worldly.
Hats.
Suits.
Shirts.
Ties.
Sports jackets.
Odd trousers.
Walking suits.
Topcoats.
Raincoats.
Shoes.
Pocket squares.
Etcetera.
Uncommon fashion.
At a common price.
For every man
who wants to live
a little.

Now on the East Coast
exclusively at
Roger Kent,
50 Rockefeller Plaza
and 15 East 45th Street
in New York;
1626 Chestnut Street
in Philadelphia.



HARDY
AMIES
U.S.A.

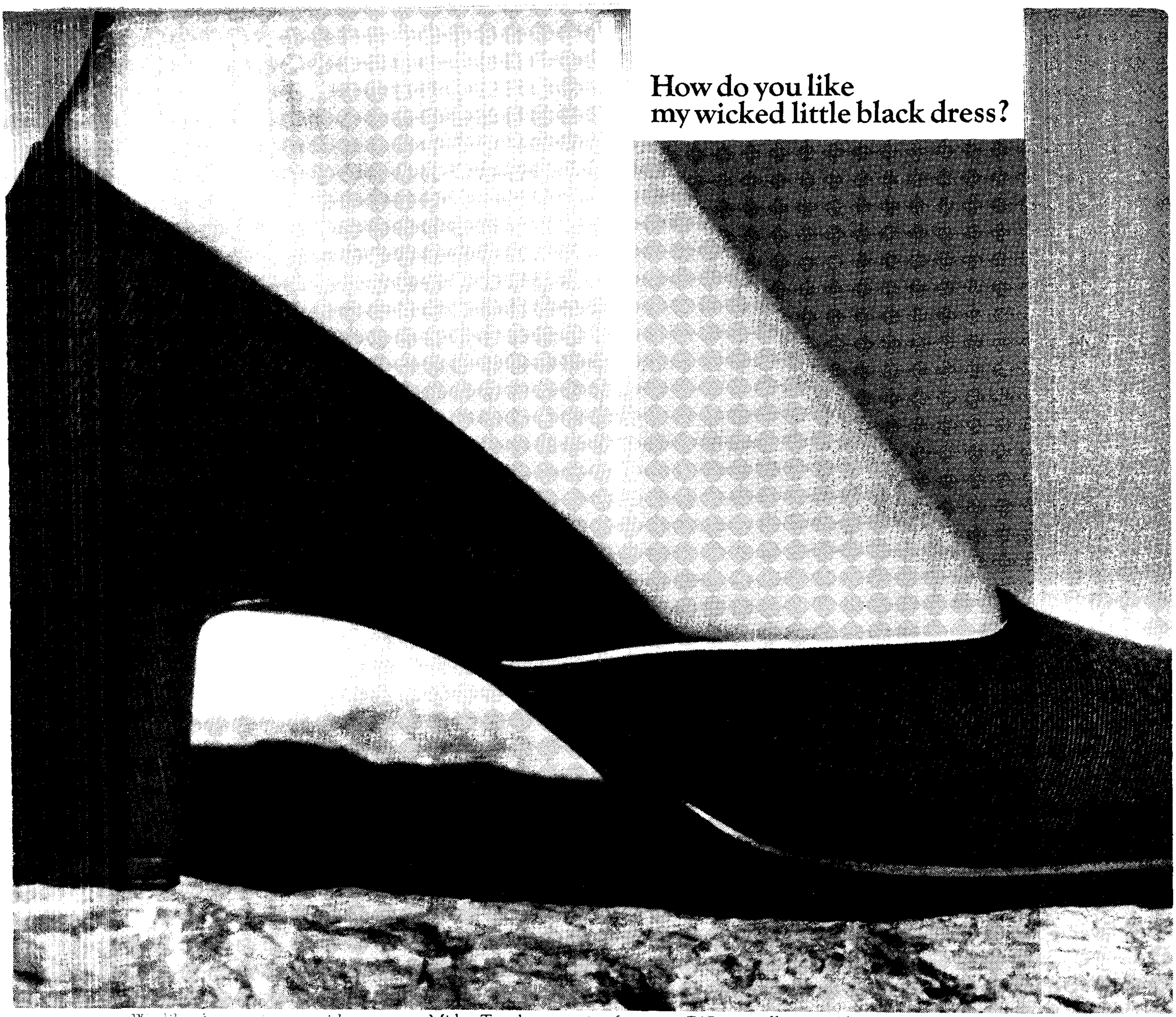
ROGER KENT

In New York: 50 Rockefeller Plaza, 18 East 40th Street, 15 East 45th Street,
40 Broadway. Valley Stream: Green Acres. White Plains: 182 East Post Road.
Philadelphia: 1626 Chestnut Street. Boston: Prudential Center.

Catch a star and steal its glow.

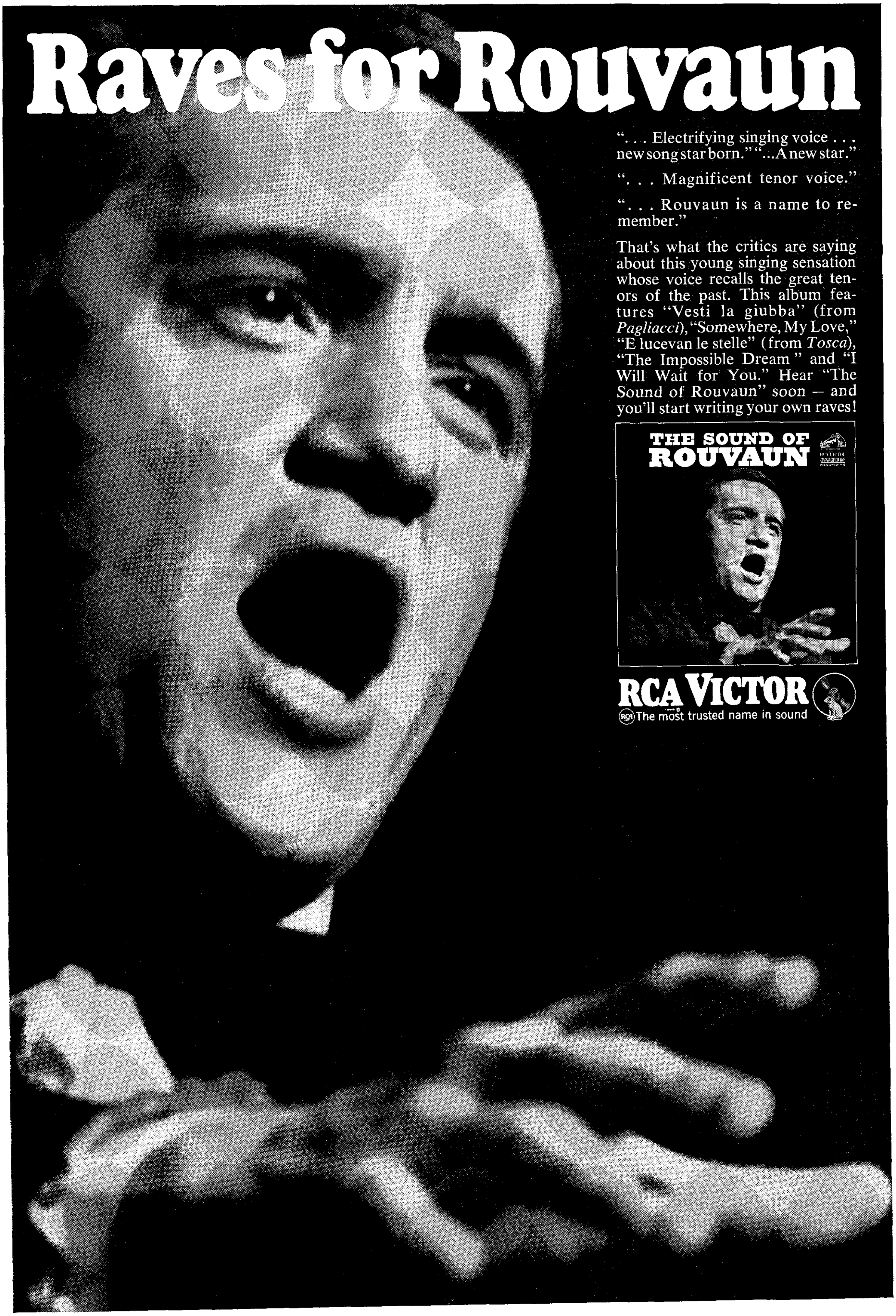
...for the Natural is off on a shimmer...and the youngest, newest lights are the ones you turn on with The Starglow Look. It's all plotted out for you by Frances Denney. Incandescent Make-Up brings a fascinating, luminous beauty. Incandescent Glowlight gives a heavenly subtle glow. Incandescent Eyelights shadow your eyes with a soft touch of color. And a glow lights on your lips with the rich warmth of Incandescent Lipstick. It's The Starglow Look, and it's caught for you by

Frances Denney


How do you like
my wicked little black dress?

We like the way it goes with your new Midas Touch grosgrains from our D'Orsay collection. About twenty-five dollars, at G. Fox & Co., J. L. Hudson, Kauffmann's and stores like that. Mademoiselle Shoes, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10001.

Mademoiselle shoes.



Raves for Rouvaun

". . . Electrifying singing voice . . . new song star born." "...A new star."

". . . Magnificent tenor voice."

". . . Rouvaun is a name to remember."

That's what the critics are saying about this young singing sensation whose voice recalls the great tenors of the past. This album features "Vesti la giubba" (from *Pagliacci*), "Somewhere, My Love," "E lucevan le stelle" (from *Tosca*), "The Impossible Dream" and "I Will Wait for You." Hear "The Sound of Rouvaun" soon – and you'll start writing your own raves!

RCA VICTOR
The most trusted name in sound

LÖWENBRÄU
MUNICH
LÖWENBRÄU
MUNICH
Now that you've seen the light.....try the dark.

IMPORTED BY HANS HOLTERBOSCH, INC. OF NEW YORK IN BOTTLES AND BARRELS FROM MUNICH, WHERE LÖWENBRÄU HAS BEEN BREWED SINCE 1383.
THE HAND-BLOWN LÖWENBRÄU CRYSTAL GOBLET PICTURED HERE IS AVAILABLE IN SETS OF 2 IMPORTED FROM GERMANY. FOR EACH SET MAIL $2.00 IN
MONEY ORDER OR CHECK MADE PAYABLE TO "LÖWENBRÄU GOBLETS", P.O. BOX 57, WESTBURY, N.Y., 11590. PLEASE ALLOW 6 TO 8 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY.

Holland maakt kaas waar men reeds 800 jaar van geniet.

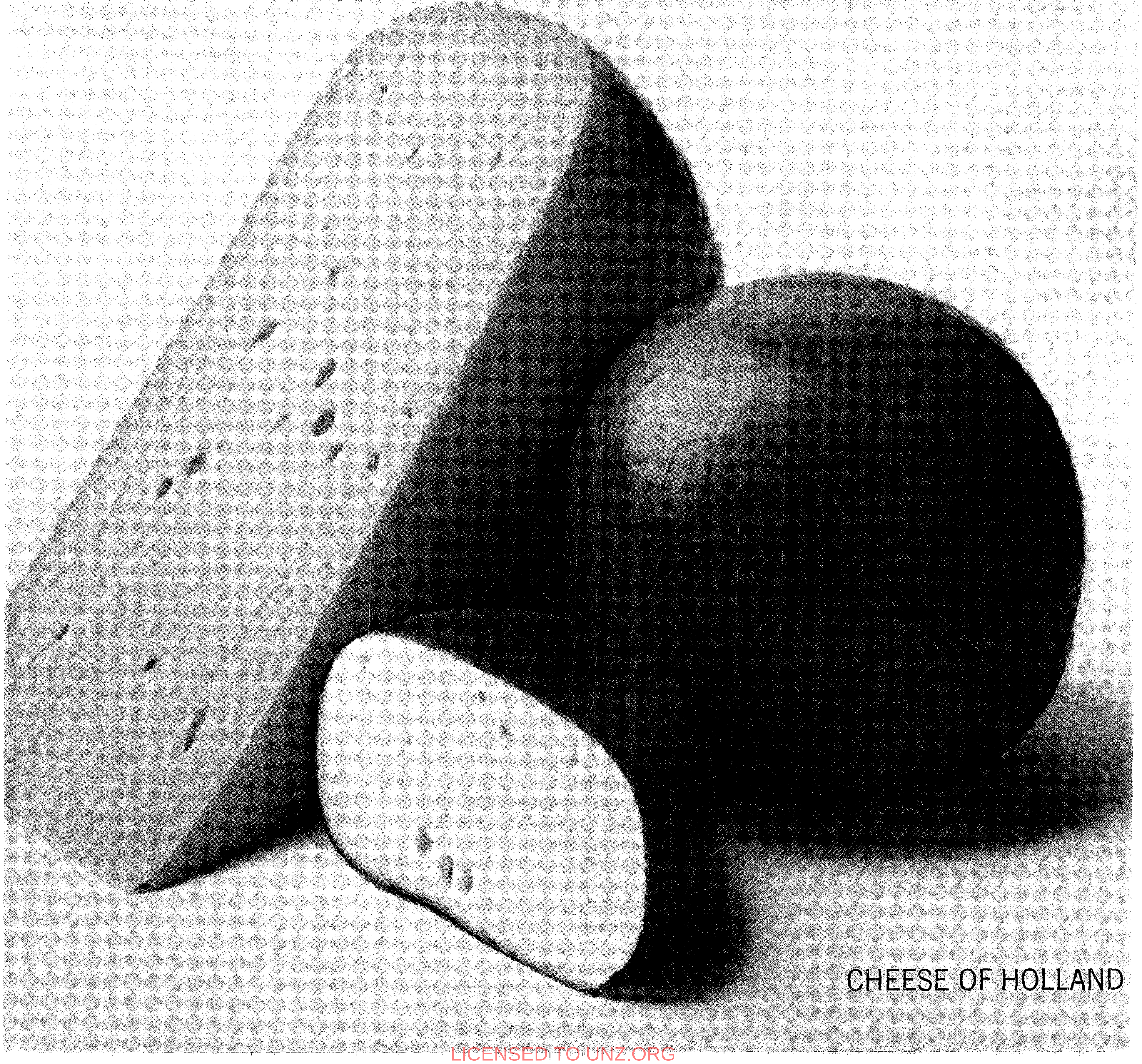
Er is veel voor nodig om deze kaas te kunnen maken. Het Hollandse gras, de melk van Hollandse koeien, de zorg en kundigheid van de Hollandse Kaasmaker.

Edam en Gouda.

Echte Edam en echte Gouda.

It's Dutch for Edam and Gouda.

Can you imagine describing hot dogs in any language but American?



6 P.M. to 1 A.M.
The Desperate Hours.

A woman gets turned off when her husband turns on the T.V.

Because he'll sit there like a Gargoyle, a victim of the T.V. jee-bees, making goo-goo eyes at the late show instead of her.

And talking to him is like talking to the wall: "Uh-huh, hmmmm, yeah-yeah-yeah, that's nice, oh?"

Well women of America, the only thing you really have to worry about is whether you have enough Medaglia d'Oro Espresso in the house.

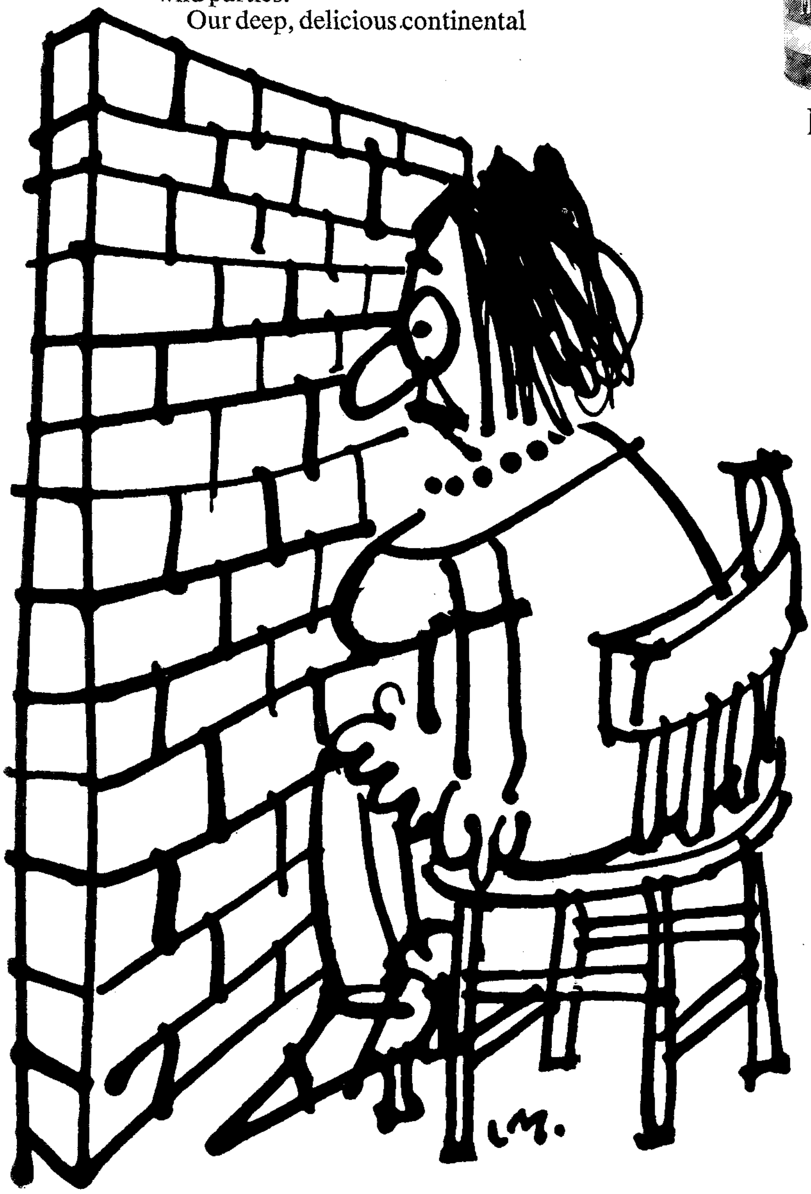
In Europe, we're famous for turning little get-togethers into wild parties.

Our deep, delicious continental coffee makes European men dance. So it ought to at least make your husband turn his head. It'll loosen his collar, let down his hair, and sort of break the ice.

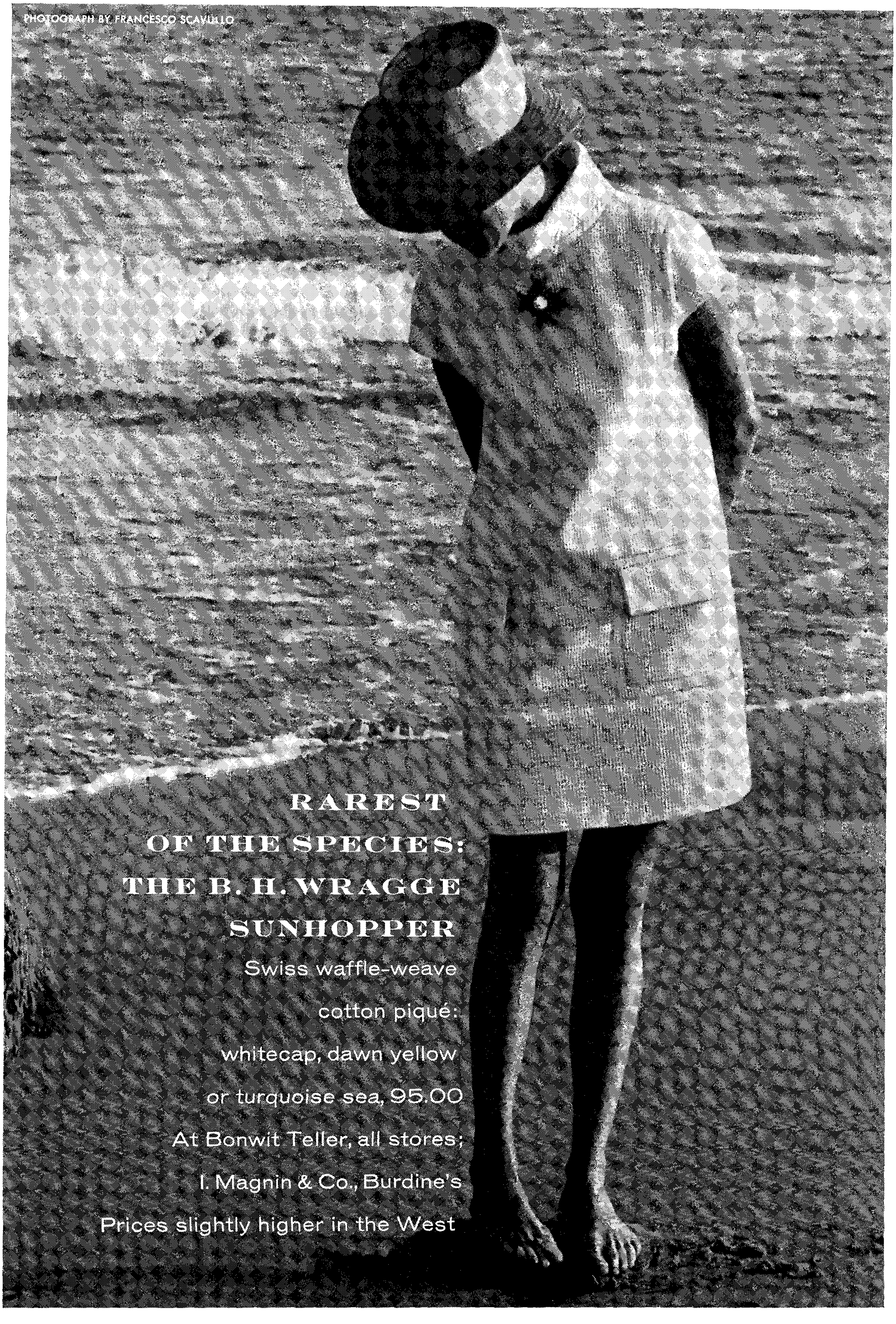
In fact, once our espresso gets him going, you might not be able to turn him off.

MEDAGLIA D'ORO
CAFFE'
MEDAGLIA D'ORO
Espresso
COFFEE

Medaglia d'Oro.
The Icebreaker.



S. A. Schonbrunn & Co., Inc., Palisades Park, New Jersey. Est. 1899.



PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANCESCO SCAVULLO

RAREST OF THE SPECIES: THE B. H. WRAGGE SUNHOPPER

Swiss waffle-weave
cotton piqué:
whitecap, dawn yellow
or *turquoise sea*, 95.00
At Bonwit Teller, all stores;
I. Magnin & Co., Burdine's
Prices slightly higher in the West

We're blushing.

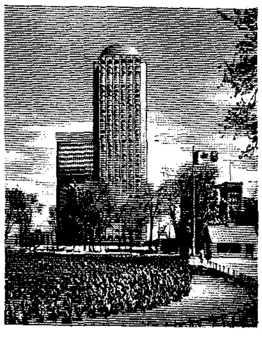
[illegible] brand-new Château Champlain, an exquisite hotel that soars like some elegant live-in obelisk thirty-eight stories above the Place du Canada.

The public rooms of Le Château Champlain have been fitted into a giant box that occupies most of the square plot, but the guest rooms rise within the trim shaft, the window arches mounted one above the other in an artful pattern. In the fittings it has placed in its guest rooms, in the attention to rich detail, in the places of public assembly, and in the general air of *raffinement* which suffuses the lobby, it is far and away the most elegant inn I have visited in Canada and one of the most handsome in the Americas.

The place is built to last, in the fashion of such fine old inns as the Plaza in New York, Claridge's in London, the Bristol and the Plaza-Athenée in Paris. The bar, called Les Mariniers, is deep in old-club wood, brass, and leather. Off the main lobby, Le Tournebroche, into which I stumbled one night, is a marvelous creation of the French provinces—whole hams roasting in chains, waiters in white cook's coats, and bakers rolling out dough for bread served individually to each table.

Sleek, slender, and lofty as it is, Le Château Champlain is [illegible] highest of the new [illegible]

Horace Sutton, Travel Editor, Saturday Review



LE CHATEAU
CHAMPLAIN
PLACE DU CANADA-MONTREAL
A CANADIAN PACIFIC HOTEL

It's worth a trip to Montreal.

Spike your cocktail party repartee with these nuggets
of knowledge about Ontario, Canada.

Take comfort in the fact that we're finding a route through your traffic jams. A successful computer-controlled traffic signal system from Ontario is under study by a dozen American states.

Watch out for a hippopotamus if you're driving in Ontario. One of our million-odd vehicles hit one recently. Could it be Ontario has another North American first?

Ontario Buffaloes are shuffling off to Brazil. $22 million worth of Buffalo turboprop transport aircraft, designed and built in Ontario, are to be used by the Brazilian Air Force.

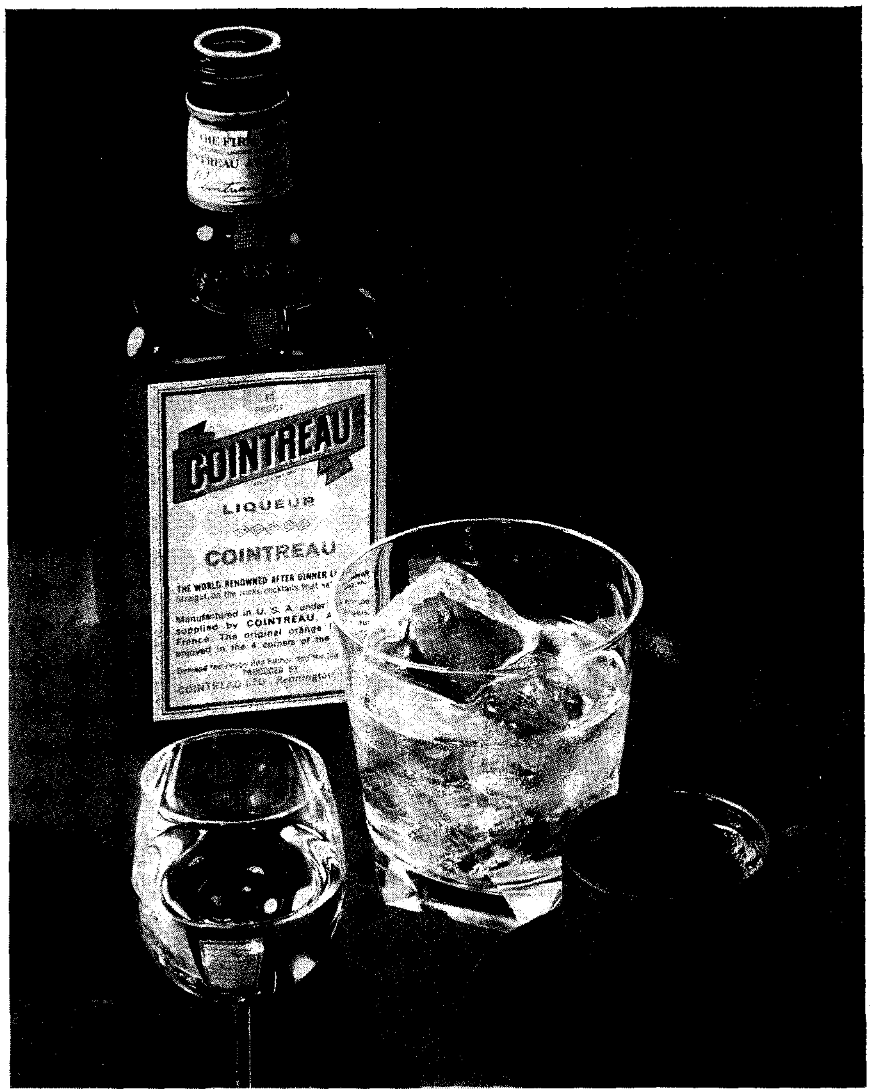
Chicago, Los Angeles please note. The tallest building in the world outside Manhattan is in Toronto, Ontario.

How to improve on paint-by-number sets? Consider bridge-by-number sets. One recently designed Ontario bridge has been numerically re-assembled in far off Rangoon.

For additional offerings of Ontariana, write:
Special Projects Branch, Department of Economics and Development,
950 Yonge Street, Toronto 5, Canada.

How to describe Cointreau

FOR LESS INFORMED FRIENDS,
ACQUAINTANCES, AND UNCLASSIFIED STRANGERS.

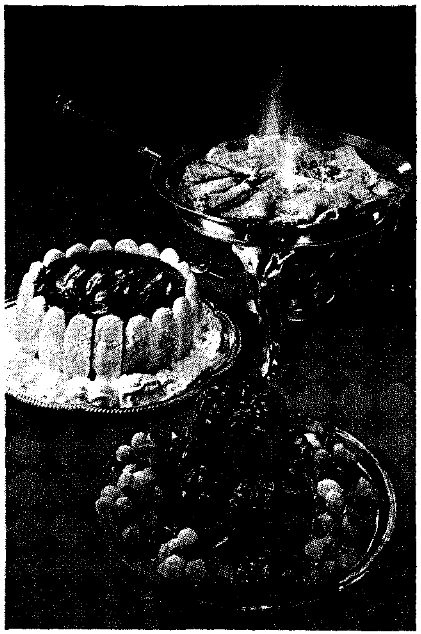


80 PROOF, PRODUCED & BOTTLED BY COINTREAU LTD., PENNINGTON, N. J.

New on-the-rocks idea. Pour Cointreau over ice cubes in an Old Fashioned glass. Tastes as refreshing as it looks.

The Cointreau Cocktail. A cocktail you'll wish you had met years ago. 1½ jiggers Cointreau, 1 jigger vodka, juice of half a lime. Stir with ice and strain into a cocktail glass or serve in an Old Fashioned glass over ice cubes.

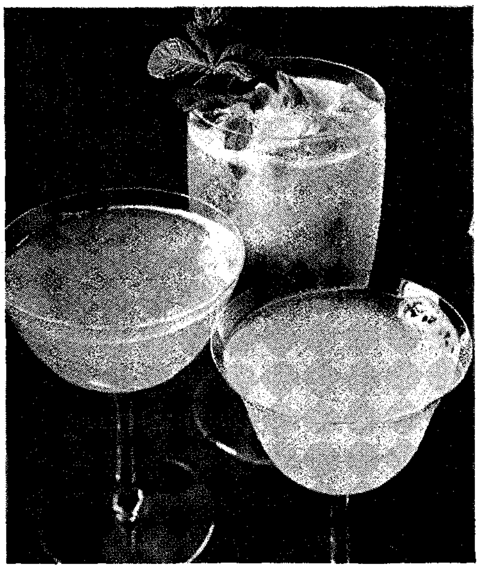
Cointreau Barbecue Sauce. Simmer together one bottle red burgundy, 4 medium onions and 2 celery stalks chopped, 2 cans beef bouillon, 3 cans tomato paste, salt, pepper and Tabasco sauce to taste. Cook until reduced by half. Add 1 ounce Cointreau. Excellent for steaks, hamburgers, spareribs ...indoor broiling or out. Extra sauce keeps well in refrigerator.



CREPES SUZETTE, CHOCOLATE CHARLOTTE, LIME GELATIN

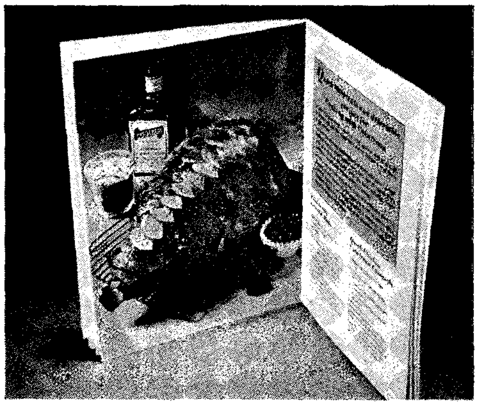
There's only one Cointreau. But endless ways to use it. A crystal-clear spirit with a silky-smooth bouquet and a flavor to match, Cointreau is the versatile invention of those clever French. You can enjoy it anytime. And it's priced about the same as good Scotch.

Cointreau...the adventurous spirit. Don't try to list all the pleasurable possibilities with Cointreau or you'll shoot the whole evening. Simply hit the high spots: its use in the world's most adventurous cocktails, on the rocks, in cooking, and as an after-dinner companion.



SIDE CAR, CHAMPAGNE COOLER, ACAPULCO

Cointreau turns simple foods into creations. One doesn't need a diploma from a gourmet school to use Cointreau in the kitchen. All it takes is imagination. Cointreau can add a touch of genius to meat, vegetables, fresh fruit ...to puddings, ice cream, and desserts of all kinds.



You could write a book on ways to enjoy Cointreau. We know because we did. It tells you how to make all the tantalizing drinks and dishes shown here. And a lot more. Get a copy of our 20-page booklet, "Adventures with Cointreau," free for the asking at your local purveyor of spirits. Or write: P.O. Box 4200, Grand Central Sta., New York, N.Y. 10017.

Mr. Fleming is giving Mrs. Fleming Hawaii for Christmas.

Can you think of a warmer holiday greeting?

He's giving her summer this winter.
All wrapped up in two United tickets to Hawaii.
Soon Mrs. Fleming will be sending Christmas cards from Lumahai Beach—with sand in her shoes, instead of galoshes on them.
Right now Mr. Fleming is patting himself on the back for thinking of the whole idea.
Why not? He'll charge the whole thing with the free credit card he got from United. And pay for it by the month.
Think of anything special you'd like to give your wife this Christmas?
Hawaii? You're getting warm.

"Mele Kalikimaka."
"Merry Christmas to you too, darling."

fly the friendly skies of United.

Psst! Special offer: New book on Hawaii. World-famous Travel Editor Horace Sutton's "Aloha Hawaii." Living in the Islands he tells about the people, places, prices, the history and lore. Yours for just $1.00 in our planning kit. "Hawaii" Box 509, Des Moines, Iowa 50302.

For $27.95, the Corning Ware Electromatic coffee maker does a lot more than just make 10 great cups of coffee.

It strips away the ritual and mystery about making great coffee and makes you a coffee expert. Automatically.

It does it by being the one electric coffee maker that's easiest to use, easiest to clean, and easiest to keep clean.

It's easiest to clean because every part is completely immersible, completely dishwasher-proof. Including the heater element.

It's easiest to keep clean because it's made from Corning's unique Pyroceram® brand material. Stale coffee oils won't cling to it. So when you make today's coffee you don't wind up serving a little of yesterday's coffee.

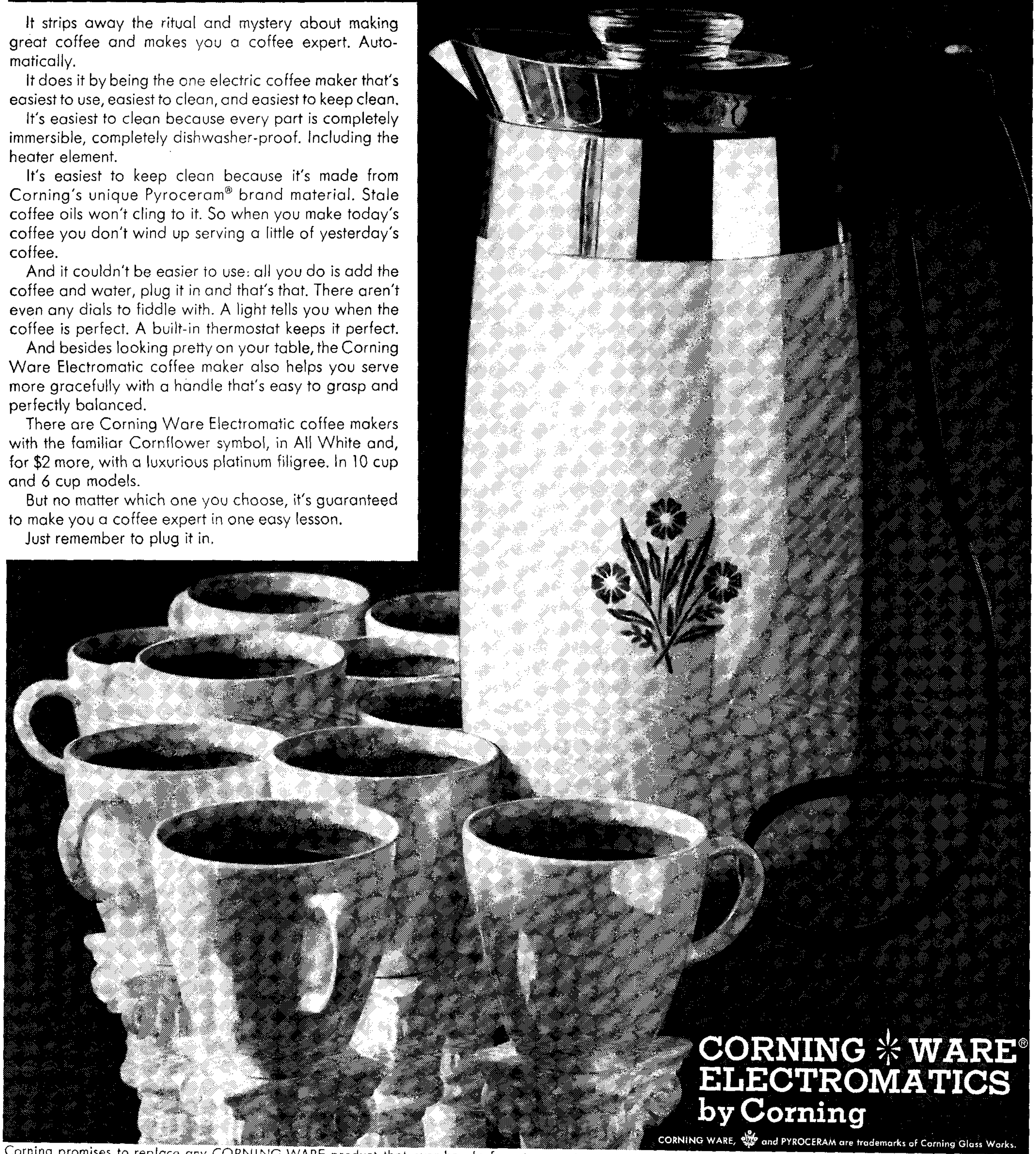
And it couldn't be easier to use: all you do is add the coffee and water, plug it in and that's that. There aren't even any dials to fiddle with. A light tells you when the coffee is perfect. A built-in thermostat keeps it perfect.

And besides looking pretty on your table, the Corning Ware Electromatic coffee maker also helps you serve more gracefully with a handle that's easy to grasp and perfectly balanced.

There are Corning Ware Electromatic coffee makers with the familiar Cornflower symbol, in All White and, for $2 more, with a luxurious platinum filigree. In 10 cup and 6 cup models.

But no matter which one you choose, it's guaranteed to make you a coffee expert in one easy lesson.

Just remember to plug it in.



CORNING ✻ WARE®
ELECTROMATICS
by Corning

CORNING WARE, and PYROCERAM are trademarks of Corning Glass Works.

Corning promises to replace any CORNING WARE product that ever breaks from temperature extremes upon return of the pieces to a CORNING WARE Products Dealer. Furthermore, any imperfect mechanical or electrical part will be replaced free within one year from date of purchase. *Corning Glass Works, Corning, N.Y.*

There is a certain kind of woman who's replaced her Mets tickets with tickets to the Met.
For this woman, there is a certain kind of store:
Peck & Peck.

The smooth line of an "A" comes in smooth wool gabardine.
With a contrast yoke that's smartly squared off.
Fully lined. Yellow/white or peach/white. 8 to 16, 46.00

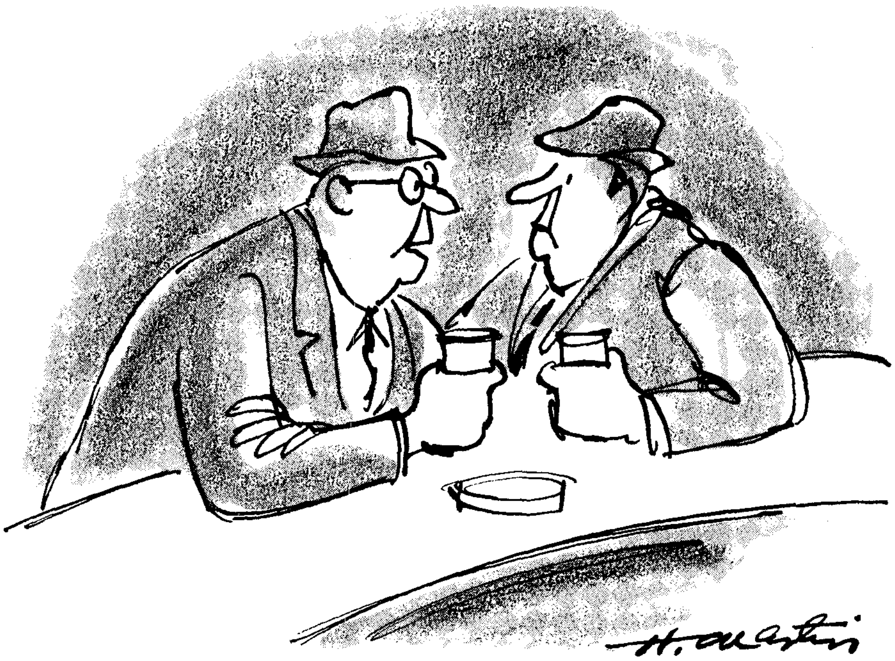
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK/CHICAGO/BOSTON/PHILADELPHIA/PITTSBURGH/ROCHESTER/BALTIMORE/DETROIT/AKRON/CLEVELAND
ST. LOUIS/TWIN CITIES/INDIANAPOLIS/WASHINGTON, D.C./ATLANTA/KANSAS CITY/HARTFORD/BUFFALO/PROVIDENCE

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE United States may be the only major country in which a significant fraction of university education is in the domain of private, non-state-run enterprise. This certainly has the virtue of keeping universities from getting involved with the political vagaries of any given government, but, on the other hand, it means that the money needed to run the private universities must come from somewhere other than the state. Students are a notoriously meagre source of income. A large proportion of them cannot afford the high tuition fees of the private universities, which must therefore subsidize their education. Moreover, even if the students were able to pay the full tuition, it would not begin to cover the cost of a university education, which has been estimated to come to at least three times the tuition rate. The financial plight of the private universities is so acute that it is hardly a question of whether students can afford the tuition but, rather, of whether the universities can afford the cost of students. We do not see an easy solution to this problem (one suggestion is that the universities charge the students a tuition fee that really matches the cost, and advance them the tuition in the form of loans that could be paid back over a lifetime, as a kind of enforced alumni donation), but we are convinced that the type of private enterprise represented by the Columbia cigarette filter is *not* the solution. Some vague qualms we had when we first heard about the Columbia filter program were sharply clarified when we read a detailed account of the whole affair in a recent issue of *Science*, a journal, published by the American Association for the Advancement of Science, that is devoted both to scientific reports and to the discussion of the role of science in public affairs. The author of the article, Robert J. Samuelson, is sympathetic to the financial dilemma of the private universities, and of Columbia in particular, whose president, Dr. Grayson Kirk, is in the middle of a campaign to raise two hundred million dollars for the university. (*Time* has estimated the annual income Columbia could expect from the filter, if all brands should adopt it, at two hundred and eighty million dollars. Mr. Samuelson notes that the inventor of the filter, Robert Strickman, and his nonacademic backers also stand to make a great deal of money from it, since the university would get only part of the royalties.) Mr. Samuelson's objections are based, in part, on what the tests of the filter—performed by the Fitelson Laboratories, in New York (at Columbia's expense); by Dr. Charles Umberger, the acting director of the toxicological laboratory in the office of New York City's Chief Medical Examiner; and, finally, by David Thomas, a former vice-president of the advertising firm of McCann-Erickson International—show, and what they do not show. The claim made for the filter on the basis of the tests carried out by Fitelson and Umberger is that it removes a considerable amount of the tar and nicotine. Even granting this claim, sponsoring the filter has committed the prestige of Columbia to the unproved thesis that such a reduction makes cigarettes safer. In Mr. Samuelson's words, "Columbia backed the filter on the grounds that a sharp reduction of tars would probably be a significant health benefit. Yet, as widely accepted as this view is, it may be wrong. No one has conclusively identified the damaging portion of cigarette smoke: the tars are strongly suspected, but it is not known what part of the tars are damaging or whether the tars act in conjunction with the gaseous elements in the smoke; conceivably, the mere process of smoking anything may be unhealthy." The issue that is raised here is whether it is compatible with the idea of free intellectual inquiry for a great university to commit itself to a position on a complicated and controversial scientific issue if it stands to reap enormous financial benefits by taking that position. The issue that is raised by Mr. Thomas's tests is, if anything, even more insidious. Mr. Thomas was concerned with the *taste* of the new filter cigarette—a matter that is of capital importance, if the cigarette is to be sold to smokers. Without going into the details of the "taste tests" that Mr. Thomas made and the debate that they subsequently provoked in the cigarette industry, we think it fair to say that the tests indicated that the cigarettes with the Columbia filter have a "distinctive" taste and that many of Mr. Thomas's subjects preferred this taste to the taste of cigarettes with regular filters. What is insidious about this is that, given human ingenuity, and, especially, the peculiar ingenuity of cigarette companies, it is quite likely that if some companies were to adopt the Strickman filter, the remaining companies would move heaven and earth to develop their own filters, with their own "distinctive" tastes. Such a situation would put Columbia squarely in the middle of the cigarette business, with all that this implies. If one allows one's imagination to roam, one can envision a day when several universities have developed their own filters, each with a "distinctive" taste, and are engaged, for the purpose of enlarging their endowments, in competing advertising campaigns, perhaps featuring distinguished members of their faculties extolling the virtues of the local prod-



"In 1936, I would have voted for Shirley Temple, but now . . . I don't know."

uct. This might be an effective way of raising money for a worthy cause, but we would like to think that it is possible to find some other way, more in keeping with the dignity and the aspirations of the cause itself.

Ivan and the Three Bears

Accompanied by Vladimir Danielevitch, one of our house linguists, we went over to Madison Square Garden the other morning to have a chat with Ivan Kudriavtzeff, who is the trainer of Gosha, a bear that is one of the stars of the Moscow Circus, currently on tour in the United States. As we strolled to the Garden from our office, Vladimir said that he had heard many tributes to Gosha from Russian circus buffs of his acquaintance. "I have been told that he is the brightest bear ever to perform in Russia, and that he is regarded there as a national hero," Vladimir continued. "In Russia, you know, there are over fifty circuses in operation constantly, and many, many performing bears, which means that if Gosha is as good as they say he is, he is an artist of the highest calibre." When we met Mr. Kudriavtzeff on the floor of the Garden, where the single ring employed by the Moscow Circus was being set up, he quickly informed us, through Vladimir (Mr. K. has no English), that not only is Gosha the smartest bear in the world; if he could talk, he would be the greatest actor. Middle-sized, solidly constructed, moon-faced, and most amiable, Mr. K. beamed happily as he discussed Gosha with Vladimir, who gave us a running translation of his remarks as he went along.

"Mr. Kudriavtzeff would like you to know that Gosha can do thirteen tricks as against an average of two or three for an ordinary professional bear," Vladimir said. "He is thirteen years old and weighs about seven hundred pounds, and is so famous that in Russia, Brazil, and Japan he is called an academician, which means that he is regarded as a kind of honorary professor. Before the Japanese would honor him as an academician, they kept examining him to make sure he was a bear, and not a man—or two men—running around in a bearskin."

We requested that Vladimir ask Mr. K. whether he had rehearsed Gosha at the Garden to accustom him to the unfamiliar surroundings.

The question was put, and Mr. K. responded volubly.

"Rehearse Gosha?" said Vladimir, who was getting into the swing of things. "A performer who has appeared in arenas throughout the world and been the leading actor in a French and an Italian movie? Nonsense! All that is required for an artist like this is to let him see the place where he is to entertain. Anywhere, any time, he can juggle, ride a motorbike, drive a small car, do acrobatics, dance, skate, and play the clown. He can hold an audience for a fifteen-minute stretch without becoming exhausted. He is the one and only Gosha."

We suggested that Vladimir calm down a bit and inquire of Mr. K. how he started out in the bear-training business, which we have always thought of as a fairly esoteric pursuit.

We presently learned that our bear man, who is now thirty-five and less than five years away from a Soviet government pension, had had a persuasive way with animals since his early youth, in a small village in the Ural Mountains, and that upon seeing some trained bears in the neighborhood of Sverdlovsk he had become fascinated with the beasts. Eventually, he was taken on as a pupil of Timofei Ivanovich Sedorkin, the dean of Russian bear handlers, and he soon absorbed enough knowledge to become a bear trainer himself. He acquired Gosha, a brown bear from Siberia, when the future great one was only three months old and just a bit of a thing, and, as time went by, expanded his menagerie to include Gosha II, now aged three, and Mishka, aged two. Gosha II and Mishka serve as understudies for the big bear, but they never substitute for him at premières or in the evenings. Like all artists, Mr. K. observed (via Vladimir), Gosha is fond of applause, and particular about the music that accompanies his act.

At this point, Mr. K. proposed that we go downstairs and have a look at Gosha and his stand-ins. With Mishka and Gosha II—a pair of not overly hefty bears—in cages to the left and right of him, Gosha looked monumental in his own barred quarters, which were adequate, though somewhat cramped. Mr. K. immediately began to bombard Gosha with sugar cubes—the bear accepted them ecstatically—and said to Vladimir, who relayed the information to us, that Gosha and the two other bears live on a diet of bread, milk, sugar, grits, and honey. In the old days, when Gosha was a good deal smaller, Mr. K. used to include a spot of wrestling in his public appearances with the bear, but as Gosha grew increasingly formidable he realized that he himself would have to put on a lot of weight or concede that Gosha was too much for him. He conceded. Just to insure that Gosha doesn't suddenly decide to change his diet from vegetarian to carnivorous, he is always muzzled when he does a show.

While Mr. K. was ingratiating himself with Gosha, and Gosha, in turn, was ingratiating himself with Mr. K., a pretty young woman came into the enclosure where the cages stood, and greeted the three bears and Mr. K. fondly. It developed that she was Mrs.

K., and not only the mother of two small children, who are staying in Moscow while the circus is on tour, but also a bear trainer in her own right, being in charge of Gosha II and Mishka at matinée performances.

By way of our interpreter, we asked Mr. K. what he proposes to do when pension time comes around.

"He will probably go right on with Gosha," Vladimir said, after a consultation. "They've been chums so long that it would be hard for them to separate without heartache. They are so close that every year, on Gosha's birthday, Gosha and Mr. Kudriavtzeff have a party at which Gosha is allowed to drink vodka. He drinks like a gentleman."

Smithsonian Outpost

WE attended a lunch given by Mr. Henry F. du Pont at the Cooper Union Museum to mark its transfer to the Smithsonian Institution, and fell into a flurry of preprandial conversation in a gallery leading to a Mary Cassatt show.

"When the trustees of Cooper Union closed the Museum, in 1963, feeling that the expense of maintaining it jeopardized their prime responsibility, the Union's courses in science, art, and architecture," said Mr. Albert Edelman, a partner in Senator Jacob Javits' law firm, "Mr. du Pont, who was, or had been, on the Museum's Advisory Council, took the lead in the Committee to Save the Cooper Union Museum, which I had helped form."

"I wasn't told that it was going to close," said Mr. du Pont, who is eighty-seven. "I read about it in the papers."

"Some of the trustees desired to give it to the Metropolitan Museum, which wanted only parts of it and would not have operated it as an entity," said Mr. Edelman, who had become vice-chairman and counsel of the Committee to Save. "Mr. du Pont took the chairmanship of the committee when the battle was raging. He has been absolutely intrepid. He never wearied. It was his proposal to Mr. Dillon Ripley, the Secretary of the Smithsonian, that the Smithsonian take over the Museum which saved this resource for the country. Mr. du Pont indicated the importance of its remaining in New York."

"My mother was a New Yorker, so I'm not an intruder," said Mr. du Pont, who hails from Delaware, where he founded the Henry Francis du Pont Winterthur Museum. "Dillon Ripley recommended the suggestion to his Regents, who went along with it."

"Arthur Houghton, who was chairman of the Cooper Union board until recently, also deserves credit," Mr. Edelman said. "Despite disagreement over some early issues, once he realized that the Smithsonian was genuinely interested, he supported the plan. Cooper Union has agreed to contribute one hundred thousand dollars a year to the Museum for the next three years, to help support it in its transition period, and Mr. du Pont's committee is committed for eight hundred thousand dollars, payable over the next four years. This money is coming from a couple of hundred donors, including the Avalon and Kress Foundations. The Union will let the Museum stay here for up to three years longer, to give it time to find its new home."

We had read, in the *Times*, that the Smithsonian was negotiating for a lease on the former Carnegie house, and we mentioned that.

"A prospect," Mr. Edelman said. "We looked into the Jerome house, but it wasn't right. We lost the old Percy Pyne house, on Park Avenue, when the Marquesa de Cuevas gave it to the Center for Inter-American Relations, but we now have better prospects."

"This is a great day, Harry," said Mrs. Vincent Astor, a committee member. "You have done everything. I never thought you could bring it off."

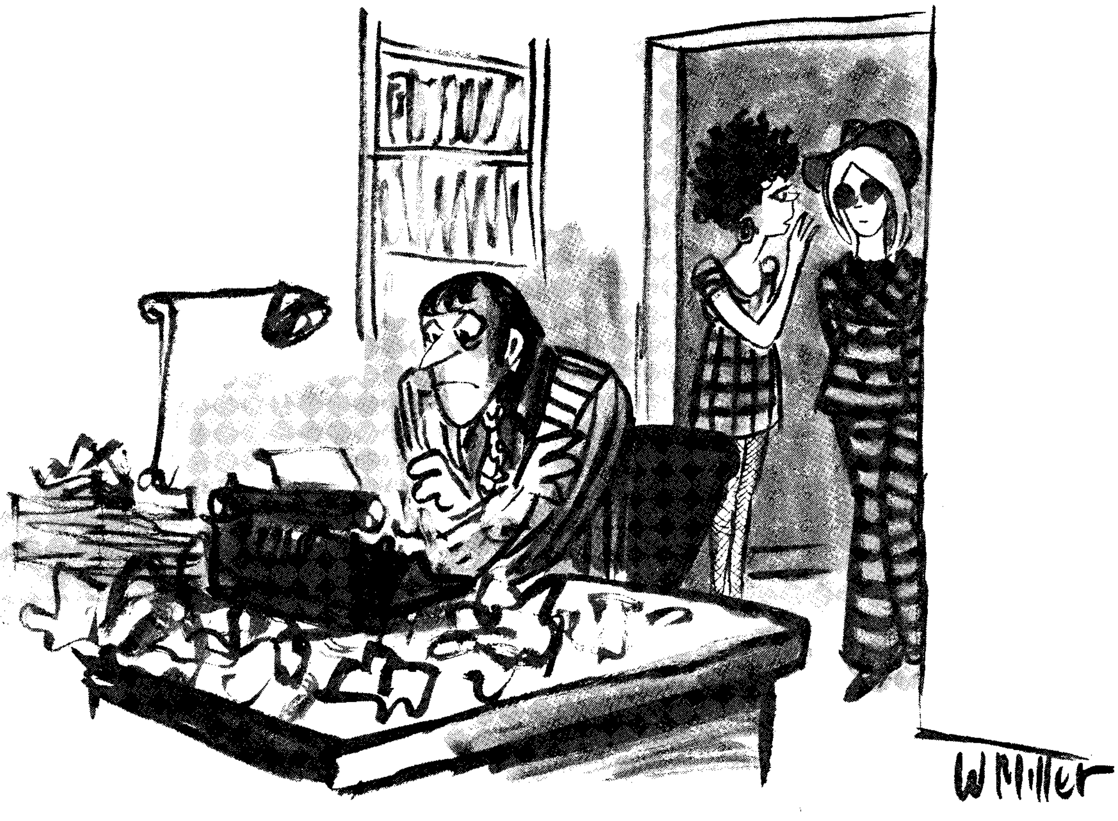
"The first meeting of the Committee to Save the Museum was held at my house four years ago," said Mrs. Jacob M. Kaplan, another committeewoman. "The saving took a long time."

Mr. Ripley appeared, and was greeted with cries of surprise.

"I've just come from three days in Iceland," Mr. Ripley said. "I went there to look at a newly arisen island, Surtsey, right on the rift of the mid-Atlantic. It is absolutely beautiful. It looks like the moon. One of my ornithological colleagues has already collected migrant birds from Scandinavia there. Iceland is terribly sad, in a sense, because it has a population of only two hundred thousand people and it wants to be like a European nation, but you can't do that when you're so small. Its people are absolutely marvellous."

News photographers took pictures of Mr. Ripley, Mr. du Pont, and Mr. Daniel Maggin—Mr. Houghton's successor, and a graduate of the Institute of Technology, Cooper Union's engineering school—as they signed copies of the transferral contract, to which Mr. Peter Powers, the counsel for the Smithsonian, had affixed gleaming gold seals.

"I may say I'm a captive of Mr. du



"He's trying to break through the put-on barrier into something sincere."

Pont at this moment," Mr. Ripley said. "Our Regents took up this challenge as a tremendous moral obligation. We're glad the Museum is staying in New York. I was christened in Grace Church, whose architect, James Renwick, was the architect of the original Smithsonian building. Things have a way of coming full circle. One of my predecessors as Secretary of the Smithsonian, Joseph Henry, laid the cornerstone of the American Museum of Natural History in 1872."

"No, no," a man at our elbow said. "General Grant laid the cornerstone, in 1874. Professor Henry was one of the speakers. He made a speech in which he complained about the architecture of the Smithsonian."

Over lunch, we had a chat with Mrs. Neville J. Booker, an eighty-two-year-old daughter of R. Fulton Cutting, who was an early president of Cooper Union. "I knew Miss Eleanor and Miss Sarah Hewitt, Peter Cooper's granddaughters, who started the Museum, in the eighteen-nineties," she said. "Our families were neighbors in New Jersey. I joined a Cooper Union Art School committee when I was nineteen. The Misses Hewitt wanted to get some young people on it. They wanted to introduce culture to Cooper Union. It's important for engineers to have some culture, because they receive such big salaries."

Mindful of the fact that last summer the first rhinoceros born at the Washington Zoo, which is a bureau of the Smithsonian, was named Dillon, we congratulated the Secretary on thus catching up, in a way, with his immediate predecessor, Dr. Leonard Carmichael, after whom a Zoo-born gorilla was named Leonard in 1964.

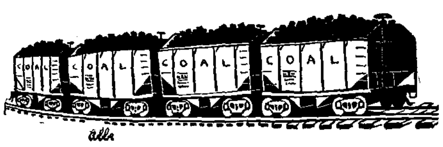
"Leonard has been traded off to the Toronto Zoo," Mr. Ripley said. "It doesn't seem quite fair."

Long-Winded Lady

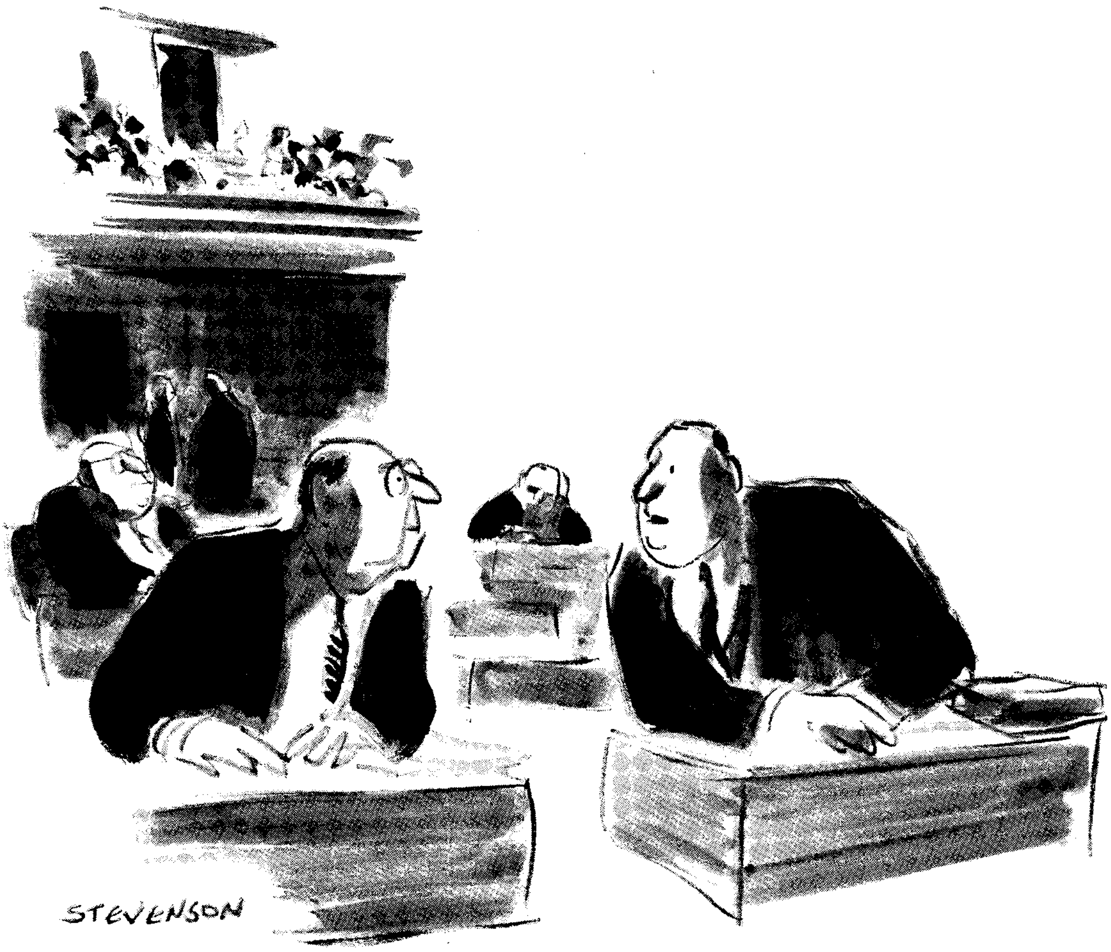
WE have just received a letter from our friend the long-winded lady, who writes: "From the windows I have on the eleventh floor of this old Broadway hotel, I look down on West Forty-eighth Street, where the roofs of a few little houses that survive down there make a deep well inside the tall city that has grown up around them. Broadway is on my right—Broadway and all the big lights. A trombonist from the Latin Quarter appears on its roof every evening and gives a concert all by himself and to nobody. At that point, the roof is only a story and a half high, and the crowd hurrying along just below him must be deafened by the Broadway din, because no one ever seems to stop to look up at him. Up here where I am, I can hear him very clearly. He comes up during intermission time, I suppose, and he saunters about for a minute, getting exercise, and then he walks to the edge of the roof and begins to play. He plays to the stars and he plays to the street and he plays for himself, with a large flourish to the right, a large flourish to the left. He is a heavyset man in a white shirt and black trousers, and his stage is a blackened roof that slants down to where he stands, with his toes almost touching the dazzling river of white and yellow neon light that rushes around the walls of the club. He stands in the middle of a vast explosion of restless light—every sign on Broadway going full blast—but he would be invisible if it were not for the whiteness of his shirt and the shine of his trombone. Those Broadway lights are selfish. They illuminate only themselves. The trombonist doesn't care. On his shelf of darkness, in the middle of all the splendor, he performs as devotedly as though he had the world at his feet.

"One evening, he turned up on the roof at seven, clearly visible in the azure autumn air. He took his stand at the roof's edge and began to play, and at that moment an extremely tall young man stood up between the two blue-painted water towers of the Flanders Hotel (twelve stories high, to my left) and began playing the clarinet along with him. The song they played sounded like 'A Gypsy Told Me.' The trombonist, a few stories above the crowded street, faced east, and the clarinetist, half a block away from him and twelve stories up in the air, also faced east, and all around them, above and below, on both sides, and in all directions, far and near and high and low, they were surrounded by walls of windows—hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of windows—and all the windows were blind, because there was not a face to be seen at any of them.

"This is just about the center of the theatrical and entertainment section of New York City, but what joviality and good-fellowship exist here are thin; the atmosphere is of shabby transience, and its heart is inimical. It is a run-down neighborhood of cheap hotels and rooming houses and offices and agencies and studios and restaurants and bars, and of shops that pack up and disappear overnight. If you walk along the street, you will find it busy, crowded, colorful, untidy, and with a fly-by-night air that makes it rakish, but in the first, unrested light of morning, which comes up very suddenly here, the irregular roof lines have a stoical despondency, and the blank windows reflect an extremity of loneliness—that mechanical city loneliness which strays always at the edge of chaos, far from solitude. The small houses down there mark the remains of a street where ordinary life used to be lived—ordinary social life, domestic life, real life, with children and parents and grandparents and uncles and family friends, with Christmas trees and schoolbooks and wedding dresses and birthdays—but it has come to be hardly more than a camping ground for strollers and travellers and tourists and transients of every kind. They all move on. A few people stay around here because they have no choice, and some stay because they are attached to the neighborhood for old times' sake and cannot bear to leave, although they can barely afford to stay. Each person is sealed off from the next person, sealed off even from the people he exchanges good mornings with, as though by fear of betrayal. An old woman living by herself in a single hotel bedroom goes frantic with apprehension and picks up the telephone, but there is no one for her to call. She tries to tell the room clerk of what is threatening her, and he listens, but he has the switchboard to attend to, and he has to watchdog the street entrance and the elevators, and he has other duties, and, in any case, he has heard her story many times before, from other people, in other years and in other defeated places like this one. The old woman puts the phone back and realizes immediately that she has made a bad mistake. It is a mistake she has guarded against until now. She knows perfectly well that she must not call attention to herself. This is her last stand in the land of the living, and she is here only on sufferance. The hotel won't miss her if she goes, and it can rent her room in a minute. She must not complain and she must watch her step. She must be more than polite; she must be obsequious. If you are old and poor and you get the hotel maid against you, you are out of luck.



"This hotel was very grand when it was built, in 1902, but it has slid downhill. The lobby has been cut down to a fraction of what it was, and the ornate old ceiling, towering up there,



"What say we do a flip-flop on Vietnam together?"

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makes a sad cavern of the small, mean space where the desk and the elevators are. The lobby used to be immense, with an orchestra playing and (I am told) a fountain, and along the back wall there was a row of noble windows that overlooked the gardens of the little Forty-eighth Street houses—the ones I can see from my windows. Three of the gardens are still there, but they are more or less rubbish now, and three others, together with their houses, have been erased to make a parking lot. The parking lot is busy all day and half the night, but at dawn it is deserted except by the pigeons, who fly down from the eaves and roofs and collect in a flock there to peck about peacefully, like barnyard fowl, while a thin mother cat, a stray, leads her family of kittens, who do not know yet that they are strays, in and out among the garbage cans that line the foot of this hotel and of the restaurants next door. But the morning wears on and the city begins to hustle. By half past eleven this morning, the pigeons and the cats had gone from the parking lot, and cars had parked there, and the restaurants up and down the street were busy getting ready for the lunchtime rush.

"I have two very big rooms up here on the eleventh floor—two big, shapely, spacious rooms, with folding doors between them. The ceilings are high, and the walls are so thick that I never hear a sound from inside the building. From outside I hear many sounds. I hear the cats and the pigeons and the cars, and I hear church bells, fire engines, garbage machines and the unearthly clatter of garbage cans, horses' hooves, radio music, singing, voices shouting, calling, laughing, denouncing, and screaming, glass breaking, airplanes, hammering, rain, the trombone-playing, and the roar of Broadway. Then, today at eleven-thirty, I heard some other music—the music of a very small band—and the tune being played was small and sweet and noticeably free: elfin music. The music came from Broadway, and I felt sorry for myself, because I thought that there must be a parade going on and that I would have only a glimpse of it as it passed the corner of Forty-eighth Street. But the music came closer, and then, at the western side of the parking lot, a man came slowly into view. He wore a dark-blue suit and a military cap of the same blue. He was the band. The drum was strapped in front of him, and balanced on it was a plate for people to throw money into. The cymbal was fastened to his left side, and he clashed it with something fastened to the inside of his left arm. The trumpet, the drumstick, and all the small pieces of his equipment were attached to him by strings, and the reason he moved so slowly was that he had almost no legs. His legs had been cut off far above the knee, but he had enough power left in them to work his way along in what was not a walk but an adamant advance, and, all the time, he played. He looked very small. He banged the drum and blew the trumpet and clashed the cymbals and piped on a little pipe, but although the street was fairly busy, nobody gave him any attention that I could see, and nobody gave him any money. He appeared as indifferent to those around him as they were to him and his music, but as he moved along he kept turning his head to look into the parking lot. He was very much interested in the parking lot. He examined it. He looked it over. He seemed to be considering it. Maybe he was only doing what we often do when we are alone in public: hide our faces by pretending an interest in whatever presents itself—anything, as long as it cannot stare back. I do not know. Suddenly, a car drove into the parking lot at such high speed that when it stopped, the brakes screamed horribly, but before it stopped, as it hurtled across the sidewalk, it came so close to the musician's back that I was sure it had brushed him. I got a fright, but the musician showed no sign of fright, or anxiety, or anger—not a sign of interest. He continued banging the drum, clashing the cymbal, blowing the trumpet; his music never faltered. Imperturbable, he advanced along his way and passed out of my sight behind the little houses just below me. His blithe, innocent music grew fainter and then faded, and I couldn't hear him anymore. I thought he might turn around and come back to Broadway this way, but he did not come back—at least, not while I waited."

AN AUTUMN SORTIE

Julio Cajado, a dapper importer of grain, lay deep in the ice, with diamonds on his cuffs and a ruby at his throat, crystallized like a dragonfly in amber. He had been lying there for forty-two years—the sun sometimes filtering down and touching the startled face and the neatly trimmed mustache—where he had fallen from a mountainside. I was not aware of it there in my garden, and neither was Apollinaris, who, sniffing the morning wind, said, "It is splendid cross-country weather."

"Yes," I said, lighting an after-breakfast cigarette and studying the conditions—the wind and visibility, the refraction of light on cloud.

"You should get plenty of lift today," he said. "I mean, Jesus, look at all that nimbus."

"Cumulus," I corrected him, grateful nevertheless that my chief employee (I own a small but thriving translation agency) should take such a loyal interest in my soaring safaris. He understands my obsession. He drives the winch for me, conscientiously, but with a troubling tendency to guillotine the cable at the slightest hint of turbulence. I suspect he has visions of my silver glider disintegrating in space, while I, a middle-aged asteroid with thinning hair, plummet earthward; he does not wish to be the cause of anything like that. Polishing his glasses now and nodding, he stared out over the pre-Alps, which are visible from the bottom of my garden. Because I frequently fly over them, I listen carefully each morning as he, a Swiss on home ground, talks about the mountains. He normally does so uneasily, as though they were a pack of aging dogs, but today he simply pronounced them "clear-eyed and friendly," and left it at that.

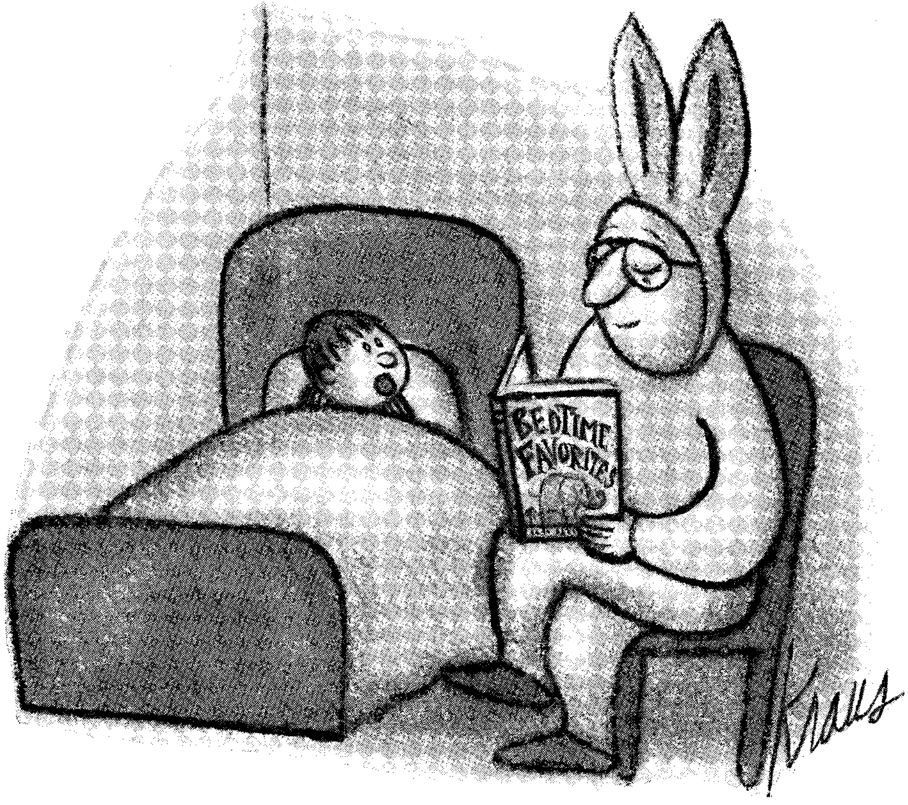
"I'm tempted," I said, "but we have to earn a living. I'll let you know later."

"Very well, Mr. Blenkiron," he said, and led the way into our offices, situated on the floor below my living quarters. I spent the morning working on a minor novella (French into English, five carbons), but, after a late lunch, I suddenly felt the need to fly somewhere for the night. September is a good soaring month in the mountains; the air is vibrant and seems to have a life of its own.

I called Apollinaris, and we drove to the field and prepared the Condor. We drank a cup of coffee, and then I strapped myself in, while he, hands in pockets, walked up the field to start the winch engine. The launch was uneventful. The long, tapering wings presented their attacking edge to the wind, and I climbed fast and steeply, the glider creaking like a tree in a storm. At fifteen hundred feet, I released the cable and levelled out, motionless in a bubble of silence. This was the time for music. When I go up, I usually carry a transistor radio, which fills my open cockpit with fugues and plainsong. Most good glider pilots have their indulgences when aloft; that is mine.

I found some Bach on shortwave and turned south, gaining height steadily. There were several other men in the air—Appenzeller, Schmid, and Freddy Fuchs, the wholesale butcher, but they were merely circling the field, practicing for their Silver Wings. After fifteen minutes, I drifted alone over the summit of the Foch. It gleamed beneath me like a polished blade, and, yielding to sudden temptation, I stupidly started to buzz it. A deep breath, and down I swooped, yelling hoarsely, skimming the cwms and crags until I realized, with a jolt, that I had lost several hundred feet and that unless I found a friendly thermal damn quick I was going to have to spend the night in the foothills. There wasn't a breath of warm air anywhere. A small plateau, which had trapped the sun on summer days and sent me bounding effortlessly away over the peaks, now lifted me a mere ninety feet. I turned; there was meadowland not far distant and, by carefully conserving height, I might just be able to reach it.

In the lee of the Fifth Apostle, where the snowline ends, I came across the first evidence of habitation—a couple embracing wildly in a copse. Aha, I thought. Geronimo! The glider is the ideal vehicle for the voyeur—silent, maneuverable, and able to circle for protracted periods. I know several pilots, a professor of logic and an eminent neurosurgeon among them, who take binoculars aloft on warm Sunday afternoons and patrol the major riverbanks. I am not in that category, but I enjoy the privileges of height. Switching off the radio, I applied a touch of right rudder and positioned myself between the lovers and the sun. Slowly, inexorably, my deep shadow passed across them like the angel of death, and the man, groping for his parka, sprang to his feet with a cry and stared up. I shouted "*Gesundheit!*" and moved on, with the wind at my back. There were groups of soldiers here and there on autumn maneuvers, but they ignored me. My altimeter read two hundred now, and I kept an eye skinned for a stretch of turf or barley stubble. A Condor can land in a matter of yards, so my needs were modest. I



"Gee, Pop, you didn't have to make such a production out of it!"

"SMILEY" LOOMIS
MRS MAUDE "HONEY" BUNN
"BUZZ" BRINDL
ARTHUR "CALL ME DOC" PIMBERTON

"This is *a friendly little bank."*

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whistled softly to myself, smelling woodsmoke even at that altitude.

I passed over a small, steep-roofed village, and, a couple of miles beyond, saw a woman in a wedding gown. She was walking slowly across a field, puffing at a cigarette, with her train thrown casually across her shoulder like a shepherd's plaid. Life as seen from the air is frequently surrealistic, and one stares down at it detached, as through a glass-bottomed boat. But the sight of this preoccupied stroller intrigued me, and when she looked up and waved I snapped out the dive brakes and dropped swiftly toward her. The Condor bounced through clover on its single wheel, rolled to a halt, and tipped slowly onto its right wing.

The bride watched, then threw away her cigarette and walked toward me. *"Grüezi,"* she said. She was a large-boned, pretty woman, with neat copper hair. Her eyes, green, and peering perhaps through contact lenses, were tired.

I returned her greeting and climbed stiffly from the cockpit. "Where is the wedding?" I asked.

"It was years ago," she said, smiling sternly and fingering her gown.

We stood silently, contemplating the glider. Lacking something better to say, I inquired about the nearest hotel.

"There is no hotel in these parts," she said. "However, if you have nowhere else to go, you may spend the night at our house. We already have one guest. Another will make little difference."

"I don't want to crash a honeymoon," I said.

She assured me, without embarrassment, that I wouldn't be doing that. Her unquestioning hospitality astonished me. I had dropped abruptly from the skies, an alien with nervous hands, and here she was taking me, without apparent hesitation, into her home. I asked if she had a telephone; I would have to call Apollinaris. She had.

"I'm really most grateful," I said, taking my overnight bag from the cockpit. "Are you quite sure I won't be a bother?"

"Quite sure," she said, in slightly formal tones.

We set off across the meadow and into a small pine forest. It seemed immoral to enter the dim intimacy of the trees without first asking her name. I introduced myself, and she said, "Oh, how do you do. I am Eva Eberhard." A moment later, she added, "I take it you are holidaying in Switzerland, Mr. Blenkiron? We don't get many Englishmen up here."

"I'm a Scot," I told her crisply. I hate being spotted as a foreigner. After the war, I took an Honors Degree in German at Edinburgh, and I have always been proud of my accent; a Rhineland poet whose anthology I translated once told me that my vowels and plosives were classically pure. "And I live here," I said. "I have a small business near St. Gallen."

"Ah," she said, without curiosity. I offered her my last Muratti, which she refused. I lit it myself and continued, a little boastfully, "I was also married to a Swiss. To two of them, in fact."

"They both died?"

"Lord, no. We split up."

"You are divorced? *Twice?*" She stared, and then, imperceptibly, her attitude changed. While we walked, she became coquettish and confiding, as though talking to a wolfish family doctor. Her husband was away in Zurich visiting relatives; she loved swimming; she was prone to hay fever; her teenage son, a gay and inventive boy, wanted to become a magazine photographer.

When finally she paused, I said, "I'm still curious about your dress."

"This?" She smiled. "Why, goodness, I've been dancing." With a mock curtsy, she hoisted her skirts to reveal a pair of remarkably slim and shapely legs, then spun gracefully away through the trees. The mood of the dance was sort of *allegretto pastorale*. She was humming something—"Solveig's Song," I think—and moving well; I had to jog smartly to keep pace with her. At the edge of the trees, she stopped and, panting slightly, pointed into the clear. "Home," she said.

The house, standing within sight of

BY THE RIVER EDEN

I

Never twice that river
Though the still turning water
In its dark pools
Mirrors suspended green
Of an unchanging scene.

Frail bubbles revolve,
Break in rippling falls,
The same, I could believe,
Each with its moment gone,
I watched in former years,

Ever reforming maze
Of evening midge's dance,
Swifts that chase and scream
Touching in their low flight
The picture on the stream.

Heart is deceived,
Or knows what mind ignores:
Not the mirroring flux
Nor mirrored scene remain
Nor the rocky bed
Of the river's course,

But shadows intangible
That fade and come again.
Through their enduring forms
The glassy river runs;
All flows save the image
Cast on that shimmering screen.

II

Beside the river Eden
Some child has made her secret garden
On an alder strand
Marked out with pebbles in the sand
Patterned with meadow flowers,
As once I did, and was.

My mother, who from time past
Recalls the red spots on the yellow mimulus
That nodded in the burn
Talking as it ran to her alone,
Was that same child—
To eighty years between she gives little thought.

And hers, bedridden.
Mused on an old cracked darkened picture of a salmon-river
Painted in Paradise so long ago
None living ever saw those tumbling waters flow.
By her imagination made miraculous,
Water of life poured over its faded varnished stones.

All is one, I or another,
She was I, she was my mother,
The same child for ever
Building the same green bower by the same river
In her far and near unfading meadows of remembered summer.

III

The lapwing's wavering flight
Warns me from her nest,
Her wild sanctuary—
Dark wings, white breast.
The Nine Nicks have weathered,
Lichened slabs tumbled;
In sand under roots of thyme
Bone and feather lie,
The ceaseless wind has blown;
But over my gray head
The plover's unageing cry.

—Kathleen Raine

* * *

the Fifth Apostle and the small glacier that runs past its base, was something of a surprise—a converted barn, painted red, with a weathercock preening itself on the steeple. It was built hard up against an electrical-relay station, a bunkerlike structure with a heavy metal door and empty windows. Processions of pylons marched up to it from all points of the compass, their cables humming softly like wind in the rigging of a ship. We approached the house, and, murmuring my thanks, I entered with the odd, crablike gait people tend to employ when setting foot in someone's home for the first time. It was musky inside, and the panelled hallway was hung with faded sporting prints showing a posse of hunters, in slashed doublets, tiptoeing effeminately through a swamp. "There's the phone," she said, pointing. "You make your call, then I'll take you to your room."

Apollinaris's voice, on the rural line, sounded shrill and cranky. He was busy with some drydock specifications. "This is Sancho Panza, buddy," I said, and I told him where I was, extracting a grudging promise to be collected the following morning with the trailer.

Frau Eberhard showed me to a small bedchamber high under the eaves, and left me to wash. When I had finished, I descended to the kitchen, a bright, airy room paved with red flagstones. She had put on an apron, and was standing at the sink, washing plums. As I entered, she said, "Come in and have a drink. Mr. Cajado, would you pour our guest a glass of schnapps?"

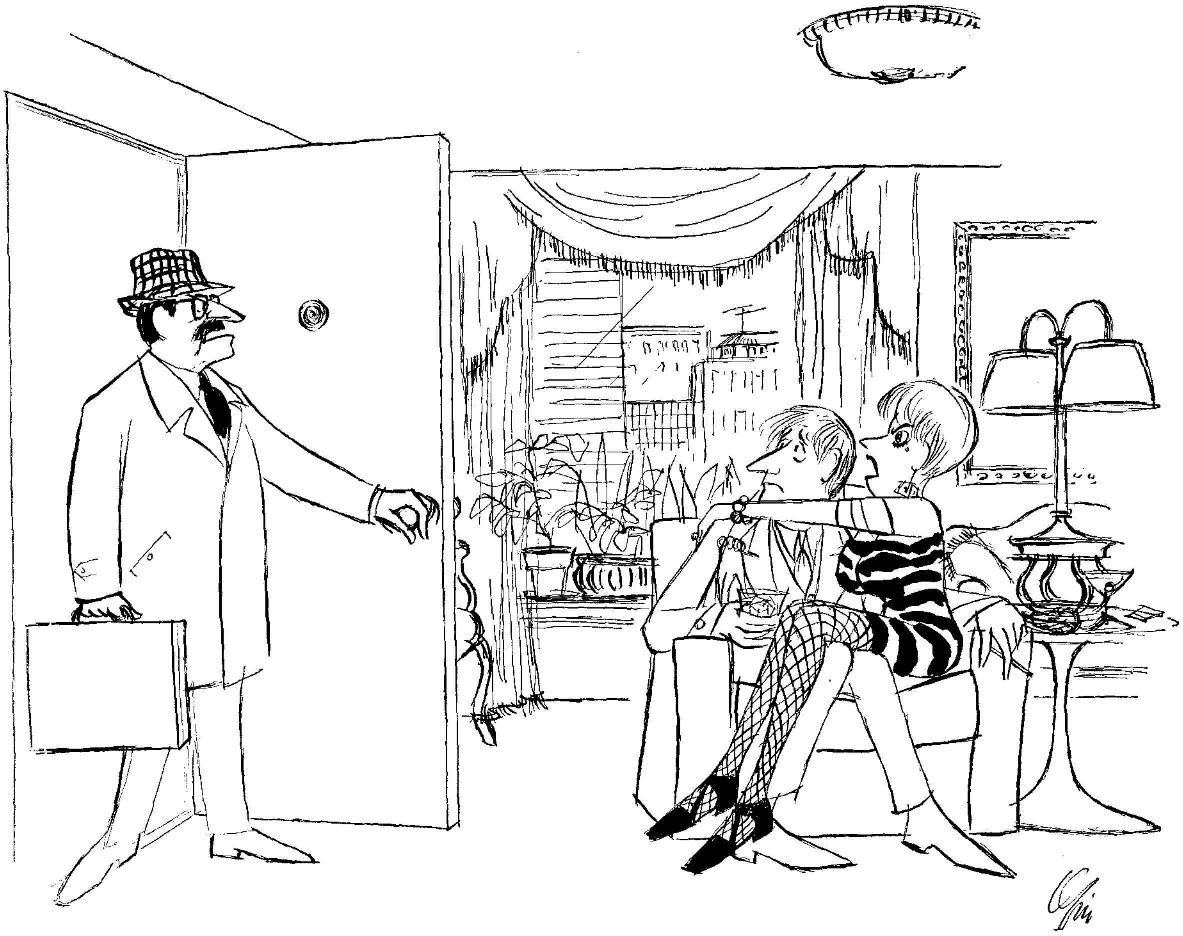
A tall, preoccupied man with yellow eyes and a thin, bony face rose from an easy chair in the corner. He folded a copy of the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* and thrust out a soft hand. "With pleasure. Cajado. I am a guest here myself. This schnapps is made from apples, grown in the garden behind the house. *Salud!*" We drank.

"Are you on vacation?" I asked.

"No," he said, suddenly relaxing and sitting in the chair again. "I have come from Lisbon to erect a memorial to my uncle."

Frau Eberhard smiled slightly. "I am going to change," she said, and left the room, her long skirts whispering up the stairs.

"He's up there in the ice," said Cajado in precise, earnest tones. "Been there since Whitsunday, 1925. It was the usual story. Fine weather, and Julio, who was holidaying in these parts, decided to climb the Fifth Apostle in search of edelweiss." He paused, stroking his prominent nose thoughtfully, like a talisman. "Well, he was an impetuous climber, and halfway up something happened. He stumbled, or slipped, or perhaps even jumped—Julio was prone to



"What obtains?"

"What obtains? It's dopey expressions like that that drove me to this!"

sudden fits of gloom—and dropped into the glacier at the foot of the mountain. We were told that cowherds with sticks mounted a search that evening, but a mist came down and they gave him up for lost. He is still there, and my family, acting on the theory of better late than never, have given me this money and asked me to arrange some fitting tribute to the fellow."

We sat silently. Should I offer condolences so long after the event? Do we still mourn Nellie Melba, Pitt the Younger? I decided on silence.

Frau Eberhard returned, in a blouse and dirndl skirt, and asked for a cigarette. Cajado didn't smoke, and my own pack was empty, so he and I went up to the electrical-relay station, where, she said, her husband usually kept a spare carton. The control room was airless, lined with dials and switches, and the humming of the wires was very pronounced. Cajado hunted through drawers while I looked over the equipment. Each switch carried the name of a village to which power was being relayed from the station—Aaklingen, Hexen, Burgtal, Rossleben, Fins, Meinen, Haindorf, Aachfelden. The needles quivered like grass blades; farmers were coming home through the dusk and switching on their lights. The dial for Meinen was stationary, for its people, dour and frugal, worked well into the dark. Herr Eberhard, the absent engineer, suddenly became a mystical figure to me, a benign patriarch dispensing warmth and light like indulgences.

AFTER Frau Eberhard had smoked her cigarette, she rolled pastry and sliced the plums. I sat watching, answering desultory questions about my wives, while Cajado read his newspaper. Then the front door banged, and a slight youth with lank, flaxen hair entered in his stocking feet. He wore a camera about his neck. "*Grüezi*," he said, nodding.

"Martin," said Frau Eberhard, "this is Mr. Peter Blenkiron. He's a glider pilot. His plane came down a short distance away, and he's going to spend the night with us."

"Excellent," said the boy politely. "Mutti, where are my slippers?"

"Under the stove. Where have you been?"

"Shooting landscapes. The light was right." He put the slippers on, whistling through his teeth. "How did rehearsal go?"

"All right," said Frau Eberhard.

"My mother is dancing in the village concert," he said to me. "She is Charity. She wears her wedding gown."

"I am Hope, dear," Frau Eberhard said briskly. "Fräulein Walder is Charity. And Frau Niedermann is Faith, though she may have to drop out. She is pregnant, and the pas de deux makes her . . . you know . . . gassy. Dinner is ready."

Cajado led us to the table, and unfurled his napkin solemnly, like a prayer flag. "*En guete Mittenand*," he said, invoking the traditional Swiss eating phrase, and we set to. The meal—cold sausage, plum tart, and caffeine-free coffee—was quiet. Between mouthfuls, Frau Eberhard hummed to herself and kept an eye on our plates. Suddenly, Martin pushed aside his cup and said, "Do you think I would ever make a glider pilot, Mr. Blenkiron? I have very fast reactions. For example, I can catch a firefly in my fist."

"That's not bad," I said.

"My uncle could do that," said Cajado. "That fellow up there in the ice. He had *terrific* reactions. He was a glider pilot himself, you know."

"Really?" I stared at him, feeling a surge of warmth for the fallen mountaineer. "I hadn't realized. Was he a cross-country man?"

"In a manner of speaking," said Cajado. "He certainly had a great sense of cosmic order. In fact, just before his, uh, accident, he was thinking of going into politics. He would have done well. How many of our world leaders understand the principles of space-time continuum?" He smiled warmly. "I'll bet you can't name one."

"I can!" said Martin with enthusiasm. "Werner Eggli-Pfund."

Cajado stared at him. "I was talking of *world* leaders," he said. "That chap is hardly a world leader, whoever he is."

"He's only one of the top men in the

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Federal Post Office," said the boy, paling slightly, "and the chairman of the cantonal camera club."

Cajado sniffed. I was about to put forward my theory that all newly emergent prime ministers should be encouraged to qualify for Junior Soaring Badges, because riding the wind and political survival have much in common, but Frau Eberhard, saying "Quite so, quite so," rose and began to stack the dishes. "Take our guests to the living room, Martin," she said. "Perhaps they would like to watch television."

AFTER the foreign-news bulletin, recounted in pessimistic tones by a Swiss announcer, there was a program on the great zoos of Europe. Cajado, frowning, watched a bull gorilla beating its chest for a party of Swedish nuns, and then drew a catalogue from his pocket and beckoned me over to his side. "Monuments," he said, flipping the pages. "I got this from the mason in Hexen. He is willing, for a fee, to erect any of the specimens here on the mountainside, with a suitable inscription in memory of my uncle." He pointed to a granite angel clasping a lily like a musket. "Like that one?"

"Not much," I said. "It's a bit effete."

"Well, he *was* effete, you know. My uncle. He was an awful dandy. I remember him promenading up the Avenida da Liberdade in Lisbon, in crimson spats and a kidskin waistcoat, wearing diamond chips the way other men wore buttons. He even climbed in that outfit, Mr. Blenkiron."

Martin said, "It would have made a marvellous telephoto shot. Him falling like that. Like a hummingbird across the green ice."

"Senhor Cajado was no hummingbird," said the Portuguese coldly. "He was a corn merchant. It is true, however, that he loved pretty things—buttons, stones, seashells, and flowers. It was flowers, of course, that led to his early demise."

The boy sighed. In the silence that followed, we examined a marble urn, a double-headed eagle, an open book, and a fleur-de-lis without any real enthusiasm. Then we came across another angel, windblown and crouched forward on the balls of her feet, like the Rolls-Royce lady.

"Christ," said Cajado admiringly. "She's got style." He stared at it for a long time. Noticing that a Western had started, I returned to my chair. Apache braves were shooting up a wagon train, crying, "*Töte die Schweine!*" and "*Oh! Verdammt, mein Pferd ist kaputt!*" in Hapsburg accents. Frau Eberhard joined us with her sewing basket and wedding dress. She had torn a hem while rehearsing that afternoon, and she stitched quietly right through the Western, the operetta that followed it, and a quiz contest in which a plump, reserved lady from Geneva won an Opel car for correctly answering twenty-five separate questions on the subject of apples. Then Martin switched off the set, kissed his mother, and went to bed. Cajado, with an air of accomplishment, announced that he had decided on the Rolls-Royce lady. He talked desultorily about a business trip he was planning to Brazil, and then we all shook hands and climbed the stairs to our rooms.

I stood for a while at the window, staring at the high, luminous wall of the Fifth Apostle. Then I scrubbed my teeth and slipped under a quilted snowdrift stuffed with goose feathers and did my relaxing exercises. The flight that day had been a good one, and I recalled with pleasure the shadow of the glider sliding easily across the rock faces. Thoughts of the man in the ice turned my limbs heavy. I recalled being told somewhere that frozen people look bleak and marbled, like sleeping Presbyterian ministers. Remembering this, I was suddenly able to picture Cajado's uncle very clearly, and I felt a curious affinity with him. My wives, I was sure, would have divorced him, too. I sleepily promised myself that someday, as a comradely salute to an old expatriate, I would fly over the glacier when the winds were right and scatter the shepherds below with some revivalist yells and a couple of low-level bombing runs. —ALEXANDER FRATER

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Kalamazoo Tank and Silo Co., which will be 100 years old this year, today announced it is changing its name to KTS Industries, Inc.

President John M. (Jack) Coombs said the firm wants to create a clearer image of its products and policies.—*Kalamazoo (Mich.) Gazette.*

It's a nice try, anyway.

COME BACK IF IT DOESN'T GET BETTER

MY mother is such a terrible doctor that she has left a stamp on the district. The villages around are full of faith healers and health-food shops, and there is a prodigious local resistance to infection because she has never in her life sterilized a hypodermic needle properly. Though the average life expectancy of the population is low, the children are as tough as Neanderthal kids must have been and no one could say that people aren't happy. Most of the women have developed the strength of oxen and when they do fall ill they dislike admitting it. The men, who suffer more, especially from hypochondria, buy gypsy remedies and herb teas. For a dormitory town in Sussex in the nineteen-sixties, the number of jolly babies is amazing—more like a South Sea island before monogamy.

To imagine my mother you have to think of a mixture of a missionary and a duchess, though left-wing. My mother has always been entirely left. I think the reason my father went away, apart from their unhappiness, which seems to be worse on her side now than it was before, is that he had Tory doubts. He grew up in a grand house and Mama's convictions upset Papa's father, a nice old barnacle with a gale of a voice who unfairly blames her for the state of the economy. He also goes on at her about the Americanization of England, especially for the tendency to put brand names on things such as the emblem on his 1926 Rolls-Royce, which is pretty silly of him and obviously no more the fault of America than it is of my mother, who is English to her bootheels.

In any case, I don't know why a grown woman should be penalized for riding a bicycle into somebody's stable yard. My grandfather, who said that she should be capable of getting about on a horse like anyone else, yelled at her that there had never been anything but horses in that yard since Henry VIII. (This was actually a lie, because there has always been a lawnmower in one of the loose-boxes.) My mother said back that she found horses phenomenally alarming to sit on, and that she needed a bicycle for her work just as much when she was spending Saturday to Monday with people who hunted foxes for a career as when she was pigging it in a semi, which is the way she tends to talk when she is protecting herself.

We live in a semidetached house with a vengeance, she and I, and pigging it is hardly the phrase. Mother practically exists on debris and rubble, like a sheepdog I know that hates meat and only seems to eat rock. When I finally took a room in London in the week, it was mostly because I'd been pushed out by the lava of Mother's sardine tins and medical journals and inventions and bicycle pumps and mounds of freakish makeup, which she buys in bulk from a mail-order firm, though it doesn't usually work for her any better than her medicines.

It came out later that what my grandfather really objected to was not so much the bicycle as the basket on the front of it. I think he was braced to the idea of a period that included bicycles, because the gardener's boys had been using them on the estate since the beginning of the First World War. What he detested was a female relation pedalling about in front of people he knew with a bicycle basket full of books. My grandfather is against the further education of women. For me this has had the nice effect of his not minding about my being dim and illiterate. He has an enormous medieval library himself, but he doesn't use it because the books are all in Latin and he says that reading Latin again would make him forget Greek, which he uses to make up crossword puzzles. His reading consists mostly of *Horse & Hound*, *Country Life*, and the *Field*. In the evenings he also has an hour with a detective thriller or a sci-fi before bed, standing up at a lectern in the library and reading the book as if it were chained up like the Gutenberg Bible. My grandmother, who died a year ago, leaving him lonely, never used to be allowed into the library at all. After her death my grandfather seemed to think of his connection with the sex as severed, he having five sons and not being a man to count the cook. So my mother had to pay for belonging to a gender that didn't quite exist in his head any longer, and there were many rows about more than bicycles, and my father got more and more right-wing and miserable, though he never failed to back up my mother against opposition.

As for me, she has always wanted me to be an intellectual, and the disappointment to her must be constant. I wish she had never begot me—nor that my father had either, for that matter, though I assume that the mother must be held mostly responsible. I also wish that I were bright, and that she wouldn't go out of the room so conspicuously when my brain stalls, which she does so as not to be squashing, of course, but it still has a squashing effect.

It strikes me often that Oedipus must have been the only child in history who ever really loved his mother. I don't, I'm afraid. Not if I am honest. A lot of other feelings pass for love between us a good deal of the time—compunction, for one. She provokes more of that in me than I like to admit. It seems a puny response to a temperament that I know I would admire and like very much if I weren't related to it. Other people can see that she is remarkable in spite of the rubble tendencies, and that she deserves the license of her originality, not to mention her guts. I do try to extend this license to her, but it is easier when I am away from her, which is the old story about mothers and children, I suppose. Back at home for weekends, I feel inept and dream of revenge—revenge on life, if possible, without involving her. She is a startling woman, and I would dearly like to startle her back by being brainy and intellectually dashing. But what I mostly haven't is brilliance—that and concentration. The combination of the two lacks is bad. My school reports were always making that clear, and so does my mother, however hard she tries not to.

I daresay I arouse as much compunction in her as she does in me. I can see that my rotten jokes hammer her into the ground, for instance, but even so she generally makes an effort to laugh, snorting through her nose and looking handsome, as she sometimes can, and I feel worse than ever. When I was seventeen, after four years at a viciously expensive English public school paid for by my father, where she justly said that I did nothing but fiddle and moon, she sent me for a college term to America. How she did it out of her doctor's income I daren't think, because she never sends in a bill if her patients don't get better and this means a good deal of work for nothing. Anyway, the Americans were encouraging, and I felt more capable and thought I might even be some good at acting. I don't know if it could ever have led anywhere. When I did comedy at college, it went down quite well and my nose was an adjunct. My mother regrets my nose, but in America I think they thought the abnormal size of it was just something to do with being European, like not liking bacon frizzled into a crisp, or not getting upset about homosexuals. I am also pecul-

"You may be a bum, Charlie, but you're a bum with class."

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iar physically because of being nearly six feet. My mother's pie-eyed theory of medicine holds this responsible for my dimness. She says the strain on the vertebrae drains something essential out of the cerebral cortex. This sounds absurd even to me, but it makes a kindly excuse, and one that I am not above grabbing when life gets me down.

If only being an intellectual were more physical. When I sit and read, a good seven-eighths of me simply isn't being used. I keep thinking about my feet and my legs and my spine all doing nothing, and the result is very destructive to the feeble work going on in my brain—as bad as thinking about the pedalling when you are playing the piano, which is a sure way of wrecking what your fingers are supposed to be doing.

I also keep getting tripped up by thoughts of food. Being so tall, and non-cerebral, which is what they told me I was in America in vocational guidance, I seem to need a lot to eat. As soon as I have a decent thought—I mean, a genuine intellectual idea, a sentence that doesn't have the name of anyone you know in it—as soon as I do happen to have such a thing, I immediately seem to think of food. It must be a lot easier for people to be intellectuals when they are shorter and need less nourishment, like my mother. Alexander Pope was a midget. I was out in the garden the other day in the middle of a not bad concept about the Common Market, peacefully watching a lark overhead that was going off like an alarm clock, and I suddenly thought, I'd love a bar of chocolate. Obviously, many people must be better than I am at getting their minds to stay where they put them. When I look at something like the leader page on the front of the *New Statesman*, two columns of intellectual sentences all following on properly from each other, I keep watching for the gaps where the man who was writing it must have got up for a cup of coffee and a biscuit. But there never seem to be any. In Mama's house I catch myself having morbid thoughts of snacks all the time, what with the efforts about being an intellectual and also the lack of meals.

A family like mine is as departmental as a government ministry, and it has never been easy to communicate about basic rules like who does the cooking. Before Father left, my mother did it, I think, though meals didn't loom. Father was fond of boiled sweets and throat pastilles, and Mama brought him back supplies of anything reasonably edible in the way of pastilles from her dispensary. I lived on doughnuts and Bovril, mostly. On the Sundays when my mother wasn't out on a case, we had stew. She used to cook it rather fast for stew, with a stethoscope round her neck and her bicycle propping the back door open because she always got too hot. Sunday tea was another huge binge: two blowouts in a row, with scones and slab cake and crumpets and Oxford marmalade and a new loaf. But when Father had gone the cooking stopped, and after a few months I realized there was probably a new set of rules in my mother's mind and it wouldn't hurt if I took over. She's much too thin now, especially by Fridays. She must have lost a good ten pounds since Father left. She spends hours going to sleep at night and then stays under for a long time in the mornings, which is what women seem to do when they're unhappy, and the opposite way round to the insomnia of unhappy men. This means there is never time now for her to have breakfast, which was the one meal she used to tuck into in the old days, being upper class. For her birthday I bought her a Norwegian steel pan with a petroleum-jelly flare under it, and I left it in her room at night with some bacon and eggs ready, in the hope that she'd cook herself something when she couldn't sleep. But a couple of months ago it disappeared, and then I saw it in her surgery being used for one of her experiments. If only my mother would read the medical journals that pile up in the house, instead of trying to find things out from scratch herself. I'm sure other people must have discovered a lot of the answers already. I hate the worry the experiments give her and the spectacle of more and more patients joining the Christian Science Church.

"I'VE had a letter from your father," she said when I came down one weekend. During the week I live in a Maida Vale basement with a sculptor I might marry, and my father sometimes comes for food. She doesn't know that I'm living with anyone.

Even Father has only just been able to nerve himself to say that he has a mistress. He was never married to Mama, because of her Socialism, but this didn't make the news any less hard for her to bear. Father and I both seem to find it impossibly difficult to tell her things.

"What did the letter say?" I asked Mama, buttering both of us a muffin. Her fingers were yellow from some experiment or other and the house reeked of sulphur; I think she had been pursuing a theory in the bathroom. She had her cardigan sleeve rolled up and her right arm was peppered with needle jabs.

"Myra's taking him into hospital," she said. Myra is the mistress.

"Why?"

"He doesn't say."

"He must say *something*."

"She's putting him into the private wing. Not on the Health Service. The nurses are terrible in the private wing. He won't get looked after properly. Responsible people shouldn't give their support to the old system, anyway. If there weren't the ambiguity of private practice still going on, the National Health Service would be better. It must be something worrying or he'd never have agreed to go in. His heart."

"What's the matter with your arm?"

"What?"

"You look like a junkie."

"My electromyogram experiments."

"What are they?"

"You've forgotten. I told you."

I suppose she did. I seem to retain nothing. Her arm looked so poorly.

"Have you seen him lately?" she said as I was going to bed. She was walking away from me toward the back of the ugly little hall, with a load of books under her chin.

"Yes. This week. For dinner." She didn't reply and I felt I'd better go on because silence seemed deceptive, even though there was nothing much more to tell. "*Minestrone* and *pasta* and chocolate steamed pudding," I said.

"How was Myra?"

"All right. Quite chatty."

There was more silence.

"Do you hate her?" I asked, pretty stupidly, but I wanted to be sure.

Mama spilled the books into a log basket in a cupboard and looked inside a gum boot for something. "I like the first twenty years of her life," she said.

Mother often speaks about people as if they weren't quite human beings—more like works of art that get slammed in the Sunday papers, books that pall, or plays that go off after the first act because of something to do with the author's intentions. People's middle age and retirement never seem to please her. But who *does* like the last chapter of a life? No one enjoys the sight of someone waning. Anyway, I don't want to be judged as if I were a novel that had to stand up in the sight of future generations. I hope to lie down, in fact. I hope to lie down and just *die* when I'm dead. I've had enough of justifying myself already with my mother. "Father looked fine," I said, because her silence might have meant she was worried, though maybe it was just because she was immersed in the gum boot. I never seem to be able to tell about this sort of thing, especially with Mama. You allow for pain and then it isn't there. And then you don't and it is.

"I'm sure they're botching up his shots," she said.

"What?"

"He'll never go on with them on his own. He hates admitting he has rheumatism, to begin with."

"He's not on his own. There's Myra."

She ignored this. Or maybe couldn't cope with hearing the name. How can you tell?

"I don't suppose Myra would stop the shots just because you started him on them," I said. "Surely no one could be jealous of cortisone, or whatever it is. It wouldn't be human."

"Did he move his arm like this?" She was inside the cupboard and invisible, and did a mime with only her arm showing round the edge of the door. The movement looked slow and difficult, like the arm of a man in privation signalling for help. The imitation was so graphic that it was hard to remember the pain wasn't my mother's.

"Easier than that. More like this." I demonstrated, but she didn't look. It must be because of this habit of not al-

THE LAMAR TECH FOOTBALL TEAM HAS WON ITS GAME

The Lamar Tech football team has won its game.
My grandmother has died. The newspaper, yesterday,
Said, "Siamese Twins Cut Apart, One Lives." My father
Says, "Some things you have to learn to accept.
Take the good parts with the bad."
                    (This must be a dream.)
"Oh, yes," I say. "I remember how the sun feels warm
Even on the coldest days, sometimes."
The Lamar Tech football team.   The newspaper.

Belgium is now importing jukeboxes.
Australians are installing oil heaters.
Adversity is what makes you mature. "Oh, yes.
I've seen the winter moon pumped up, platinum-like;
And the stars seem brightest when it's freezing."
Siamese twins.   On the coldest days, sometimes.
                    (This must be a dream.)
My father says, "Make hay while the sun shines."
The sun.   The moon.   Belgium is now importing
Jukeboxes.   One lives.   My father says, "In a few weeks
You'll feel better. Time is a great healer."   The sun.
The moon.
The Lamar Tech football team has won its game.

—Leon Stokesbury

• •

ways looking that she's such a wretched doctor. "Are you worried?" I said.

She went into a golf-club cupboard at the very back of the house and roared, "Do I sound worried?"

A WEEK later we heard that Father had had a stroke. It was late on a Saturday night and I had just got some baked beans into her. We drove up to London in fifty-three minutes. Usually it takes an hour and a half. We kept going past telephone boxes where we could have found out how he was now, but it was frightening to spend the time on it.

We found him alive and able to speak a little, but his left side was paralyzed. Myra was leaning over his bed with her long black hair swinging near his face. His eyes were wild and staring and they looked like the openings of potholes. He seemed to want Myra to hold the hand that was paralyzed. The nurses had moved his watch onto his right wrist so that he might look at it, and though he was far too desperate to think of time passing, it seemed an affectionate thing to have done. In the middle of everything, the composure of Myra's head and voice had the power of art. She has a devotion about whatever she happens to be doing that you can't help being struck by. My mother is probably just as serious, but it is hard to see it. Mostly she seems cranky and somehow not to the point. For instance, she kept fussing about Papa's hair, his beautiful white hair, which she said they hadn't washed, though he had been in hospital not severely ill for a week. It had gone a little yellow. Yet she didn't show a trace of response to his illness, or even to what the nursing sister had said when we arrived.

"Mrs. Ponsonby is with him," the woman had said. "You won't be too long." Ponsonby is our name, Papa's and mine, so my mother was suddenly the only person there with another surname. Had Papa married Myra without telling either of us? Or was she just adopting his name for the sake of the conventionalism of hospitals? Sometime in the interminable night I found out that she really was his wife; the name was on a check she had written out.

So Mama had no rights. While Father was on the danger list, the sister would hardly let her into his room, because she didn't fit into any official category of relation. She stayed in a waiting room for most of the next day. But that night Myra was to sleep in the hospital on a camp bed and there was nowhere for Mama to go. She took a room at the Hyde Park Hotel. It was close to the hospital and offensively luxurious. It seemed the last place to be at the time, but somehow we failed to think of anywhere else. The management's cellophane-covered basket of flowers looked obscene, and we couldn't turn off the central heating. Mama sat up all night in a mock Louis Quinze armchair and I slept for hours on the brocade bedspread without meaning to.

When I woke up at nine in the morning, she had disappeared. I went to the hospital, where Father was a little better, and they said that she had come and gone. While I was walking back to the hotel, I suddenly looked into the park and saw her. There was no reason to have looked in her direction at all, except perhaps that she was willing me to psychically, in spite of her dislike of me and her envy of the entrance I had to Father's room. She was sitting on a chair far away in the cold, staring up Rotten Row, where a few riders and policemen were exercising horses at a trot on the frozen turf.

She abused private patients and Father and Myra for a long time. It was a scabrous outburst and I hated her for it. But I scarcely had a moment to enjoy an interlude of indignation and contempt before my heart started banging away again and the old process of terror and attrition in her presence began. She was crying—something I had never seen—and I had no idea what to do with her. She looked ugly. Not like Myra, who cries beautifully. And her diatribe was vulgar and embarrassing, however much I said to myself that she was in extremity and meant something else by it. Then she said, "He gave Myra's name as next of kin."

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"What else could he do?"

"He could have said you."

"I expect it was nothing more than the hospital keeping the letter of the rules."

"It should have been me."

"Mama, she's his wife."

"How *could* he."

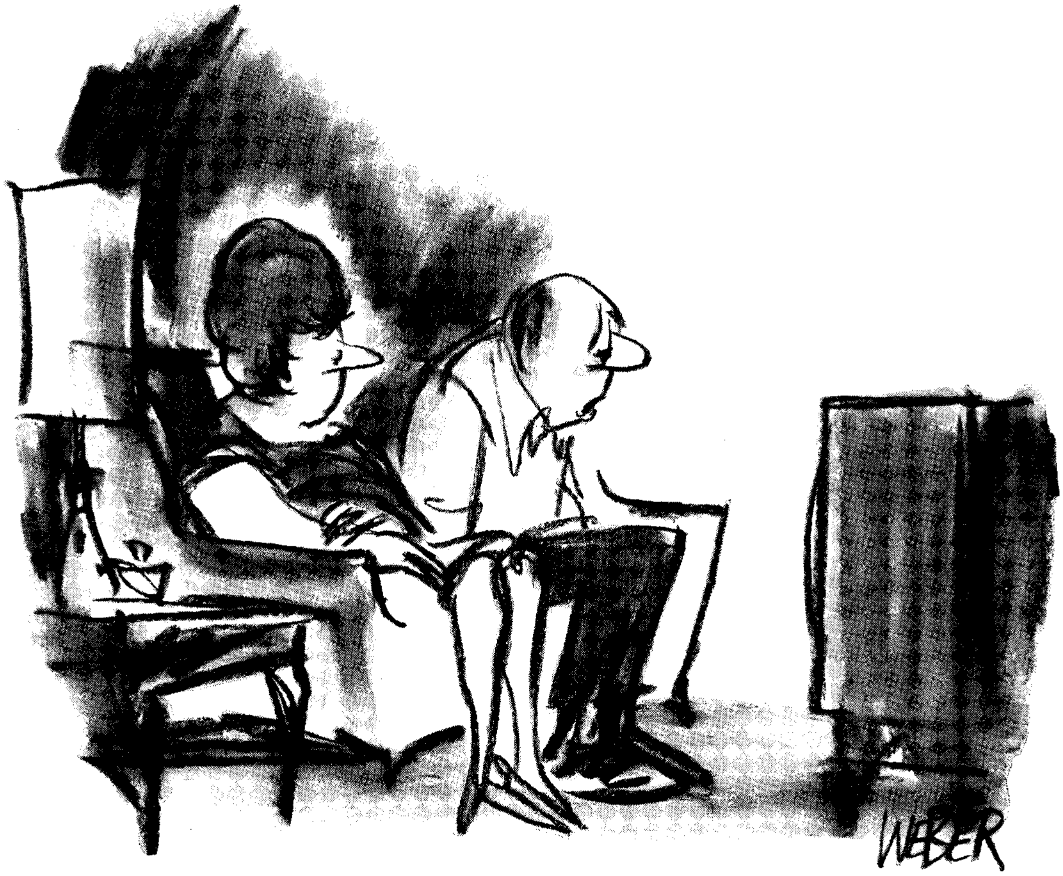
"It's only the hospital being bureaucratic. I don't understand you. You could have been married to him a hundred times over. That's all it's about. It doesn't mean anything."

"Belinda, you don't understand. You're far too young for your age."

"You don't know anything about me. I've been living with someone for a year." She didn't notice what I was saying, of course. It was a stupid time to have told her, anyway.

"By every right it should have been me. Twenty-two years." She wept furiously.

"I don't see why you're so up-



"Nobody ever asks to see my Lark pack."

• •

set. You never wanted those rights."

"I'm going to talk to Matron. He's going to fall out of bed and be hurt. They won't put sides on his bed. It's dangerous. I told them to last night, and they still haven't done it. I know he's terrified of falling."

A woman on a horse in the Row had ridden up to a nanny and a pram, and a baby was being lifted out of the pram onto the saddle.

"That horse is going to bolt," Mama said. "Look at it. Women are so silly." She really meant Myra, I suppose.

The hard thing to respect about Mama's instinct is that when it does putter into life at all it is so infallibly wrong. The woman rode very slowly down the track, with the child on the saddle in front of her, and the horse went perfectly.

When Papa started recovering and Mama was still being pushed out by the nurses, I went to Matron in my turn. What I had to say seemed instantly frivolous. I felt a boor to be explaining about Mama's position and saying I was illegitimate and all the rest of it, when people nearby were suffering and when the woman behind the desk obviously had reasons you couldn't dismiss for having decided to be conventional in her own life. I expected her to be a battle-axe, but there was something attentive and benign about her. She listened to me for a time with her head hanging like a big dog's, as if something were awry and tiring and she wished to start afresh. "I'll tell the nursing staff in the wing," she said.

"Mother's a doctor, you know. She's worried about him not having sides on his bed in case he falls out."

"The sister is one of the best we've had. She'd have put sides on the bed if they were necessary."

A week later Father was talking more easily. He asked me not to let Mama see him without me or Myra there, because she fussed him. A nurse who was in the room when he said it must have told the sister, because Sister herself then asked Mama not to go in again for the moment, I daresay with a little triumph. Mama simply nodded and said she anyway preferred not to, because she wasn't happy about the way the case was being nursed. The atmosphere was immediately impossible. Mama didn't go to the hospital again, but made reasons for herself to stay in London all the same, and she behaved to me with a grim undertone of jealousy. She was far too stern with herself to pester me for news, yet at the same time I found it hard to grub up voluntarily the crumbs she depended on. Bearing tales of Father and Myra together in the awful, expensive hospital room stuck in my throat. I felt perfidious to everyone.

"Have they got the sides on the bed?" Mama asked me suddenly one day. And God help me, I lied and said yes. I can't think why. It made me an ally of Myra's, of hospital politicking; no friend to Papa, or sense, or anything crucial, let alone to my plaguing mother and her perfectly decent anxiety. The sides *hadn't* been put on the bed, and I knew quite well that the sister's reason was obstinacy, the old professional's obstinacy about knowing best. She was taking the sort of risks that hospitals get away with all the time: the ones that people never suspect of being as random as most other impulses, because we so badly want to believe that everything in medicine happens for less passing reasons than that. When someone is very ill, it's not pleasant to start thinking that medicine is obviously as open to silliness as, say, soldiering, and that lives can be altered because a doctor has pranged his new car, or a sister thinks someone is trampling on her rights.

Not long afterward, Papa did fall out of bed. He would have been in terror, lying there half paralyzed on the brown linoleum and not able to make himself heard. He had dreaded all his life being a cripple, as some people dread lunacy. The first time he fell, he was all right and only chipped a bone. Things went on. Mother didn't know about it, and I couldn't tell her. The doctors ordered sides to be put on the bed and Papa felt safer.

The next thing that happened was that Mama sent him a parcel of the throat pastilles he liked from a chemist they had both used once, and Myra cracked up about it. "She didn't send a note," she said, weeping desperately in the little anteroom. "It was so furtive of her. I don't know what she's playing at. I don't understand anything." She sounded just like Mama about the next-of-kin form.

"Mama never writes notes," I said. "Nobody can read her writing except chemists. She's not playing at anything."

"*Chemists.* Even the chemist says that Bill's going back to her."

"What are you talking about?"

Everything seemed fabricated. Mama couldn't have told a chemist such a thing. And Myra surely couldn't have catechized a man in a dispensary? I asked again what she meant, but she shook her head. And then when I asked her directly if she had really gone all the way down to the chemist to talk to him, she nodded, and cried more, and said, "Everything's been shabby ever since he was ill. It's out of control. He was so happy. I don't know what to do."

A little while later, Papa fell out of bed for the second time. Again the sides weren't on the bed, perhaps because the nurses were still cussed on principle, or perhaps just because they were negligent, and again I couldn't tell Mama. The fall fractured Papa's skull and he died in a few hours.

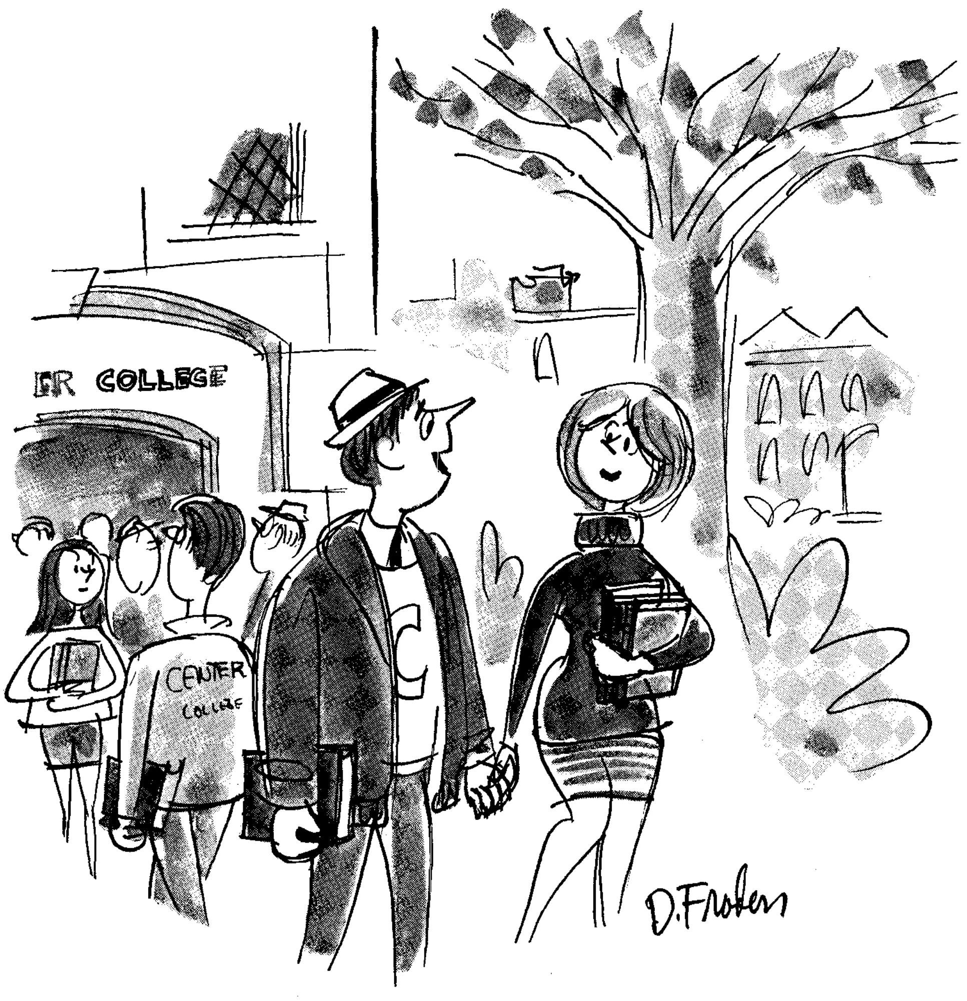
I TOOK my mother down to stay with Grandfather, who was unexpectedly imaginative enough to ask her to come, and she behaved monstrously, though God knows she had the unwitting right to, considering that her halting instinct had for once gone so horribly home. Marriage licenses and throat pastilles and chemist's gossip and Sister's little victories—they were all smoke screens, I suppose, but they added up to a very powerful fog of fictitiousness, shifting the outlines of a calamity, and while we were in it no one had the nerve to tell Mama the fact that was owing to her. I suppose a lot of people in a crisis will invent decoy reasons for feeling mortally threatened, but I don't really understand why Mama was the only one who seemed to have been any good at seeing that the real threat was the possibility of Papa's death—not who had said what to a chemist, or who had first thought of putting sides on a hospital bed. Yet then I remembered the jealousy she had been cast into herself about the next-of-kin form, and this seemed as disguised a response as anyone's—to fall prey to the pinch of that particular anguish when Papa was fatally ill, and when she had spent a good part of her life delivering small wounds to him by refusing to get married for the sake of her principles.

Next weekend Grandfather said that Myra was coming down. Mama looked panicky and said something brutal and nerveless. Almost as soon as she got there Myra told me I looked gaunt, which Mama naturally interpreted as an insult to her, and I said I was fine, and went and had some Bovril with the cook. Then Mama surprisingly suggested that Myra and I should go riding. When we came back into the stable yard, Mama was waiting for us in the rain. Heaven knows how long she had been there. She was standing in the middle of the yard on the cobbles. Her arms looked long, like a monkey's, and they hung a little in front of her. Myra got off her horse at the mounting block because her back was hurting—from the effort of lifting Papa, I suppose. Mama made a drama about getting out of the horse's way, and I laughed. There hadn't been any humor anywhere for a long time, not from anyone, but it wasn't a particularly funny thing to have chosen as a start and I saw Myra looking at me sharply. She was practically on Mother's side, it seemed. Side, ally. You take my side. Side of the bed.

We had sherry indoors quickly, and Mother's face looked crusty with the alcohol after the cold. Grandfather was in his usual goldfish state, moving round people without speaking and avoiding bumping into them in instinctive ways of his own while he read a bound volume of *Punch*, and then standing still for twenty minutes in front of the bay window, with the draft waving fishy gills of white hair.

After he had been there for a time, Myra told Mama quietly that Father had died for exactly the reason she had foreseen. I thought it generous of her. Mother looked neither triumphant nor grieved, only old. I started to cry, and Myra got up and put her arm round me. And then Mama swooped and hit Myra in the face, and folded me up as if she were collapsing a camp bed and put me on her lap, grabbing my head and shoving it into her chest. She stroked my neck and it wasn't comforting at all. I felt as if I was suffocating. It was as bad as being inside her guts again, and I suddenly remembered all too accurately what the first imprisonment had been like. I tried laughing, and it helped a certain amount. At least I can do that this time, though the prospect of a second escape seems poorer.

—Penelope Gilliatt



"Just think! You and I might never have met if the draft system were more equitable."

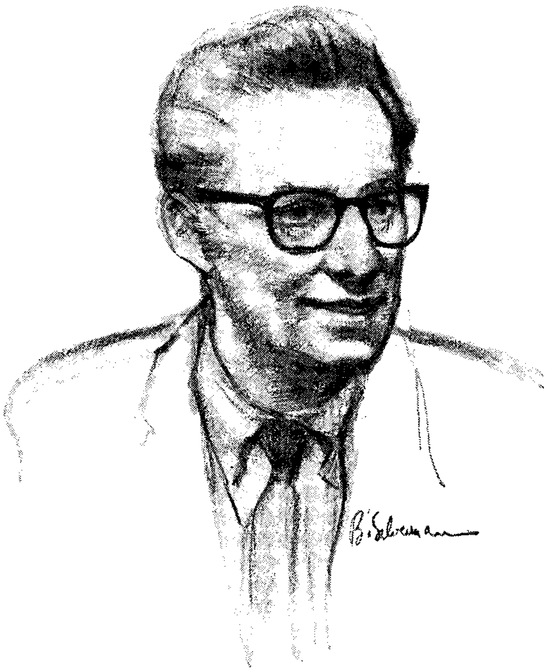
•

In 1951, he spent 13 months in hiding at Maisons-Laffitte before moving on to Berkeley.—*Time.*

That was the year of the long, hot summer.

PROFILES

JUST A LITTLE OFF THE TOP



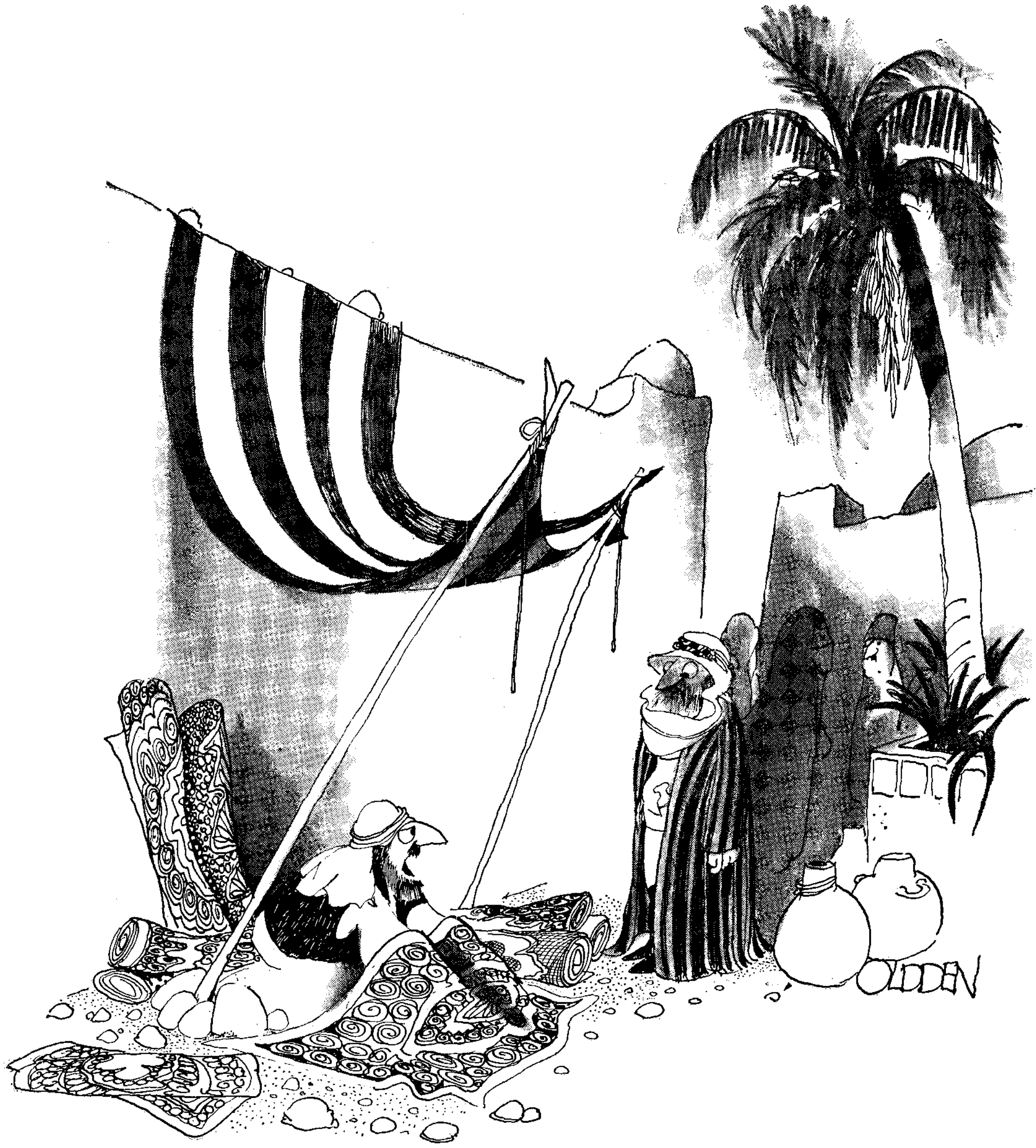
Paul Molé

WHENEVER I want to rub shoulders with celebrities or catch up on the latest show-biz gossip, I go get a haircut. I go to a barber named Paul Molé, on Lexington Avenue near Seventy-third Street, who has a lot of famous customers, and who is, according to himself, the world's greatest barber. John Steinbeck, William F. Buckley, Jr., and Joshua Logan are among the people you might run into at Molé's; on a Saturday afternoon several months ago, you could have seen Henry Fonda and Roger Vadim there at the same time. But the main attraction of the place is the owner, Paul. If you sit down in Paul's chair and say, “Just a little off the top and leave it full on the sides,” Paul is apt to ask, “Did you catch me on ‘To Tell the Truth’ the other day?” If you try to talk baseball, he will tell you how he broke it up on the “Today” show. If you don't like conversation and just want to read, he will show you his newspaper clippings.

Competition among barbers is surely more intense today than ever before. It has driven barbers to call themselves “hair stylists to men” and “hairticians,” to decorate their shops in such a way that they are indistinguishable from beauty salons, and to begin working with hairnets and dryers. Paul is the only big-time barber I know of who hasn't resorted to any of these stratagems. He depends now, as in the past, on his merits as a raconteur, a public figure, an intimate of the mighty, a radio-and-TV personality, a great artist with scissors and comb, and a pretty fair tap-dancer. (He used to provide singing and dancing for the entertainment of his customers, until complaints from the neighbors imperilled his lease.) His two strongest points are cutting hair and talking, and he can exercise both of these talents at the same time. While dealing with a cowlick or a problem in face balance, he will spin tales about great people who have known Paul Molé. This sometimes startles men who have come in simply to get a haircut, not suspecting that there is a floor show.

“I dyed my hair a couple weeks ago,” Paul once said as a customer settled himself in the chair. “But I'm going to get it back to my old color, white, because I think I've lost my identity, everybody tells me. Nobody likes me. Fonda don't like me, Bette Davis don't like me, everybody's complaining about me. All my famous people say, ‘Paul, you've lost your identity. *This* is Paul Molé, *this* is the man we like—plain Paul Molé, with white hair, who when he doesn't know what you're talking about will come right out and say so.’ Like the first time Herman Wouk came in here and I didn't know who he was. I asked him if he was an actor, and he said, ‘No, I wrote a little book.’ And I said, ‘I'm sorry, I didn't recognize the name. I don't read much.’ And it got to be a big laugh, the situation of a barber not knowing—doing actors and everything, and not knowing who Herman Wouk was. And to himself Wouk was laughing without showing his laughter in his face. He told this to actors, it got to Europe, it got to Hollywood, it got all the way back, that Paul Molé didn't know who Herman Wouk was, that he doesn't read books, and that—you know, the *hon*esty of the man, of Paul Molé, in honestly coming out and saying he didn't know. All our actor friends, all our Italian directors were dying with laughter, and I think it's a very fascinating little story. Or the time I startled Tennessee Williams one day when he was explaining something to me and I stopped him and I says, ‘Excuse me, Tennessee Williams, but I do *not* know what you're talking about. Please excuse my sincerity.’ And he says, ‘Why, I'm de*light*ed with your sincerity! You are a unique man, Paul!’ Tennessee Williams was in my chair another day, and an old friend that I hadn't seen for ten years called, and after talking on the phone I turned back to Tennessee Williams and said, ‘You know, old friends are like rare books—you hate to lose them. I haven't seen this man in ten years, and now he's coming to visit me and I'm delighted.’ And Tennessee Williams says, ‘Paul,’ he says, ‘I'll remember that quote, from Paul Molé: “Old friends are like rare books—you hate to lose them.” If anybody puts that in their book or anything, I'll know that it was stolen from Paul Molé.’ ”

Paul's favorite topic, next to himself, is Henry Fonda, whose hair he has cut for eighteen years. “Fonda will be in from the Coast next week,” Paul may suddenly announce to a customer. “You know, we've done him for years—all his plays, his movies. We've done his boy, Peter, and his little girl, Jane, and that's how we came about getting very friendly with the family itself. (See how we're bringing that balance down in back?) I remember when Jane was in school and she never cared to be an actress—she didn't want any part of it whatsoever. She cried terribly to her father about it. And finally Fonda said to me one day, he said, ‘Well, Paul, I guess it's no use. Jane just doesn't want to be an actress.’ But as time went on and she kept going to school, one day Fonda received a wonderful letter from Jane. He came running into the shop and he said, ‘Paul, listen to this, listen to this wonderful letter!’ he says. ‘What do you think happened?’ he says. It seems that Jane had had a conversation with her girl friends, and the girls said, ‘Well, Jane, it'd be wonderful if *I* had a famous father, and, believe me, if I did I would learn doggone fast to be an actress, because just with the name alone I'd cert'n'y be famous in no time.’ So Jane had a serious thought with herself one night and thought, Gee, maybe I am making a mistake. So she wrote this wonderful letter to her father and now she wants to be



“If they could fly, would I be here?”

an actress. Well, Fonda was just like a little boy, he was so happy, and it was just really great. I mean the fact that he confided this to me. I was quite flattered about it. He told me the secrets of the family and little arguments and things that happened with the family. Many times, Fonda would come to me with a problem with Peter. We won’t mention the problem, but he would say, he says, ‘Paul, you know, I have a problem with Peter. Now, what would *you* do? What would you do with *your* son?’ And I says, ‘*Well*, Hank, I tell you what *I’d* do’—of course, he always insists on me calling him Hank—I says, ‘I would just go ahead and do *this*, Hank. It would teach him a lesson, you know?’ So he came back about three days later and he says, ‘You know, Paul, you know, you—are—*amaz*ing,’ he said. ‘You know, I did exactly what you told me, and, by golly,’ he said, ‘you know, it just worked out the way you said.’ He says, ‘Where do you *get* this stuff from?’ I said, ‘Well, let’s put it this way. Let’s just say I have a little more experience than you have, Hank, you know?’ ”

HANK’s experienced counsellor is fifty-eight years old. He stands just under six feet tall, and keeps trim at a hundred and ninety-five pounds. “I’m always ready, I’m always in a slanting position, and my hand is always up in a loose situation, where I can just swing out and hit him in the Adam’s apple,” Paul once said, sparring around his chair as he marvelled at his own condition. Although Paul’s hair has turned white, it shows no sign of thinning. He has a rather narrow face, a prominent nose, and eyes that, behind thick glasses, seem always to be registering surprise and delight. He is a non-stop smiler. When Paul casts an appraising glance at this friendly image in the mirror, as he often has occasion to do, he is probably seeing it before a microphone or set in the middle of a twenty-one-inch screen. For the one thing he enjoys more than holding forth in his shop is holding forth on radio or television. He has appeared not only on the “Today” show and “To Tell the Truth” but also on the “Mike Douglas Show,” an interview program that John Henry Faulk used to have on radio station WINS, and a celebrity-interview show on radio station KDKA, in Pittsburgh. As he remembers it, he wowed the audience on each of these occasions. Paul sometimes wonders, in fact, if maybe he should have been an actor instead of the world’s greatest barber. Even as a small boy, he showed theatrical leanings—he used to dance in the street for pennies on the upper East Side—but his acting career was cut short by a traumatic experience in school.

“I was always good at acting, except that I couldn’t remember my lines,” he told me one day as he gave me what he calls a reverse-angulation cut. “I would forget my lines, and it left a bitter mark on me. Especially the time I had the lead part in a play in the eighth grade. Believe me when I say I was terrific in rehearsal, fan*tas*tic with my lines and really strong, and the teachers said, ‘My *God! Look* at this boy!’ I performed for the teachers and showed this great talent of Paul Molé, this forcefulness that I had. But yet when it came to the part with the audience—with the mothers and fathers there, and all eyes on Paul Molé—then Paul Molé forgot his lines! The fact was that here I was and my mind went blank. Com*plete*ly! From the side, from the wings, they were telling me, whispering my lines, and I still couldn’t grasp it, to the point that, forgetting what I was going to say, I was a one-hundred-per-cent flop at acting. Everybody laughed. They laughed at Paul Molé. And this has left a mark on me. I could act, but I had stagefright. Of course, I’ve overshot this. I mean, the fact is that I have danced at show houses from an ama-

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teur standpoint, and I have talked to five thousand or more people onstage and entertained them, to a great deal of applause, being the guest celebrity of the day. So I have overcome this fright. I don't find it hard today on television, for instance. Before the 'Today' show, Barbara Walters asked me, 'Aren't you nervous?' I said, 'No.' She says, 'You're kidding.' I says, 'No, I'm not.' And after the show she says, 'By golly, you just did great.' She said, 'You know, you were very professional, you were very cool and calm. It's amazing! You're just like a professional man in this business.' But, you see, this is what I have learned through the years. I have been an actor in my own way through the years. As one of our writers, John Steinbeck, has always told me, 'Paul, you are a ham.' "

I once asked Paul how he managed to get on these shows—perhaps an impertinent question, but a technical detail that interested me.

"Well," Paul said, "I have a lot of writers, people working for television, and writers that have their bylines in different papers—like Jack O'Brian, the columnist. When I want help, I'll say, 'Gee, Jack, don't you think it's time for me to get on maybe a television show? Can you fix something up?' And so Jack O'Brian will say, 'Well, Paul, I think so. How would you like to go on the "Today" show? I think that you could put something together.' And that's how I got on the 'Today' show. He called Barbara Walters and Hugh Downs and said, 'My barber is Paul Molé, and I think he has a lot to offer—he's quite a guy.' And if Jack O'Brian says that this guy is good, they don't even give it a second thought. Or like the other program, 'To Tell the Truth,' for instance. I spoke to Mike Wallace, who's on that same network. I said, 'Gee, Mike'—he's one of my customers; I've known Mike for years; I've done his son—I said, 'How's chances, what do you think?' And he said, 'Why, sure, Paul,' he says. 'Let's see, why, cert'n'y, you're big enough. Abso*lute*ly, you're big enough,' he says. 'There's no *doubt* about it!' he says. And before you know it I was called down to be the guest, the main celebrity."

Paul has done all right with the other media, too. Last year, *Cosmopolitan* listed him in something it called "The Hip Girl's Directory" as one of the four most fashionable hairdressers in New York. (He occasionally has women customers.) *Mademoiselle* included him in a guide titled "Beauty the New York Way: Where to Go to

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This is what he said:

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"Asking me to wear that fancy coat was like asking me to race a limousine at LeMans. But I've worn that coat hard and fast. It has hung out at dusty tracks, sat in greasy cars, crawled around pits, and as you can see, the total damage is a little engine grease.

"I may look peculiar wearing it over a dirty jump suit, but as far as I'm concerned, that 'Impervious Coat' is green flag."

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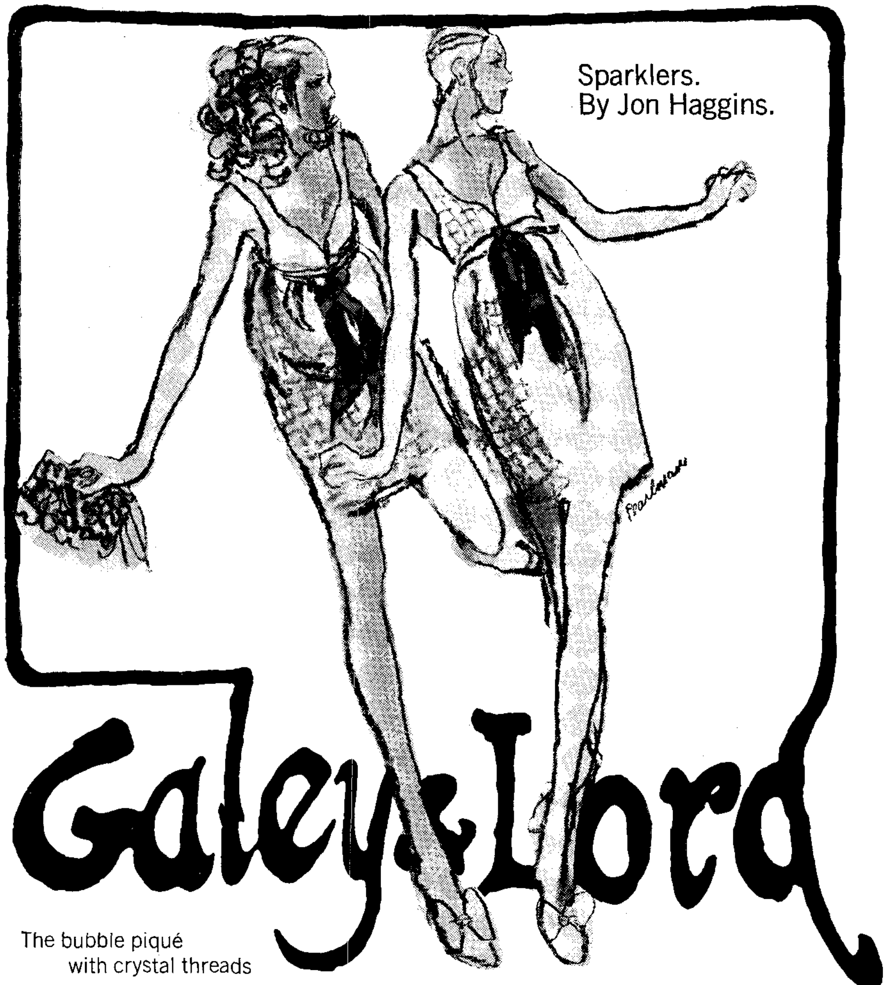
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New York City, N.Y. 10022

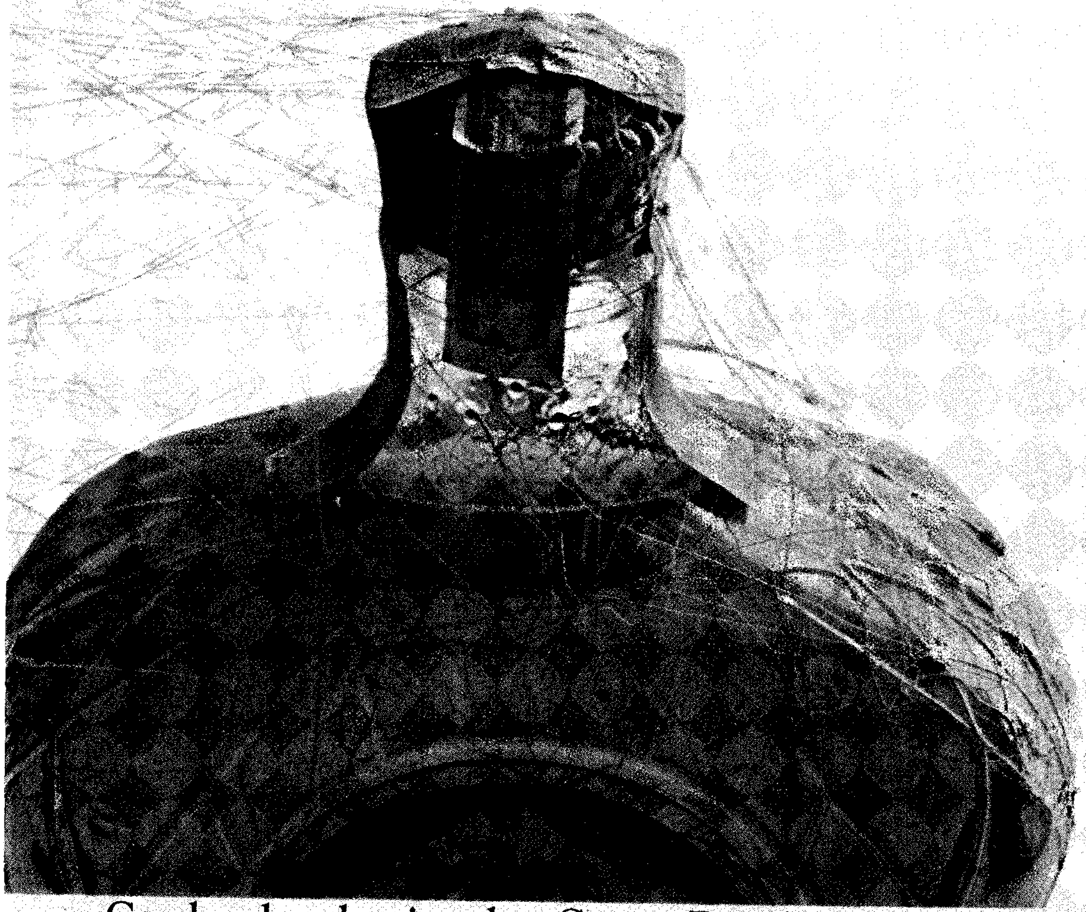
Get It." A few years ago, *Vogue* announced the discovery of a "barbershop circle comparable to the Kenneth-Alexandre-Vidal Sassoon life we know and love, where hair is cut with real thought as to its effect upon the cuttee, and where certain minor miracles in the manufacture of handsomeness are performed." In this circle, *Vogue* placed Paul and one other barber in New York, three barbers in London, and one each in Los Angeles and Paris. *Town & Country* listed Paul in a New York guide called "Nothing but the Best." In addition, Paul has turned up in *Redbook*, *McCall's*, *Vogue Children*, the Italian magazine *Tempo*, *Men's Hairstylist & Barber's Journal*, *Dare* (for which he once wrote a column of advice to barbers), *Professional Barber*, and the women's page of the *Times*. He used to get fairly regular coverage in Jack O'Brian's gossip column in the *World Journal Tribune*. Last November 14th, O'Brian managed to mention eight prominent people in an item about a burglary at Paul's shop:

> Perhaps some of celebrity barber Paul Molé's big-name customers (such as U Thant, Henry Fonda, Bill Buckley, Ralph Bellamy, John Steinbeck, etc.) can't help him but he hopes old customers such as Mayor Lindsay, Investigation Comm. Arnold Fraiman, Police Comm. Leary, etc., might find some way of convincing thieves who broke into his Lexington-at-73d shop to keep the $3,000 they filched from his safe the other 3 A.M., but return the irreplaceable radio and TV tapes of his many appearances on the air; Paul tells us he'd consider the 3G a reward if they'll just return the tapes.

The last I heard, neither U Thant nor Mayor Lindsay had been able to do anything about the predicament.

For a man preoccupied with show-business people, Paul seems remarkably unenthusiastic about show business. He can't remember the last movie or play he saw, and, except for sports coverage and a few interview programs, he has little use for any television show that doesn't feature the world's greatest barber. "To me, seeing a show is like work, almost," he has said, by way of explanation. "I know so many of the actors, it's like being in the shop. I just never cared for shows. Paul Molé hasn't got time—he's so wrapped up in his work, he's so interested in his art. Paul Molé knows the actor, the man himself, as he is. I've never been intrigued with their acting."

Sometimes Paul talks as though he weren't intrigued with actors, either. "When I think about it, I'm almost



Go ahead and enjoy that Crown Royal you've been saving. At last there's more where it came from.

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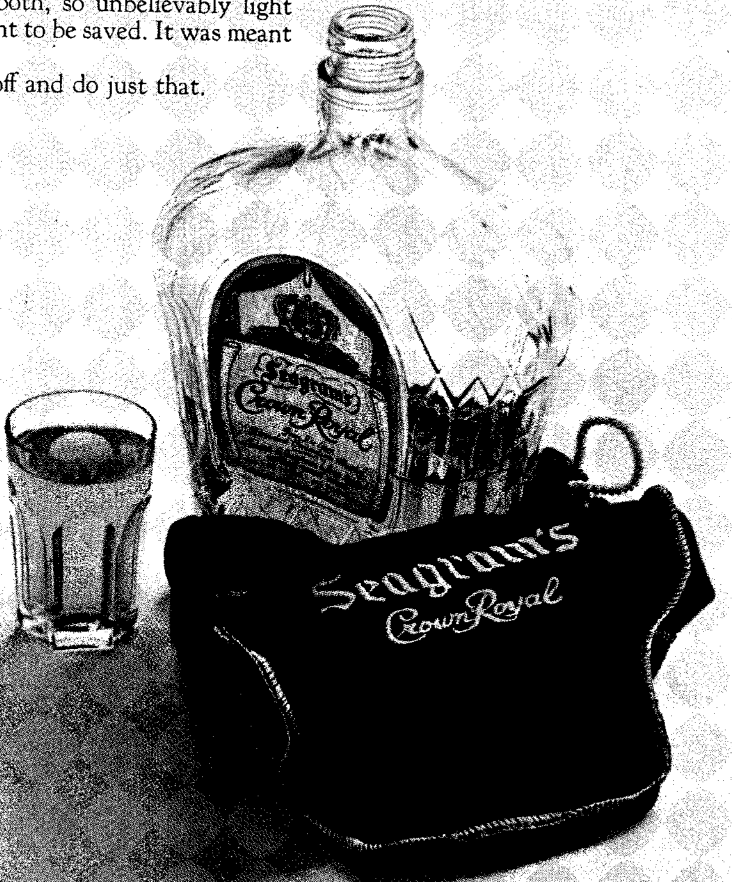
But now, after years of picking and choosing whiskies barrel by barrel, we have assembled enough so that anyone with a taste for the better pleasures can enjoy it.

Which is nice. Because whisky so unimaginably smooth, so unbelievably light was never meant to be saved. It was meant to be enjoyed.

So dust it off and do just that.

Seagram's Crown Royal—In the purple sack. About $9.00 a fifth. Blended Canadian Whisky. 80 Proof. Seagram Distillers Company, New York, N.Y.



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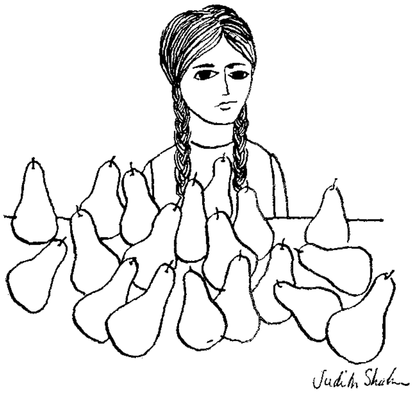
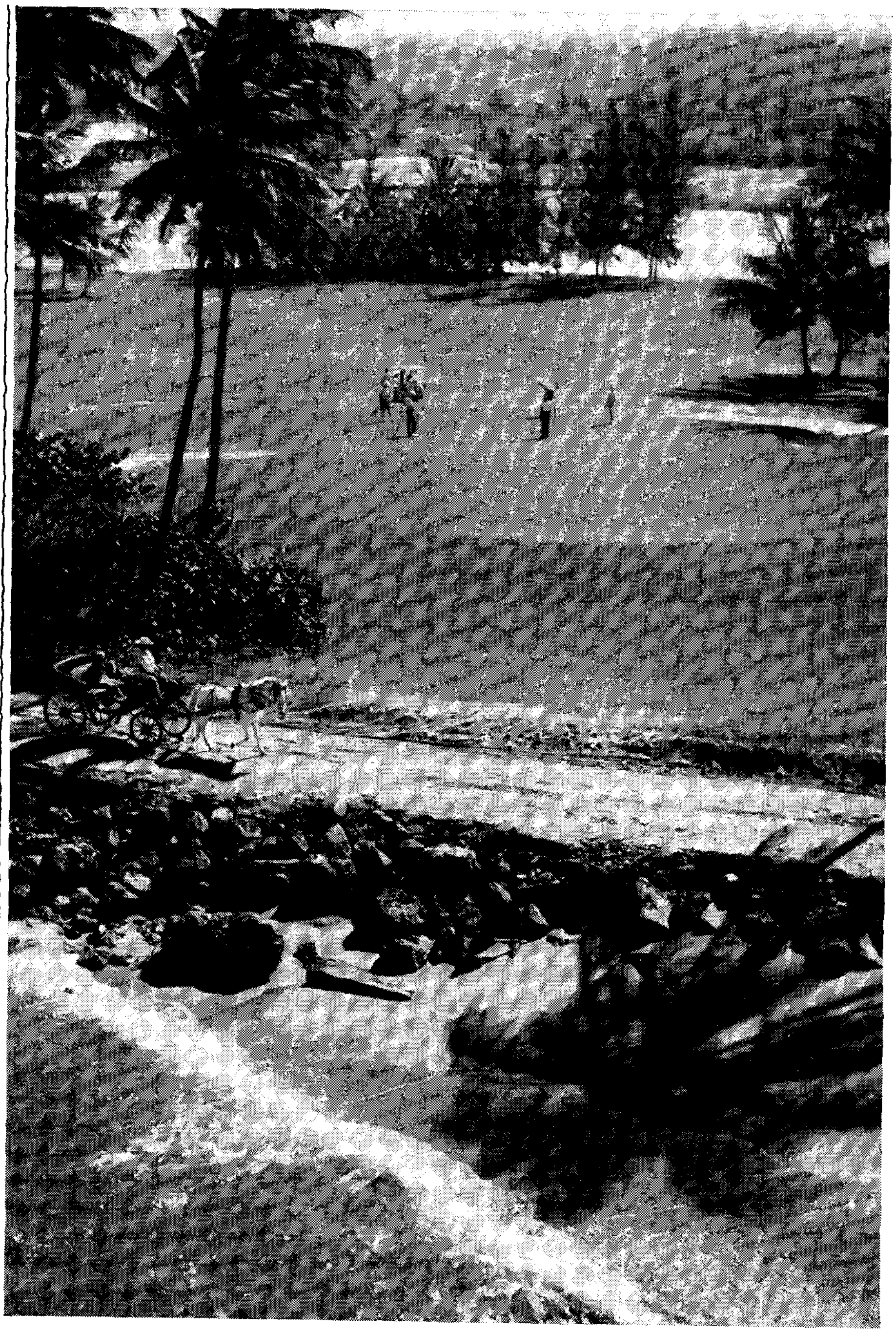
ashamed to talk about my actors so much," he once confessed. "One day, I was taking names of customers of whom I did not know. I mean, I knew them by name, but I was wanting their cards to see what they do. Well, I was *flab*bergasted and really thrown back, because I found out that I was getting presidents of Continental Can, presidents of Paragon Oil, presidents of the stock market, presidents of American Can. And I found out that these are the real men. Here I'm doing the biggest people in the country, that have business all over the world, and factories all over the world, and here I'm talking about mere *ac*tors? Men who por*tray* these people? And from that day on I didn't talk as much about my actors."

Despite this protestation, real men still don't rate as much time in Paul's monologues as actors do, or as much as politicians and statesmen. One of Paul's most valued possessions is a written testimonial that he elicited from U Thant. Now framed and occupying a conspicuous place in the shop, it reads, "Paul, In my experience you are the best barber." Paul loves to reminisce about the time he cut Winston Churchill's hair, during the Second World War, but he is reluctant to do so for publication. As Paul remembers it, the episode unfolded under the tightest security imaginable and has never been declassified. He doesn't want to cause an international incident by speaking without clearance. One of Paul's greatest disappointments is that he has never cut the hair of a President of the United States, but he has by no means given up hope. "As a little boy, Mayor Lindsay used to come into our old shop, and my father gave him haircuts, and so did I," Paul once told me. "One day, I said to him—he was a very young boy, maybe only eight or nine years old—I said, 'You know, John, you're gonna be President one day. I know you are.' Of course, the truth of the matter is that I used to tell that to all the boys. But he'd always kid me about that years





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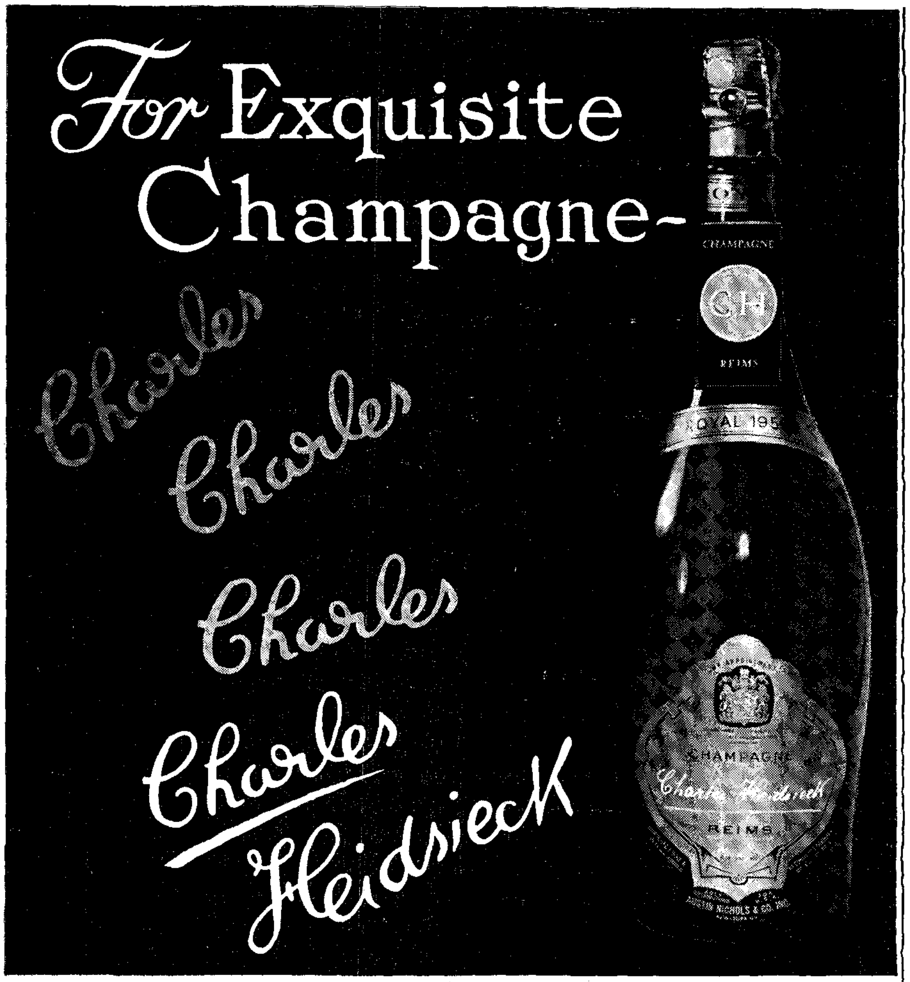

IMPORTED FROM FRANCE BY AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC. NEW YORK — NEW YORK

Harry had a little credit trouble last month

Whenever Harry travels, he favors the good hotels, the best restaurants. And he carries the usual credit cards. He likes their convenience, he says, and they are so much cleaner than cash—safer too.

Last month Harry went to Europe, took his wife along. *London, Paris, Stockholm, Rome.*

Hardly any of the best hotels wanted Harry's credit cards. Everyone was very suave about it. They wanted cash—or Eurocard.

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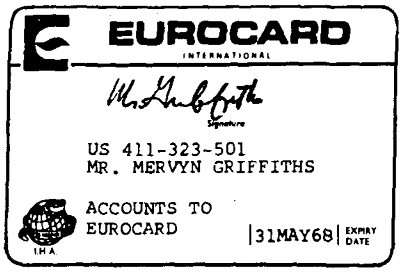
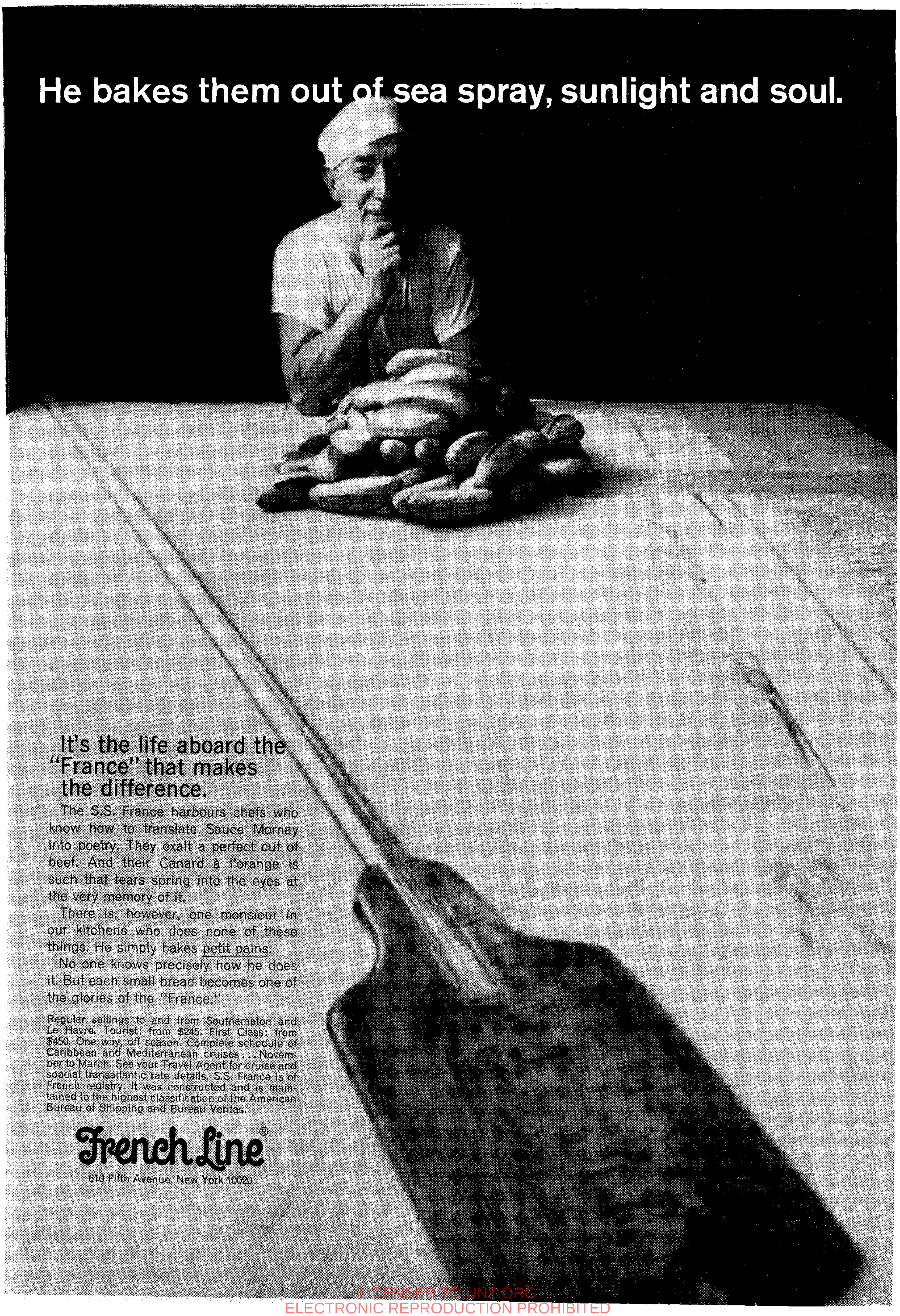


later. He'd say, 'Hey, Paul, you remember what you said to me? Who knows, Paul, who *knows*?' Of course, we know his aspirations, and perhaps one day this might happen. And to think that Paul Molé called the shot, said that he was gonna be President one day, when the man was eight years old! Well, I'm sure that if there's ever a story written about Lindsay's life, I'm sure that Paul Molé has got to be in it."

THERE must be dozens of barbers now—maybe hundreds—who can give one of those smooth, natural-looking, Madison Avenue cuts: no electric clippers, no peeling you over the ears, no harsh lines of the sort that appear to have been sketched on the neck and temples with a ball-point pen. Whether Paul is actually the best of these barbers is open to dispute. Henry Fonda supports Paul's claim. He says that Paul is great with ordinary haircuts but that his real genius is for special effects—providing period cuts for actors and models, for instance, and dealing with problems such as thinning hair and hair that is difficult to manage. However, there are other barbers with large and loyal followings. Among the names frequently mentioned in the fashion magazines are Jerry Hairstylist to Men and Eddie's Hair Stylist to Men, both in New York, and Jay Sebring, in Los Angeles. Paul always speaks highly of the competition. Mention another well-known barber and he usually will say, "Yes, he's a very fine artist." Once, though, I managed to stir Paul into a show of irritation about the amount of publicity some of the other fine artists had been receiving. "I've seen those articles, and I'm beginning to think it's not exactly fair to Paul Molé," he said, pausing in his work to glare at my reflection in the mirror. "I don't want to beat these other fellows to the point where my name is higher than them. But I do want my name to balance. I'm the oldest barber among them. They talk about ten, fifteen years of experience, yet who should really get first place—and I don't really care for first place, so to speak—is Paul Molé. *Why*? Because Paul Molé is the oldest. He has the best background. Paul Molé was represented in California by his uncle, who was at Metro-Goldwyn studios. Paul Molé's father did the greatest old-time actors of all time. Who deserves the honor? Paul Molé has done Patton in the Army. He's done Winston Churchill at 10 Downing Street. He's done Bob Hope in the Army, and he was in a skit with Bob Hope. He's done Bing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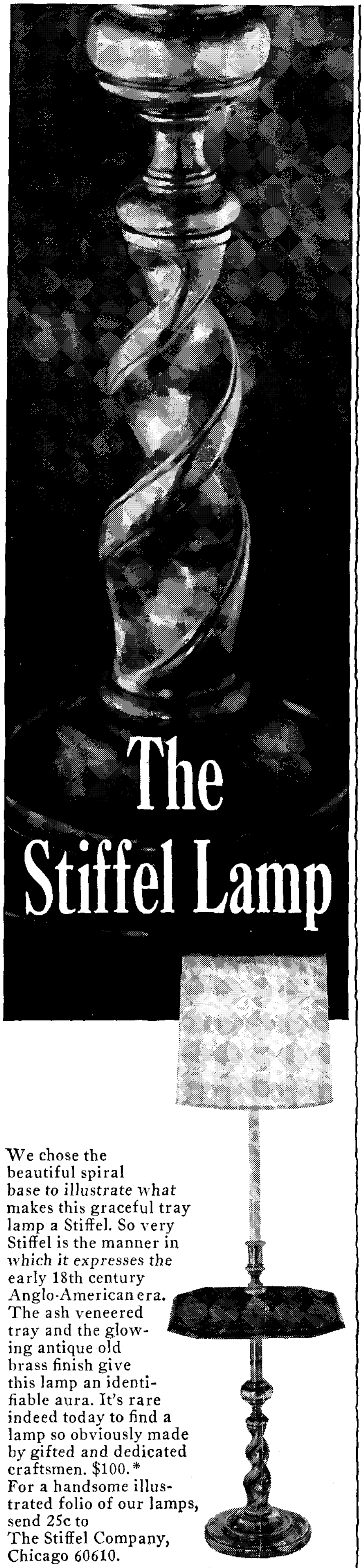

We chose the beautiful spiral base to illustrate what makes this graceful tray lamp a Stiffel. So very Stiffel is the manner in which it expresses the early 18th century Anglo-American era. The ash veneered tray and the glowing antique old brass finish give this lamp an identifiable aura. It's rare indeed today to find a lamp so obviously made by gifted and dedicated craftsmen. $100.*
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*slightly higher West and South

Crosby. Who else hasn't Paul Molé done? What are these people talking about, with these other fellows? This is unfair to Paul Molé! Who really deserves it? If it came to a jury, I'm sure that the jury would unanimously say, '*Paul Molé!*' Not these other fellows. I wanted to challenge one of these fellows to a debate on television. I wanted Mike Wallace to be the moderator. And Jack O'Brian was gonna put it in his column. And I had Fonda speak to the guy, and the guy said, 'Look, I don't want to challenge Paul Molé. This man is truly a fine and a great artist. I want Paul Molé as my friend. I see his work, and the man is *fantastically* good.' So I think it's right that my name should be up there. Does this make sense? Does this line of thought have any merit?"

Paul is probably the only big-time barber whose customers include a sizable number of children. He says he has become something of a specialist in children's haircuts, because he likes children and because he has a deep knowledge of child psychology. According to Paul, mothers from miles around bring their sons for counselling during the inevitable first-haircut crisis. "Of course, mothers don't know how to handle children," Paul has said. "We have to teach them how to handle children. When a child comes in here, I always tell my men not to go up to him and say in a very loud voice, 'Hello, Johnny!' You'll scare him. To him, you're a wolf. You're a bad-looking animal to him, you see, and you'll scare the kid to death. I say go up to a kid quietly, softly, like you would to a dog. If you want to make friends with a dog, you go slowly, gentle movements, and you get closer to the dog, until finally you can touch him a little bit. You do the same thing, the identical same thing, with a child. You treat him like a dog. Sometimes I'll go ahead working on another haircut but come back and forth to the child, whispering and talking to him and touching him. Now, even if you make friends the child is apprehensive. Even though he can't talk, a child knows certain words—like, for instance, he knows the meaning of the word 'cut.' To him, 'cut' is cutting a piece of ear off. To him, hair is alive. It *is* alive, of course, but, you see, he doesn't know that hair hasn't got nerves. Now a man comes to him with a big knife, and this is wrong. So you never use the word 'cut.' It's the word 'cut' that makes the boy scream. To him, that means bleed. So we say, 'Oh, no, Mother, don't say "cut;" we are not gonna *cut* Johnny's hair, we are

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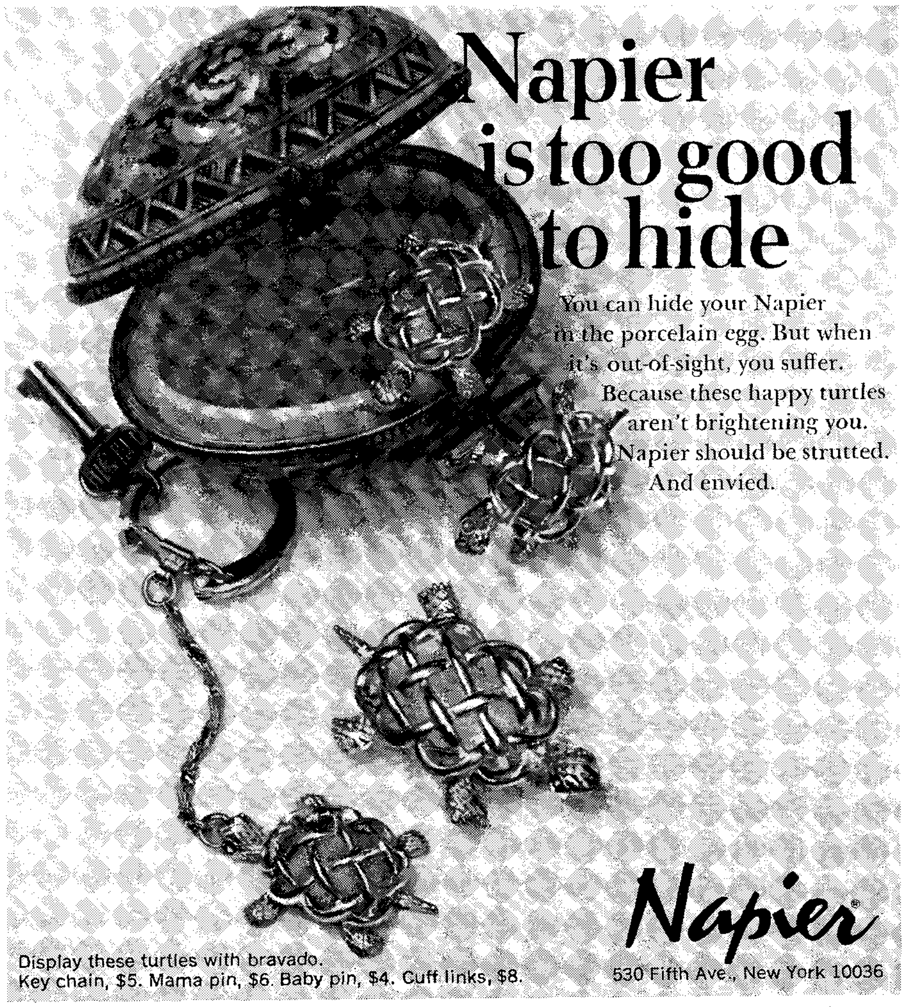
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going to *trim* Johnny's hair.' Just trim it. Trim. Now, this is a new word. It sounds better, it's a little more polished, and therefore he'll allow you to trim the hair but not cut the hair. We had an interesting case from New Jersey. This woman came in here with her little John— Well, let's say it's Frank this time. She came in here one day and I found the trouble right off the bat. Everything was fine until I took the cloth. When I put the cloth around Johnny, he started to cry something terrible, carrying on and kicking and everything. Now, you see, this is a boy that's suffering from claustrophobia. The mother didn't know this. And she's grabbing hold of the sheet, the mother, and she's saying, 'No, Johnny, I don't want no hair on you. You gotta get a haircut and you gotta keep this on you.' Well, the boy was going crazy, as though he was being beaten. Actually crushed. I said, 'Madam, stop right there! Stop,' I said. 'I want you to stop! I want you to leave that child alone.' She said, 'What are you talking about, Mr. Molé?' I said, 'Let me tell you something. This child is suffering from claustrophobia. What we're doing now is just like locking him in a trunk, locking him in a closet. And we're *not* gonna do this!' I says, 'I'm gonna do this child without the cloth.' And she says, 'I don't want any hair on him. I gotta go to New Jersey.' I said, 'Which is more important, the hair on Johnny that you get him home and give him a bath, or his haircut?' She said, 'Well, his haircut.' I said, 'Well, all *right*. Will you stand aside and please do it my way, then?' And she said, 'Very well.' So I took the cloth off and Johnny was fine. No trouble whatsoever. So you see? There was a case like that. I gave him a beautiful haircut, incidentally."

Paul has been in his present shop, at 1021 Lexington Avenue, for only five years, but there have been Molé barbershops in the East Seventies since about 1900. He and his father, Joseph, who died in 1962, were in business for years at 1026 Lexington, and before that the elder Molé had a shop on Seventy-second Street between Lexington and Third Avenues. Paul was born in an apartment adjoining the first shop and has spent most of his life in the two succeeding ones. The present shop, staffed by nine barbers, including Paul, is elegant in a deliberately old-fashioned way—the décor includes a grandfather clock, an ancient cash register, a Gramophone, a stained-glass window, marble trim around the mirrors, and a wooden horse from an old

No more apologies.

Last year we ran an ad that said, "The Renault for people who swore they would never buy another one."

Take our word for it, you will never see an ad like that from us again. Ever.

We've got nothing to be apologetic about anymore. And the biggest reason for that is the Renault 10.

The Renault 10 has been in the hands of American drivers for over a year now, and it's holding up like the tough little car it is.

Naturally, we knew it was a rugged machine before we introduced it. It had to be. Our comeback depended on it. Only now, we're not alone in that opinion.

The word about the Renault 10 is getting around. And for us, there's a kind of justice in that.

Back when things weren't so hunky-dory, the talking almost killed us. Now the talking is giving us a whole new life.

This past year, for instance, we sold 85% more cars than the year before. And there's no end in sight.

Frankly, we have no one to thank for all this but ourselves. We have gone at it with a vengeance.

We made sure the Renault 10 would deliver an honest 35 miles a gallon.

We made sure it would have seats as comfortable as cars costing $5,000.

We made sure that 4 doors, 4 disc brakes, undercoating, and a lot of other things would be standard. Not optional.

We made sure every dealer in the country could get virtually any part within 48 hours.

We made sure the automobile would just plain stand up.

In short, we made sure that we would never have anything to apologize for again.

And, so help us, we never will.

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French carrousel—but it is small and crowded by Madison Avenue standards. When Paul is urged to open a larger and more impressive place, on the ground that it would be more profitable, he always says that he likes his "little neighborhood shop" and that anyway he is doing all right. He won't explain what "all right" means, but it is rumored that his annual gross runs into six figures. There's little doubt, however, that Paul could make more money even without moving, just by raising his prices. Though some Madison Avenue and Hollywood barbers charge twenty dollars and up, Paul's standard rate is ten dollars (he says he gets from twenty-five to a hundred for special jobs), and a haircut by any of the eight other barbers in the shop costs only three dollars. Paul insists that he doesn't want to price himself out of the reach of the customer he refers to as "the little guy." I didn't fully understand this attitude until he said to me one day, "Look, I could charge several times as much and have nothing but rich people in my chair. But I don't want to be without the little guy. Where would be the fun without the little guy? 'Oh, you do Henry Fonda,' the little guy will say, and then Paul Molé goes into his act. He tells the guy all about his favorite actors."

That is it, of course—Paul has to have us little guys because we are his audience.

"Besides," he said, "I've always felt that I myself was once a little guy, too." —WILLIAM WHITWORTH

•

The disease, though "not of severe economic importance," has symptoms quite similar to foot-and-youth disease, and that causes quite a bit of alarm, Dr. Walker said.—*Denton (Texas) Record Chronicle.*

It scares the pants off us.

•

A spectacular five hour parade was held the evening of July 13 at 7:30 P.M. at LaFayette Park, across the street from the White House, which moved up Pennsylvania Avenue.—*Chicago publication called News from the Shriners.*

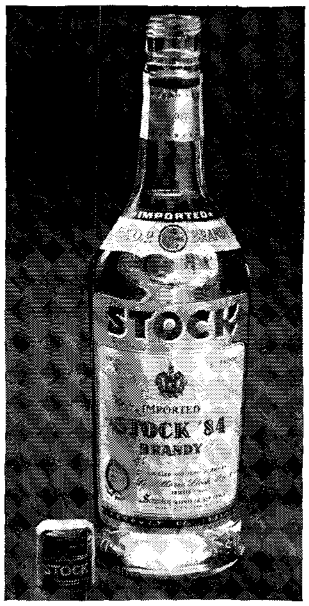
Lady Bird's idea, probably.

•

MOST FASCINATING GOSSIP-COLUMN STORY OF THE WEEK

[*Leonard Lyons in the Post*]

At the Met premiere last night Robert Merrill revealed why he was not playing Richard Tucker's father in "La Traviata:" Merrill has appeared in more premiere performances than any other Met star. Cornell MacNeil played the role.



This brandy's not for burning!

Smooth, light Stock '84 brandy was born to be savoured in a glass. A snifter, cocktail, sour, old-fashioned, or with soda.

Flambé away, if you must. But it does seem a shame to have 10 years of aging and a century of breeding go up in smoke.

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A wonderful way to look for parties . . . Nelly deGrab's wool flannel shift is highlighted with sparkle-shimmer around the neckline. Sizes 8-16. 45.00. Special Editions.

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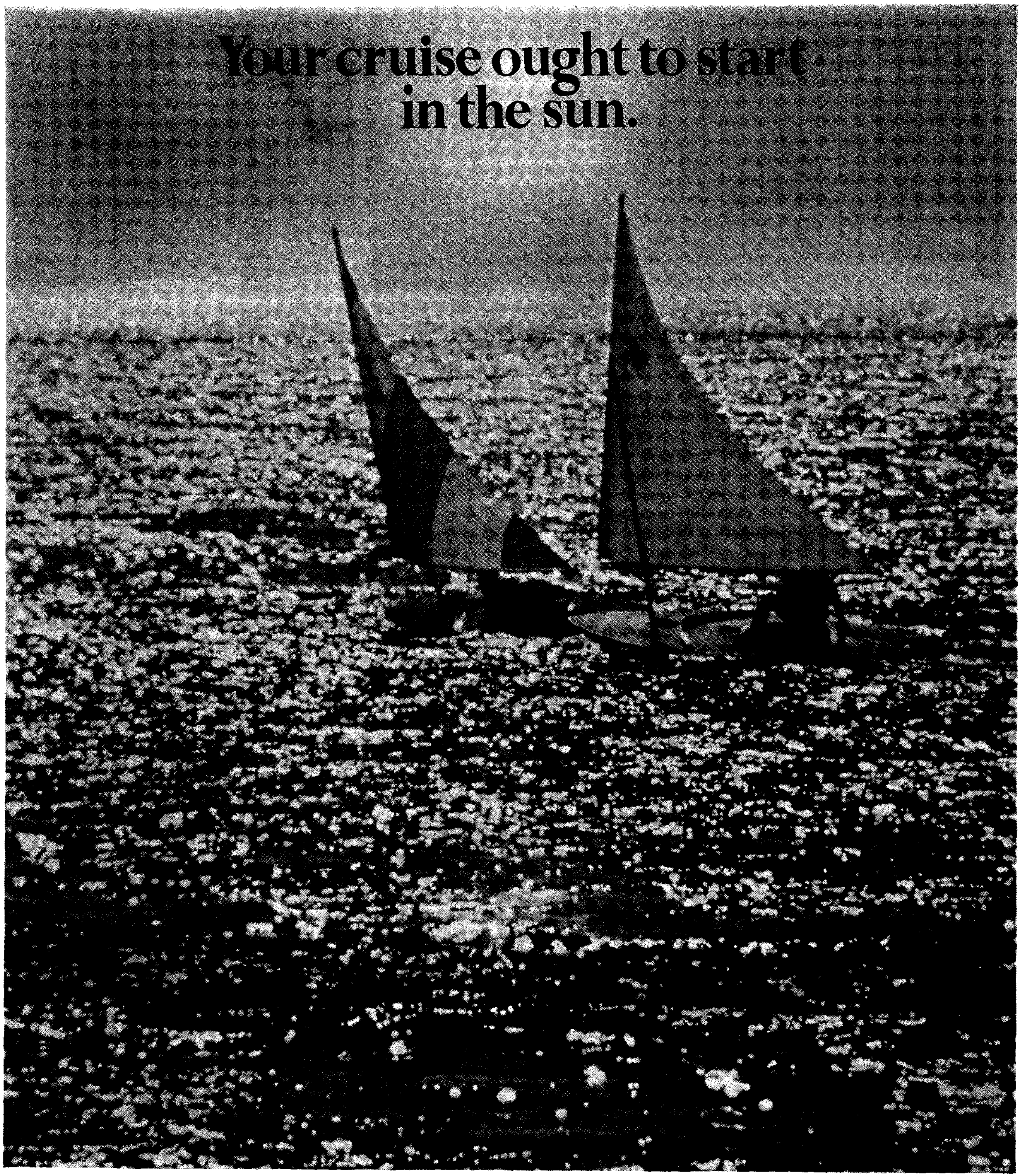

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Mediterranean minded? Choose the uncommon air/sea cruise. We jet you to Marseilles, then on to such exotic places as Casablanca, Madeira, Dakar, the Canary Islands on the M.S. Ancerville.

Whichever sea you select, you'll enjoy getting there by Air France. It's a delightful way to save more days in the sun.

"Festival in the Sky" stereo, and movies by In Flight Motion Pictures, available at nominal cost.

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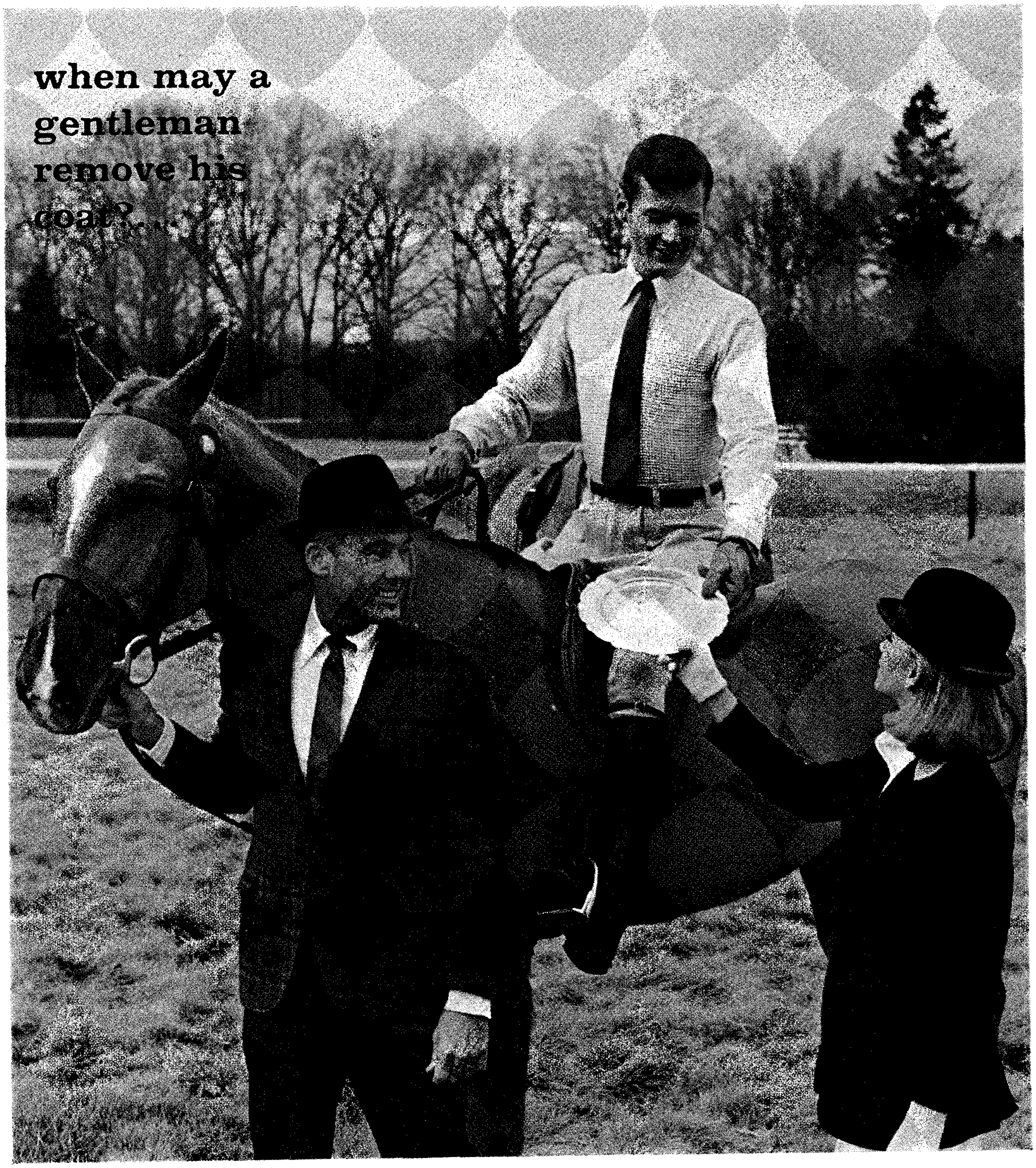
when may a gentleman remove his coat?...

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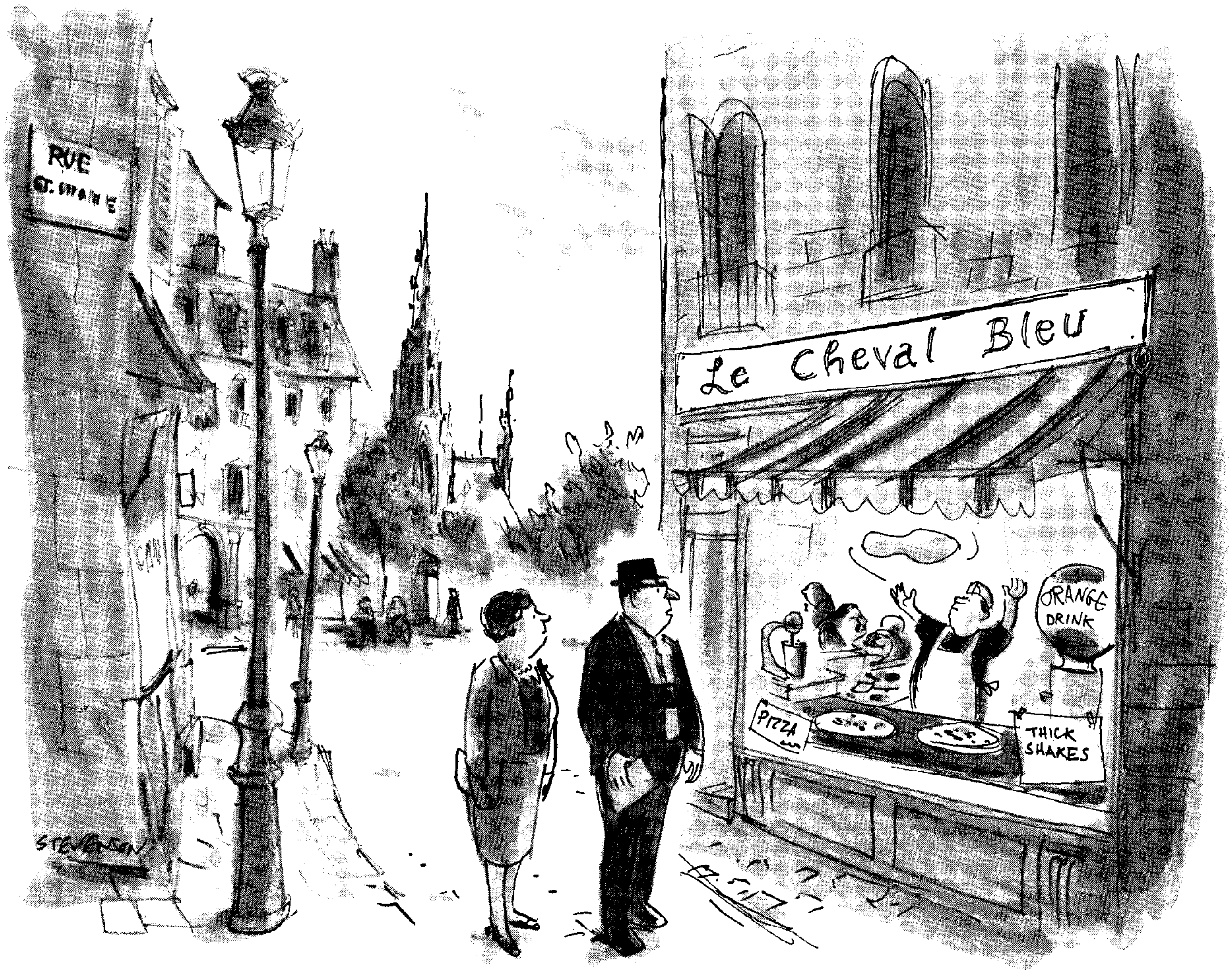
THE THEATRE

FUTURAMA

"AFTER THE RAIN," at the Golden, is an English importation in which the playwright, John Bowen, tells an allegorical tale about an event in 2169 A.D. Mr. Bowen sets his drama in a university lecture hall, where, under the spell of a hypnotic interlocutor, assorted criminals (who may simply be nonconformists) reënact the adventures of their ancestors in what is described as the great flood of 1969, which swallowed up everybody on earth except a party of nine floating about the world on a raft under the sponsorship of the makers of Glub, a breakfast food, who wanted to prove that man could live by Glub alone. In revealing how these survivors developed a viable social scheme and a makeshift religion, with the flood's Noah (a character named Arthur Henderson) as its Father Divine, Mr. Bowen does not have quite the satirical perception of, let us say, Aldous Huxley or Anatole France, and his dialogue is sometimes a trifle pedantic. But he does toss around a lot of ideas, and even if they are not entirely original they are seldom banal.

It is Mr. Bowen's notion that when the nine survivors of his flood (one is eliminated before the drama is very old) find themselves lost in a vast waste of water, they crave guidance to such a degree that they not only surrender their wills to Arthur, the strongest among them, but presently acknowledge that he is God Almighty. When Arthur is playing God, he wears a mask, and when wearing it becomes irritating he takes the thing off and demotes himself to being God's spokesman on earth. The disciples of Arthur include a writer, an actress, a strong man, a military man, a pregnant girl given to gymnastics, a lower-middle-class couple, and a defrocked minister. As portrayed by the alleged enemies of society, these are sharply defined characters, and if they are not precisely the kind of foundation stock one might desire for a future society, they are not without their interesting facets. The direction, for which Vivian Matalon is responsible, is ingenious, but occasionally it is so highly stylized as to be disturbing. Still, the actors, led by Alec McCowen, as Arthur, are capable indeed, and they often succeed in making you believe in Mr. Bowen's flood and in his bleak world of the future.

AFTER just one performance at the Cort, "Johnny No-Trump" was laid to rest. It was a mild little comedy



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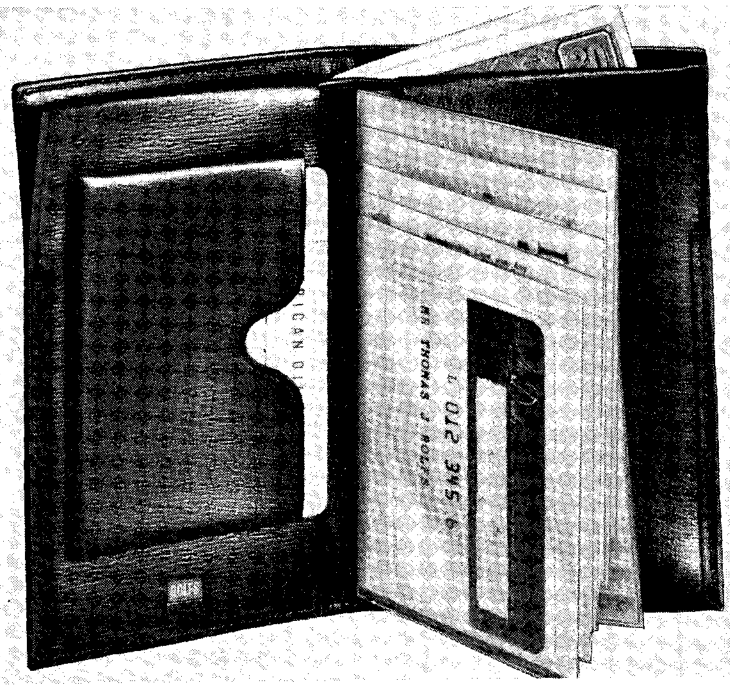

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by Mary Mercier about a youth in revolt against his stodgy circumstances and full of a determination to quit school and become a poet. During one lyrical outburst, he spoke of "the eye in the sky of my heart," so I'm afraid he wasn't going to turn out to be another Percy Bysshe Shelley. But if the leading character and the play itself were frail, the acting was first-rate, with Pat Hingle as the youth's pragmatic uncle, Sada Thompson as his mother, James Broderick as his father, and Don Scardino as the youth himself, all playing most persuasively.

MARLENE DIETRICH is having a fine time singing and chatting and strutting her stuff at the Lunt-Fontanne, assisted by a splendid big band conducted by Burt Bacharach, who also did the musical arrangements. Miss Dietrich's pipes are occasionally foggy, but her style and verve keep her exhibition moving right along.

AS devised by Michael Voysey, "By George," the one-man show with Max Adrian at the Lyceum, compresses the long career of George Bernard Shaw into three acts, entitled "The Search," "The Arrival," and "The Eminence." There are some lively moments, but Mr. Adrian, for all his flamboyant histrionics, never convinced me that his portrait of Shaw was more than a once-over-lightly.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

Funny But Too Funny

THE setting for Bruce Jay Friedman's "Scuba Duba," at the New Theatre, is the living room of a château in the south of France. There is a staircase leading to a balcony that runs partway around the room; white moonlight pours through enormous French windows, bleaching everything to pale and shadowy grays. Nothing could be more exquisite or romantic than Peter Larkin's scenery, as lit by Jules Fisher, and nothing could be more purposely misleading. For "Scuba Duba" is a "Hellz-a-Poppin" of black comedy, full of the roughhouse and the raw sight gags of burlesque, in which almost every traditional comic routine or attitude you can think of is exposed and given a new, curdled edge, and in which a number of non-comic attitudes, noble and ignoble, are changed in the course of the action. I think I should report right off, though, that I

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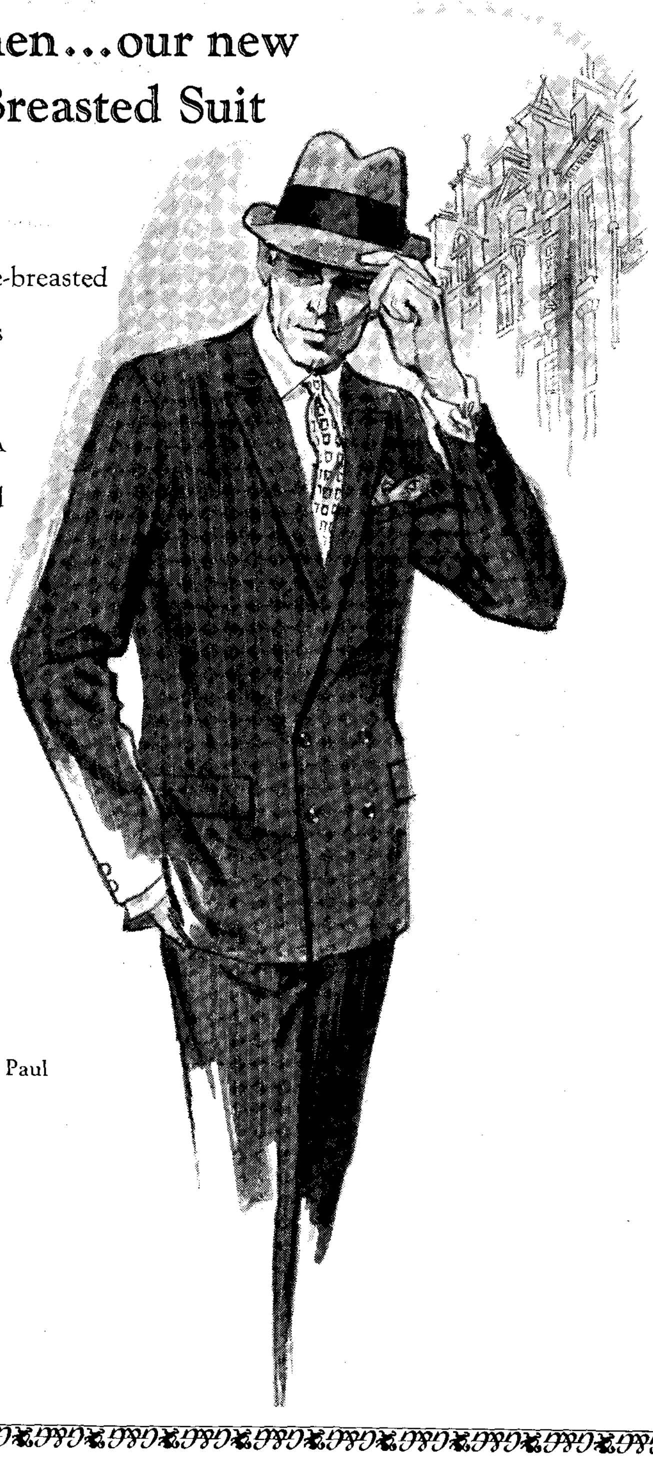

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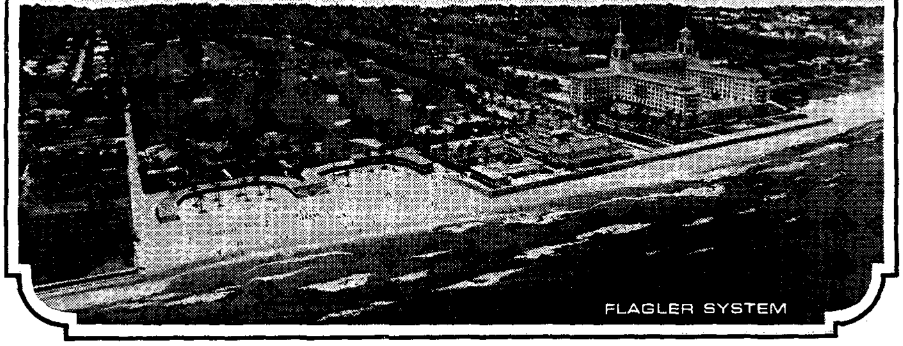

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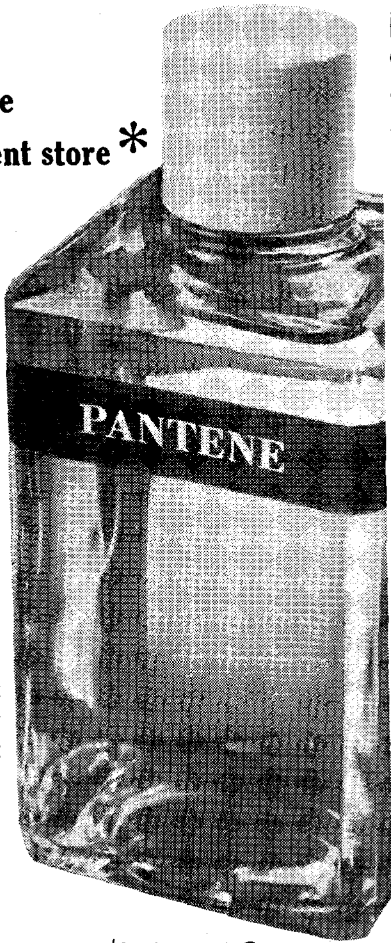
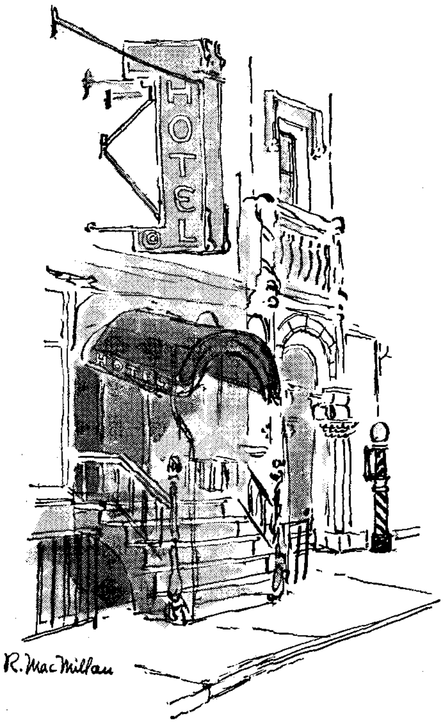


was more galled than entertained by it. The action takes place during a single night. The hero is an American advertising man—he writes copy for billboards—and a veteran of several civil-rights marches. He has rented the château for himself and his family for a month or two in summer, and now his wife has just run off with (he thinks) a Negro scuba diver, leaving him alone and in striped pajamas, with a couple of sleeping children upstairs. He is not alone for long. He is shortly joined by a footloose, kookie girl who has wandered in to play the piano and who decides to keep him company, telling him in a gentle, faraway voice one hair-raising, if pointless, anecdote after another. Brenda Smiley is just about perfect in the role of this drifty Scheherazade, a wide-eyed mosquito of a girl, endlessly adaptable. The hero has put in a transatlantic call to his Jewish mother, and a life-size cartoon cutout of her slides onto the stage and off as her voice is heard over a microphone. There are also sliding cutouts of a psychiatrist and of the scuba diver, both of whom appear later on, the psychiatrist with a Louis Vuitton overnight case and a middle-aged Cockney lady (who at one point walks bare-breasted into the living room), and the scuba diver, in a helmet and a black rubber suit, with the missing wife and a Negro poet. Also among the intruders are an elderly, kittenish landlady, a Babbitty American tourist, a burglar, and a French policeman, the last two straight out of Mack Sennett. So much that takes place Off Broadway pretends to



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be wild yet is really conventional or milk-and-water underneath, but "Scuba Duba" *is* wild in conception, and the production is so in key that Jacques Levy, the director, can almost be considered Mr. Friedman's collaborator. Through the pandemonium as one stuffed target after another is not so much hit as slashed away at, there is a play, with a plot that is carried by dialogue even more than by business. Jerry Orbach, as the hapless hero, cuckold, and figure of fun, is very good indeed, his helpless rage shattering into profane obscenities every decent feeling about Negroes he thought he had, and he manages to suggest a truly unhappy, bewildered man under all the shenanigans. Conrad Bain, as the American tourist ("You fellows aren't serious about this Black Power?"); Ken Olfson, as the psychiatrist, a man of enigmatic diagnoses and empty parables; Cleavon Little, mocking and spidery as the scuba diver; Rudy Challenger, as the poet; and Jennifer Warren, as the wife, also do well. Willa Kim's costumes are, as always, just fine and add a great deal in the way of humor.

"Scuba Duba" accomplishes whatever it sets out to do, I guess. The gutter talk that prevails is shocking (the shocks weaken as time goes by) and appropriate. The script, though too long by at least half an hour, is stylish and full of comic surprises and odd turns of speech, although some of the small throwaway lines seemed funnier than the big, important gags, sight and sound. I just wish it were not so disagreeable. Perhaps the humor is too know-it-all and indecent and self-indulgent for me, and, in its lip-smacking glee, perhaps it comes too close to showing off. —EDITH OLIVER

THE THEATRE ABROAD: ITALY

"THERE is no Italian theatre," a local critic told me when I arrived in Rome a few months ago, "because there is no Italy." Three weeks later, just as I was leaving the country, another critic said to me, in Milan, "You see our problem. There is too much Italian theatre." The paradox is that they were both right.

Italy—to take the Milanese theory first—at present supports something like forty acting troupes. Each of ten major cities has its *teatro stabile,* a permanent company subsidized in roughly equal parts by the state and the

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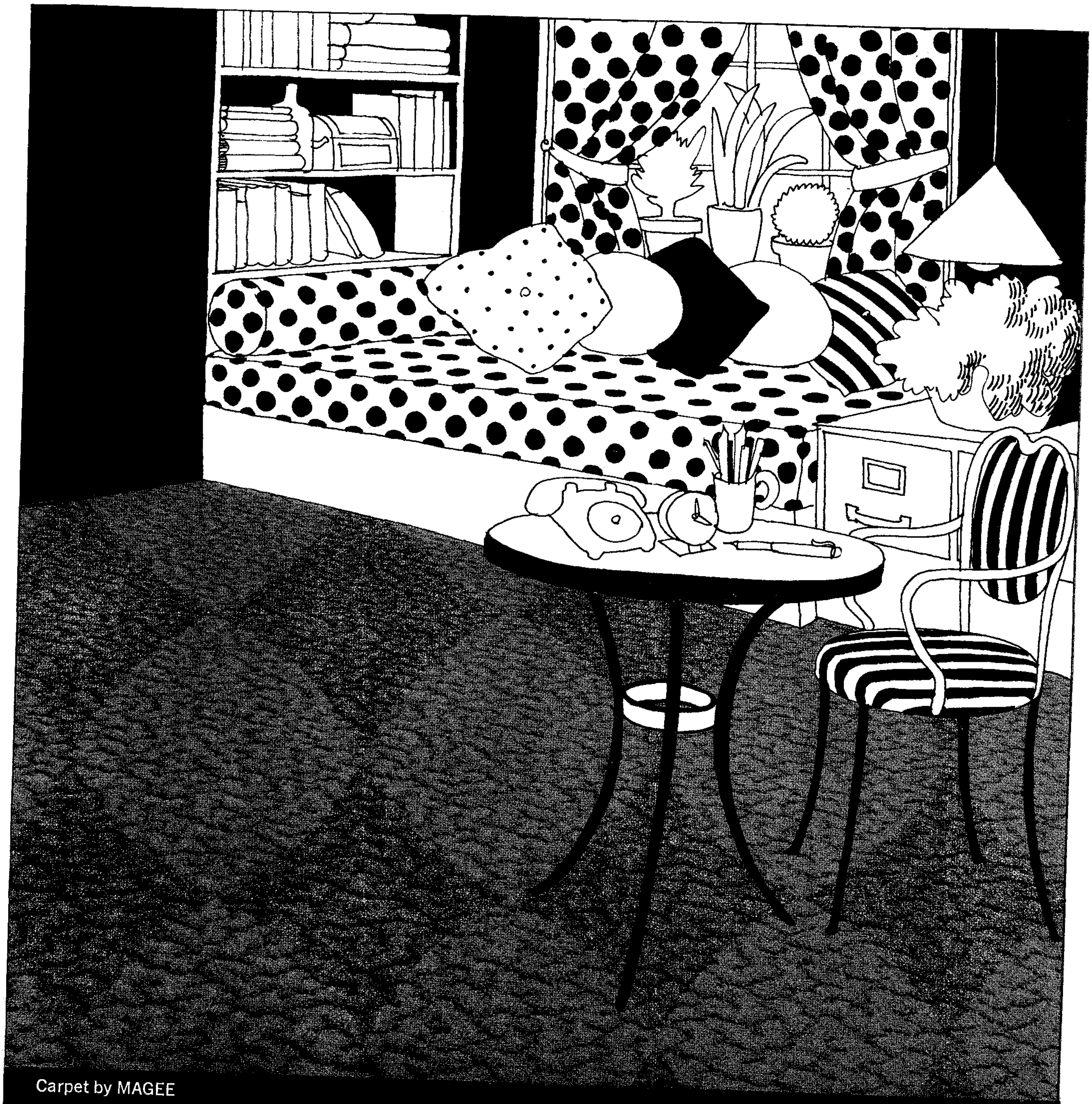
municipality. Milan, Genoa, Turin, and Rome head this league, in that order of artistic prestige. (The *stabile* in Palermo had its *teatro* gutted by fire a couple of seasons ago—because, it was alleged, the Mafia needed the site for a building development.) Then, there are regional outfits, performing mainly in dialect; of these the most famous is the family concern that has been run in Naples for the past thirty years by the great actor, author, and dynast Eduardo de Filippo. Another category is made up of *ad-hoc* groups, recruited for short periods by dominant directors like Franco Zeffirelli, the Florentine spellbinder. Finally, you have the two *semistabile* companies, so called because each has a more or less stable identity but no home base; one is managed by Giorgio Albertazzi and Anna Proclemer, and the other by a quartet consisting of Giorgio de Lullo, Rossella Falk, Romolo Valli, and Elsa Albani.

Stable or not, all the troupes spend most of their time in motion, touring the peninsula from toe to thigh; in Italy, more than in any other European country, actors are authentic vagabonds, nomads estranged from their roots. This heavy theatrical traffic needs a lot of talent to keep it going, yet in the whole of the republic there is only one major academy of dramatic art. The result is that for every properly trained player in Italy you get two or three exuberant amateurs, all shrugs and sham. Even in the top companies, the proportion of pinchbeck to gold is



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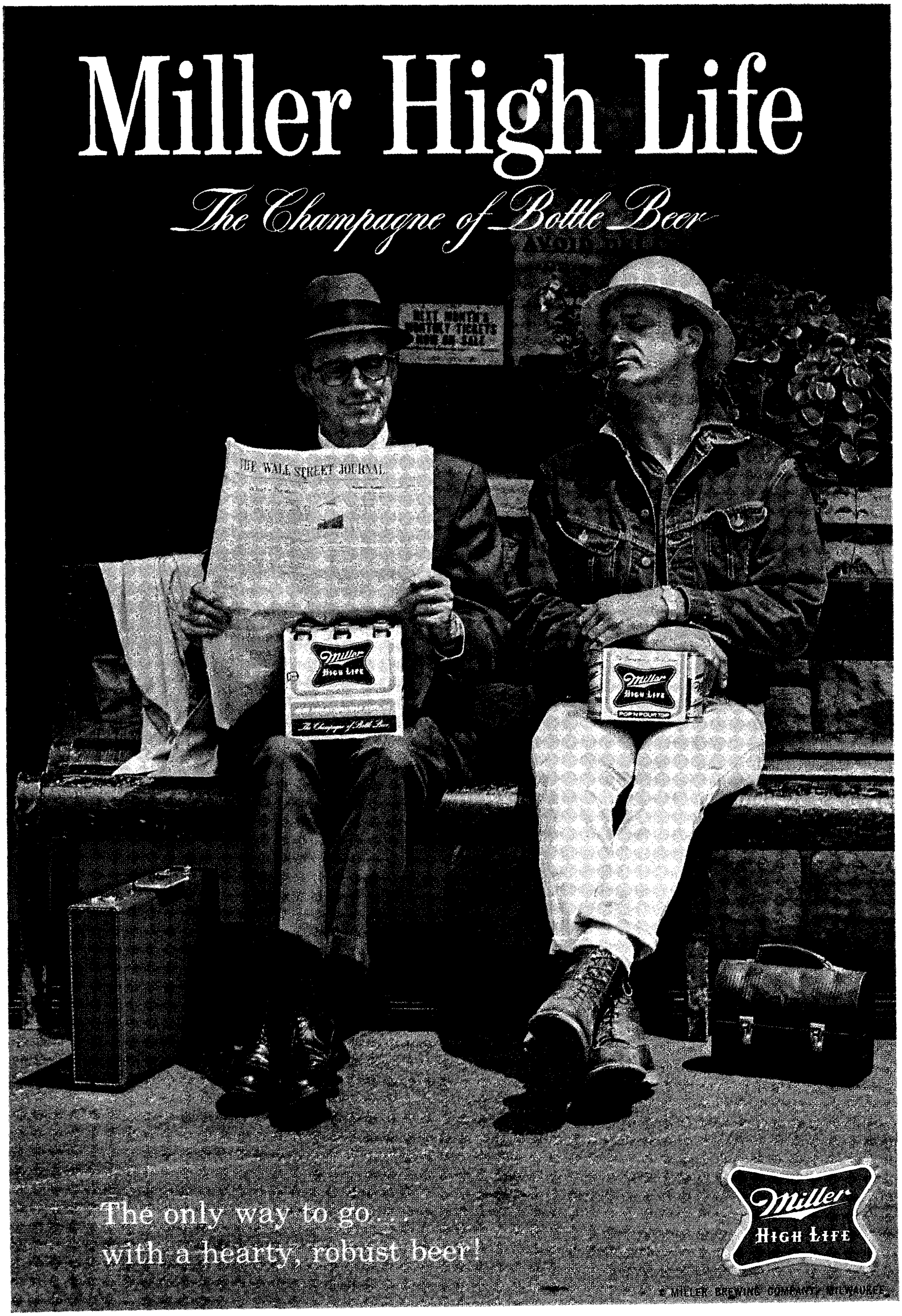
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disreputably high. And if the shortage of good actors is marked, the dearth of playwrights is glaring. Just as Italy has too much theatre, it has too much writing about the theatre, and the favorite critical theme, explored with masochistic zeal in an unending spate of interviews, monographs, and manifestoes, is the nation's failure to spawn a worthy successor to Pirandello, who died in 1936. The current scene is one of placid mediocrity, with a few aspiring outcrops but no genius on hand to tower over the landscape. The best of the modish playwrights are Franco Brusati and Giuseppe Patroni-Griffi, a pair of civilized craftsmen in early middle age; both are heavily influenced by Broadway models—Arthur Miller and Edward Albee, especially—in their pursuit of serious commercial art. (Which isn't, in Italy, a wildly rewarding game, since a hundred and fifty performances is about the maximum that a new play can hope to achieve.) Of late, partly out of a sense of duty, established novelists, like Alberto Moravia and Natalia Ginzburg, have taken to writing for the theatre, but I wouldn't say that their intervention had momentously brightened the horizon. Moravia's mood, when I saw him, was one of disgruntled stoicism. He said that drama in Italy was dying, and blamed its imminent doom on the frivolity of middle-class audiences, the lack of proficient actors, and the repressive grip of the Church.

Pirandello himself, the overshadowing patriarch, used to say that the troubles of the Italian theatre could be attributed to thieving foreigners:

> We can assert with complete conviction that the culminating outburst of the theatre in all Europe in the seventeenth century—Shakespeare in England, Lope and Calderón in Spain, Molière in France—is a direct outgrowth of the Italian matrix. Molière alone was frank enough to admit, "Je prends mon bien où je le trouve," in answer to those who remarked that perhaps he had gone too far in appropriating not only situations and characters but entire scenes from our *commedia dell' arte*. . . . The truth is that all these great authors, these originators of the European theatre, had appropriated—without being aware of it—something quite different: the very spirit of our theatre.

True, but, once having looted Italian drama, the other countries of Europe went on to create traditions of their own, whereas in Italy nothing of much theatrical consequence happened after the golden age of *commedia dell'arte* except Goldoni and Gozzi in the eighteenth century and Pirandello in the twentieth. When Italian critics bemoan the wasteland that emerged after Pi-

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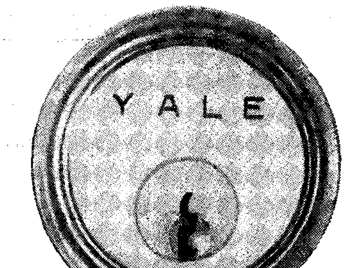
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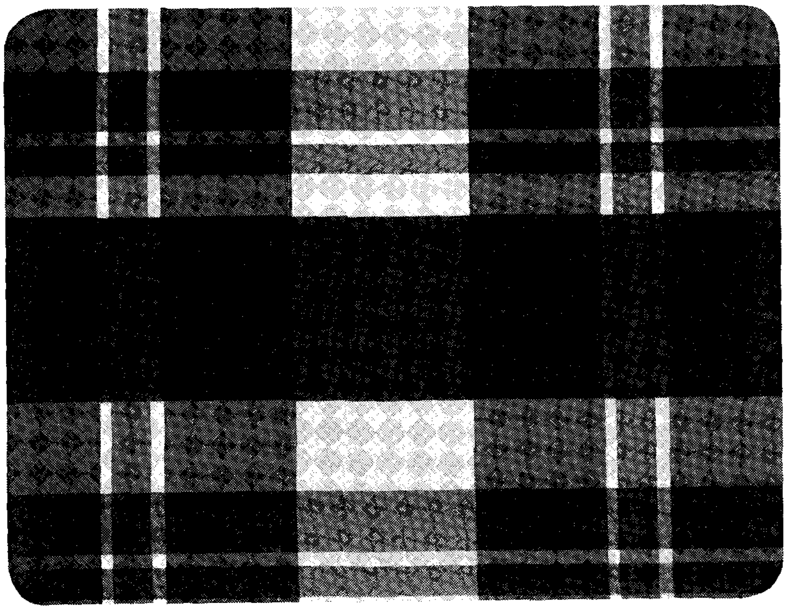
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randello's death, they seem to forget the far more extensive desert that preceded his birth. The wonder nowadays is not so much that there are no great Italian playwrights as that there are any *good* ones.

In 1959, Nicola Chiaromonte, a highly sagacious reviewer, wrote a state-of-the-theatre jeremiad that typified—and still typifies—the critical climate. In a passage notable for its tone of steadily mounting dismay, he said:

> The great new feature of the Italian theatre in the last twenty years has been the emphasis on the director. We have directors equal to the very best in the profession, men capable of mounting spectacles which are almost too superb. This kind of progress is in danger of remaining sterile—of being only the same kind of progress as, at the end of the sixteenth century and in the following century, inspired Italian architects and scene-painters to create the form of the modern stage. No one knew what to use them for, those magnificent theatres of Palladio and stage-sets by Serlio—at the most, they were used for some trivial court-spectacle. And similarly, we possess first-rate directors but (generally speaking) no playwrights. Or if we are beginning to have a playwright or two, we have no actors trained in the modern style. Or, finally, say we have (as we have always had) talented actors, we still do not have any actors with the practical vision required to found theatres, large and small, to spread the taste for modern drama.

While the critics frown, theatrical activity gets more and more plethoric. You would never guess, from the hubbub in the sickroom, that Italian drama was on its deathbed. The gloomier the diagnosis ("inoperably operatic" is a phrase that crossed my mind several times), the more frantic the patient's vivacity becomes. It may be only superficial, but it is certainly inescapable. To an outsider, almost everyone in the Italian theatre seems to be noisily auditioning for a part in a rather dated play about the Italian theatre. And most of the applicants are straight from central casting. For the plum role of the Temperamental Director there are two major candidates—Luchino Visconti and Giorgio Strehler. Both are incontestably difficult and dynamic. Visconti went raging out of the Venice Film Festival in 1960 when his movie "Rocco and His Brothers" failed to gain the first prize; having sulked for five years, he returned to win the Golden Lion with "Vaghe Stelle dell'Orsa," an anemic drama of incest that an American observer rechristened "Rococo and His Sister." Meanwhile, he directed plays and opera in Rome. Strehler, stunningly unwrinkled at forty-six, is now celebrating his twenty-fifth anniversary as a director and his twentieth as the

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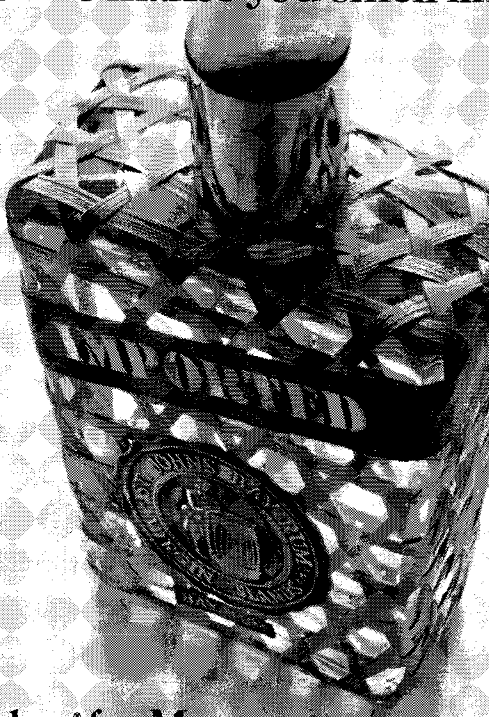

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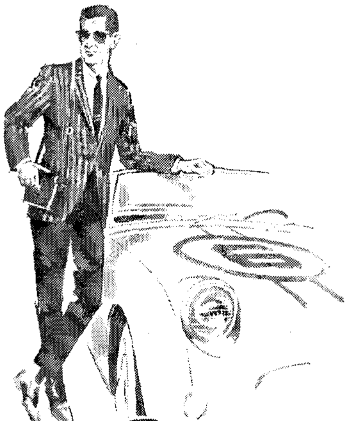

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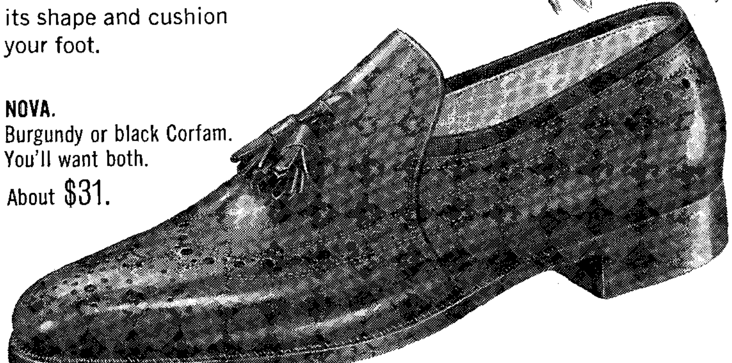

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artistic autocrat of the Piccolo Teatro of Milan. Energy buzzes and crackles around this fanatical Brechtian, and, unlike Visconti, he does not squander his perfectionism on the opera or the cinema. On current form, I should say that Strehler had the edge. (If an understudy were required, my vote would go to the promisingly petulant Zeffirelli.) We then have the Waspish Critic, brilliantly played by a dapper young smiler called Alberto Arbasino. His credentials for the part are many and venomous; according to Arbasino, the history of Italian theatre since 1945 has been marked by two events—"the foundation in Rome of Visconti's Kingdom of Hedonism, and the foundation in Milan of Strehler's Republic of Tedium." Next comes the Grande Dame Surrogate (or Star When Stars Were Stars), a role for which the contenders are numerous. Italy is full of mature actresses who still turn up at cocktail parties wearing mink tippets, carrying toy dogs, and shrieking gobbets of gossip about the sex lives of minor royalty.

The last of the featured parts is the Wayward Boy Genius, about whose identity there is no dispute. He is a dishevelled young actor-director named Carmelo Bene, who first achieved notoriety when, during a private performance of one of his productions a few years ago, he became so incensed by a group of hecklers in the audience that he strolled down to the edge of the stage and urinated on the front row of the orchestra. (I had a first-hand account of the occasion from an eminent elder critic who chanced to be sitting in the line of fire. "I was quite enjoying the show," he told me, in some bewilderment, "when suddenly this had to happen.") I caught Bene's *mise en scène* of Oscar Wilde's "Salomé" in a converted Roman crypt. The pocket-size stage was upholstered with mattresses and recumbent dancing girls, upon which and whom the principal characters reclined. There was a good deal of sporadic clambering about but very little standing up. Glasses of wine were distributed to the cast from the wings, and cigarettes were passed from mouth to mouth, the ash being fastidiously deposited in the navels of the supine houris. Between sips and puffs, the actors devoured oranges and spat the peel at the audience. The text was mumbled, chattered, and intermittently sung, with the incoherence increasing as the wine took effect. Bene himself played Herod as a helpless lush with his mouth full of fruit. Like everyone else onstage, he wore Biblical costume; watching the performance, I

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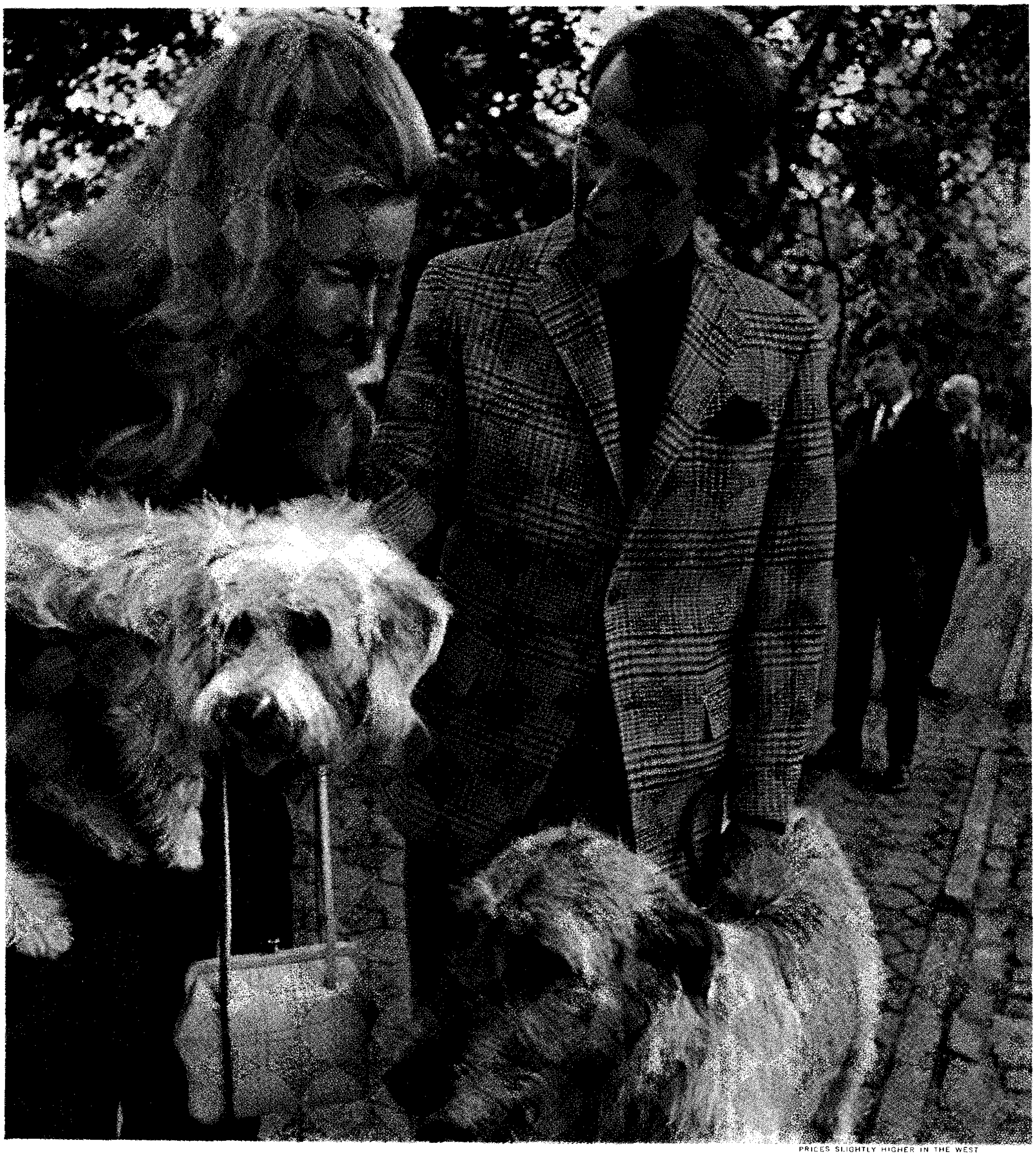

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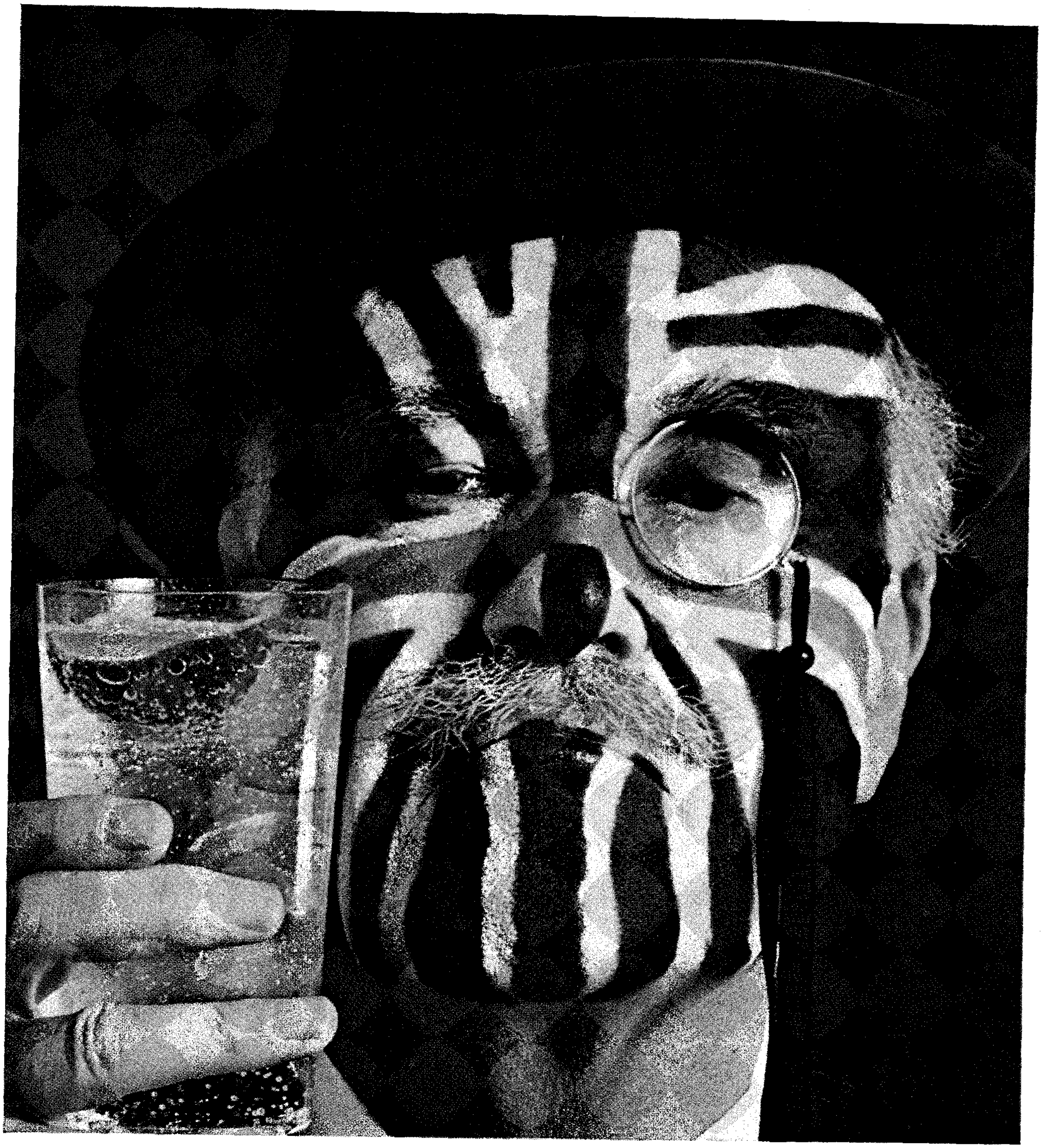

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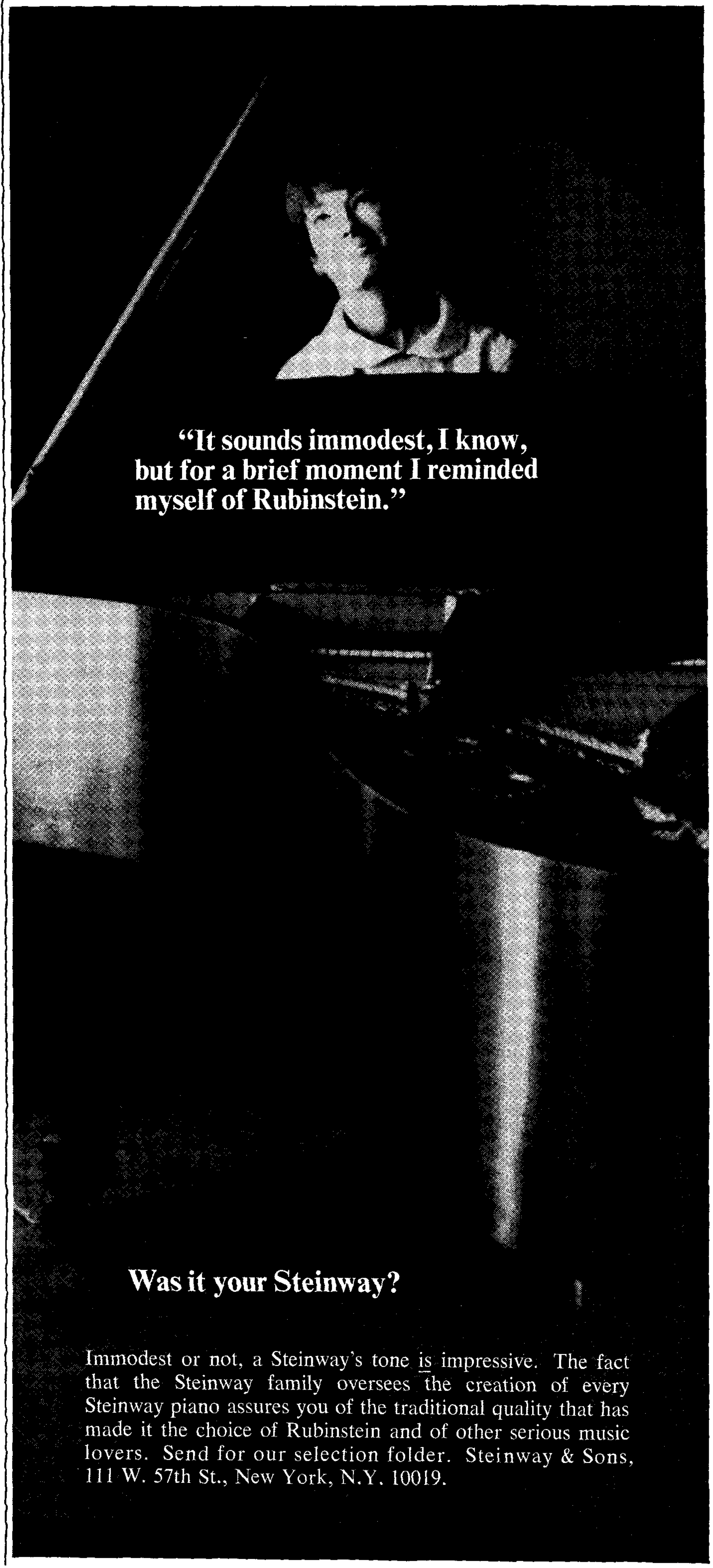
felt as if I had turned up uninvited at a fancy-dress party. I tried to remind myself that this was meant to be "anti-theatre," but I couldn't forget the lapidary words of a friend who had solemnly warned me, "The most depressing thing about the Italian theatre is that even its anti-theatre is lousy." In any case, who needs to mangle a play like "Salomé," which is dead to begin with? I should add, in fairness, that the crypt was packed with well-groomed spectators, who brought the Wayward Boy back for at least a dozen curtain calls.

In Italy, there is theatre everywhere but no focal point anywhere; the picture is one of centrifugal multiplicity. And this is exactly what you would expect in a country that achieved political unity less than a century ago. Here we return to the Roman aphorism I quoted at the outset, about there being no Italy and hence no Italian theatre. The nation is a Hydra, and its heads speak with different tongues. Venice and Naples, Sicily and Tuscany (to name only the big four) have proud and ancient dramatic traditions, but they are tributaries of a main stream that does not yet exist. Eduardo de Filippo, guardian and symbol of the Neapolitan branch, recently said, "We would have a national theatre today if these four dialect theatres had developed in a common accord, and not in disunity. But in Italy there are always quarrels and everyone goes his own way." The core of the problem is linguistic, deriving not only from local vocabularies but from local accents. Between written and spoken Italian, between literature and the vernacular, the gulf is perilously wide, and in order to bridge it someone will have to evolve a theatrical language that is at once intelligible and realistically acceptable throughout the country. At present, there is no such *lingua franca;* that which is nationally intelligible sounds literary and unreal, while that which is convincingly realistic is only regionally effective.

The Italians, in short, are a race of born self-dramatizers who have no standard accent or idiom in which to express themselves onstage. Zeffirelli says, "They use one kind of language in everyday life and quite another in the theatre. When they act, it's almost as if they were singing. They change their whole mode of expression—*they translate.*" Pier Paolo Pasolini, who directed such movies as "Accattone" and "The Gospel According to St. Matthew," lately decided to try his hand at writing for the theatre; in a recent magazine interview he made it clear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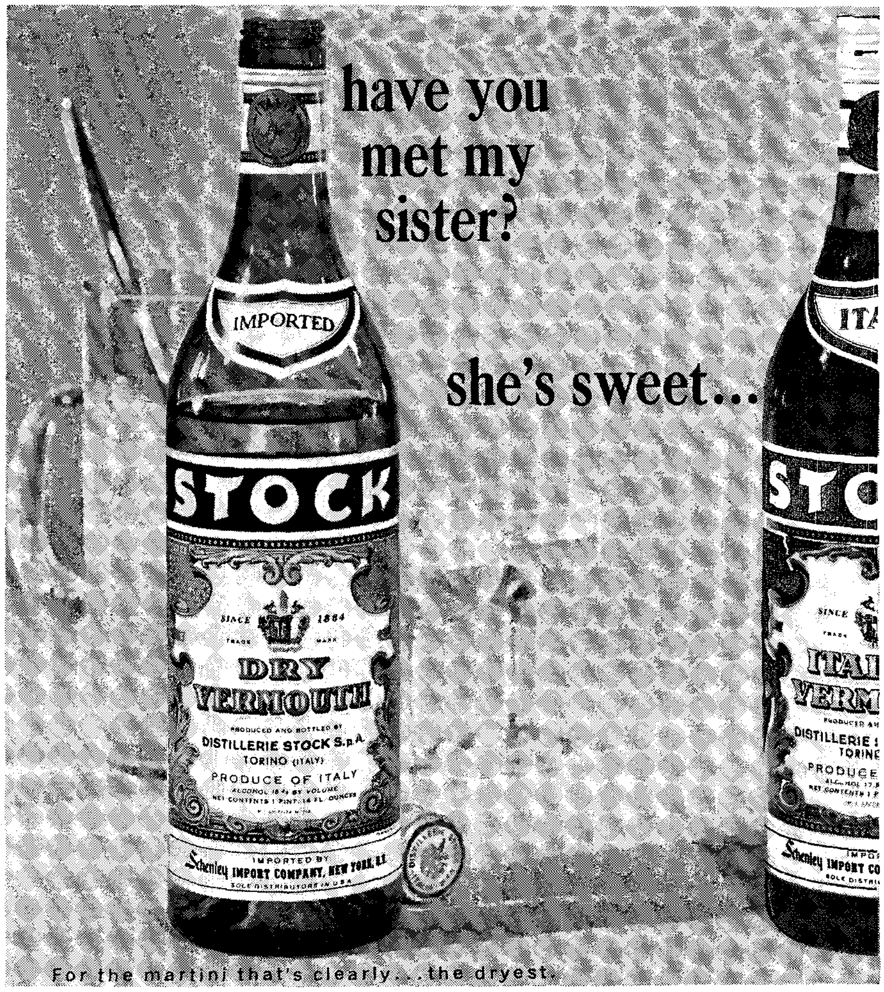
that the most daunting hazards of his new *métier* had to do with dialect. He said that although many Italians had a more or less common vocabulary, this became hopelessly deformed by vagaries of regional pronunciation as soon as the actors got to work on it; if a Venetian were co-starring with a Florentine, all they had to fall back on was a neutral, gutless, and artificial "stage Italian." He saw no easy solution. "If Italy becomes a unified society with a unified language, it will have a theatre," he said. "But as long as it remains socially, culturally, and even ethnically fragmented, it's obvious that there can be no theatre."

POLITICAL centralization breeds bureaucracy, of which the Italian model is so intricate and ubiquitous that it achieves a kind of barmy grandeur, not least in its handling of the theatre. Official censorship has now been abolished, except in one crucial respect: Mussolini's concordat with the Vatican, which is still valid according to the Italian constitution, forbids the occurrence in Rome of anything that might offend against "the sacred nature of the Eternal City." This general agreement can affect theatre presentations, in that any production likely to cause a public outcry on moral or ideological grounds could be held to be illegal, and the result is that dwellers in the nation's capital are cut off from a sizable chunk of contemporary drama. The machinery of state subsidy—operated by the Ministry of Tourism and Spectacle—is awe-inspiring in its complexity. To start with, every theatre company is taxed thirty per cent of its box-office takings; a portion of this is refunded if in the course of the year at least fifty-one per cent of its performances have been of Italian plays. (This chauvinistic dispensation of tax relief is widely deplored. As Zeffirelli has said, "When the government favors Italian works, it is doing Italian playwrights a disservice. They should fight their own battles with their own talent.") The ten *stabile* theatres receive government grants when the season begins; the Piccolo Teatro of Milan, for example, was given two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars in the fall of 1966. The "private" (i.e., commercial) companies rake in no direct subsidy from the state; instead, they have to wait until the end of the season to find out whether their work has been judged worthy of a "quality prize" (i.e., another form of tax refund, based not on patriotism but on artistic merit). These judgments are made by a com-



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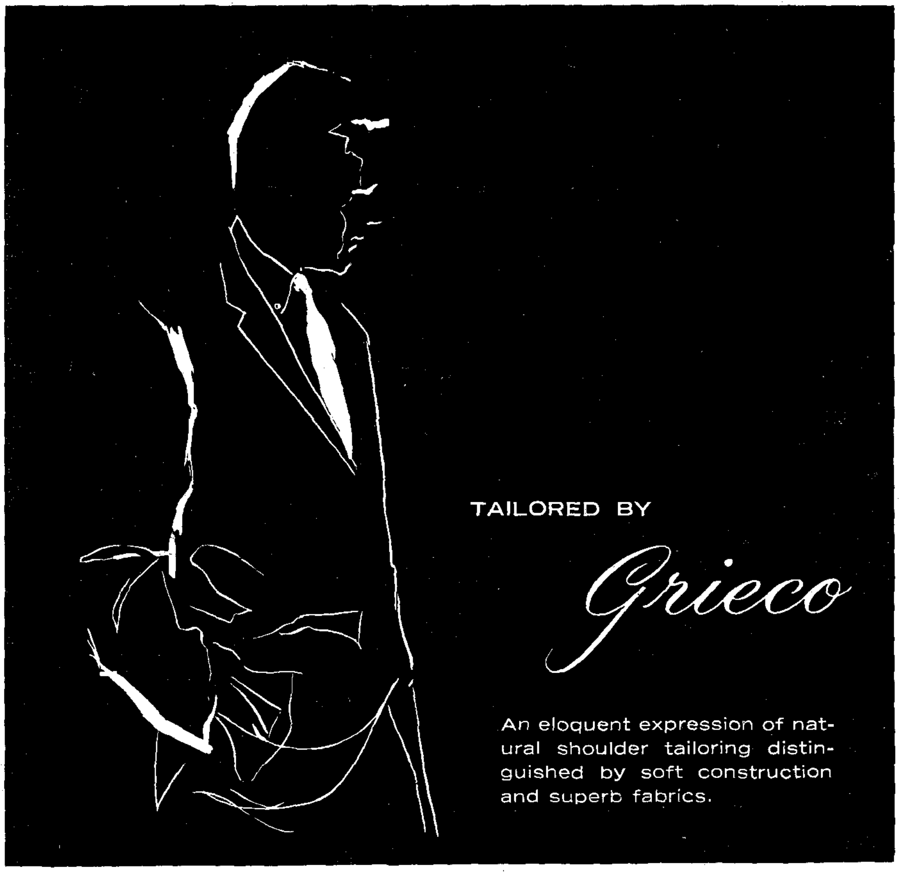

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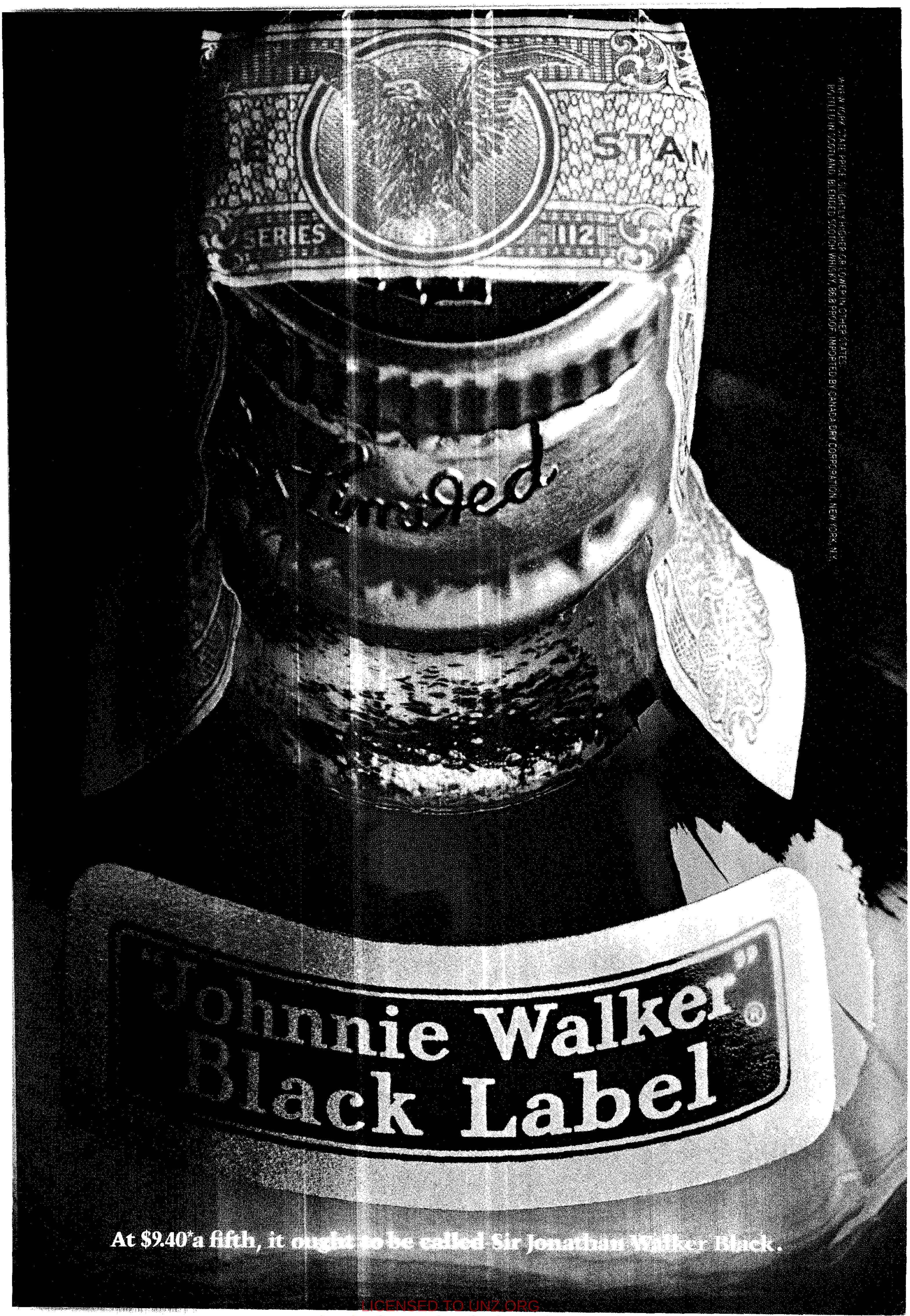
mittee of critics and veteran authors—a body that is appointed by the Ministry and is notoriously capricious in its taste. To Zeffirelli, an impassioned advocate of commercial theatre, this sort of delayed-action paternalism is a constant source of outrage. He admits that the permanent companies have a job to do and should be subsidized to do it, but he insists that theatrical vitality ultimately depends on those who sell a product that the audience wants to buy. "*We* do the work," he told an Italian reporter last year, speaking for the commercial theatre. "*We* made the boom. *We* brought the public back to the theatre. It wasn't the Piccolo Teatro who did it, it was individual enterprise. . . . The public knows us—it knows Eduardo, it knows Albertazzi, it knows Valli, it knows me. As far as they are concerned, we are the theatre."

Zeffirelli—best known outside Italy for his Shakespearean productions at the Old Vic, his staging of operas at Covent Garden and the Met, and his direction of "The Taming of the Shrew" as a movie vehicle for Burton and Taylor—went on about his grievances when I talked with him in Rome. Slight of build and deceptively lazy-eyed, he has an inner electricity that is never switched off; when not shrugging his shoulders, he is shrugging his eyebrows. "Democracy is still very young here," he said. "The politicians haven't learned to keep their hands off the artists. They are destroying our theatre. I'm on their black list, because I won't go and swing incense in front of them. They grab nearly a third of the gross, and then, after it's been filtered through half a dozen government departments, they may give some of it back to you if you've been a good boy. It's a stupid, useless vicious circle that makes my hair stand on end. What is to be done with such people? Hang them? Shoot them? I don't know!" Although Zeffirelli sometimes sounds like a theatrical Ayn Rand, what he really wants is subsidy for good drama of all kinds, with no patriotic strings attached and no prejudice against the profit motive.

BETWEEN bombardments of dogmatic admonition, I managed to take in several plays. Here are my notes on five of the leading companies:

1) The Piccolo Teatro of Milan. To honor the centenary of Pirandello's birth, which falls this year, they perversely choose a work of his dotage, "I Giganti della Montagna" ("The Mountain Giants"), which was left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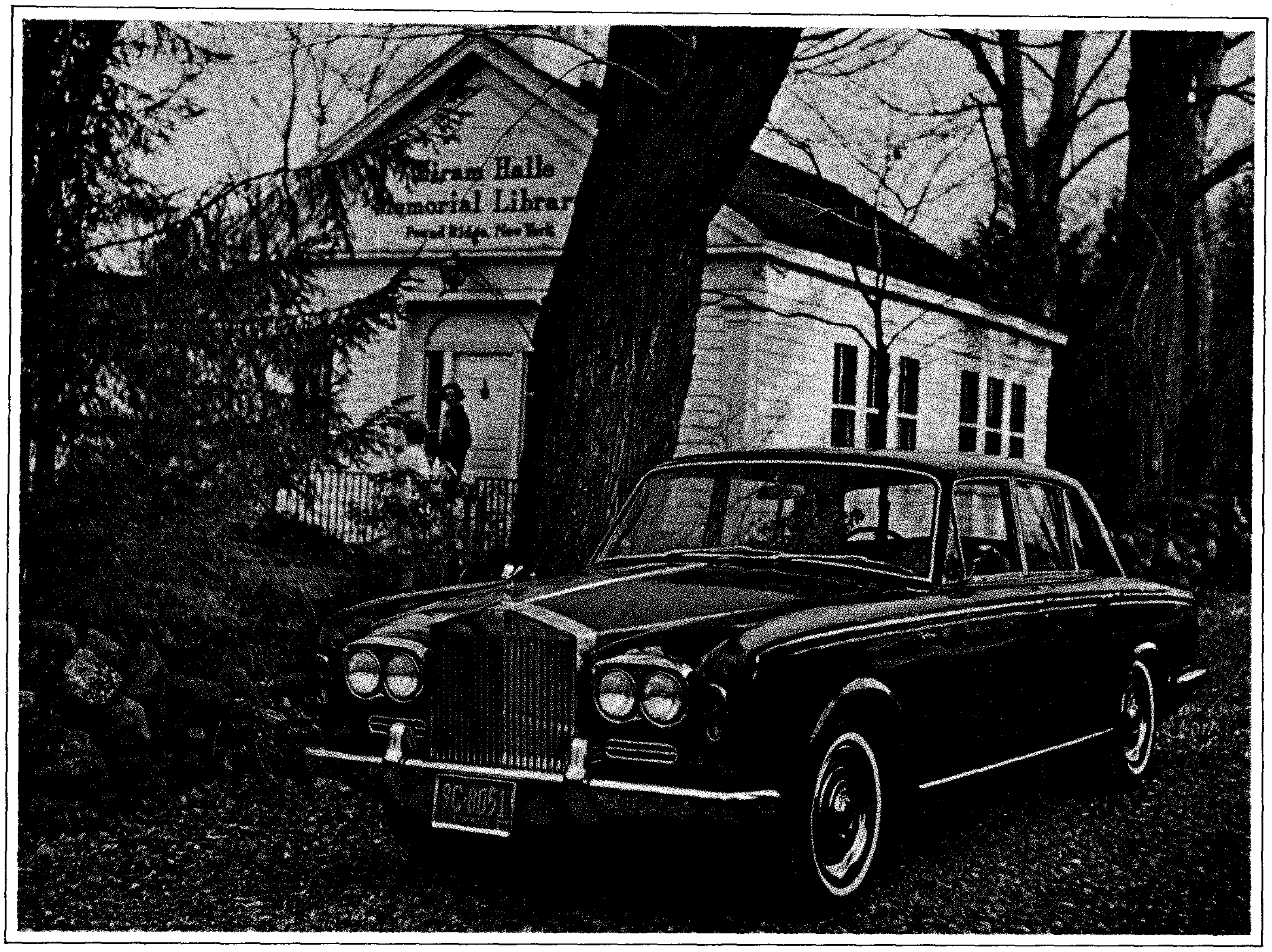

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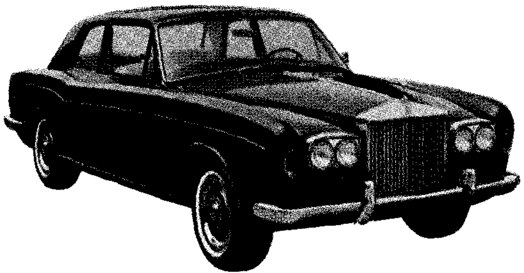

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unfinished when he died. An ending based on jottings made by the author's son is reverently performed in mime. The piece is verbose and chaotic, a petrified forest of symbols resounding with mournful declamation. Its principal characters are a magician who lives in a broken-down villa where fact and fantasy are interchangeable and a penniless contessa who arrives on a wooden cart with a band of strolling players. The host can turn people into shadows, and his guests can turn shadows into people; two different forms of solipsism are brought face to face. Meanwhile, a race of giants (i.e., unpoetic materialists) is flourishing on a nearby mountain, from which at any moment they may come thundering down to destroy this fragile enclave of the imagination.

Of course, there's more to the play than that, but not very much, and most of it gratuitously confusing. The set (school of Craig and Appia) looms out of a brown mist, and the production style is one of static bombast, with superbly galvanic interludes of puppetry in which the magician vivifies a horde of life-size dolls. A full peal of self-indulgent wailing issues from Valentina Cortese as the contessa. The staging is by Strehler, who has directed seventy-eight productions for the Piccolo in the twenty years of its existence. This one, I'm told, is not representative of his work, which is normally founded on Brechtian precepts of cool, Leftist social analysis. But it is blatantly typical, in its sentimental obsession with gangs of vagabond mummers, of the Italian theatre as a whole. (And not only the theatre. Witness such movies as "La Strada" and "8½.") Strehler closes the evening with a *coup de théâtre* that is literally shattering: the iron safety curtain crashes down like a guillotine on the players' cart, splitting it in two, and spelling out, by this brutal act of bisection, the fate that history prescribes for those who inhabit the no man's land between illusion and reality. They are the ineffectual angels on whose side we are presumed to be. People like me, who are unimpressed by the strolling-player myth, may fail to respond to the pathos of this Gordian dénouement. They may even feel that they are being conned by what Arbasino skittishly described to me as "the false poetry of Pirandello translated into the false poetry of Strehler."

Condensed versions of Strehler's views on the theatre in relation to politics, gleaned from several conversations: "I prefer plays in which the personal and

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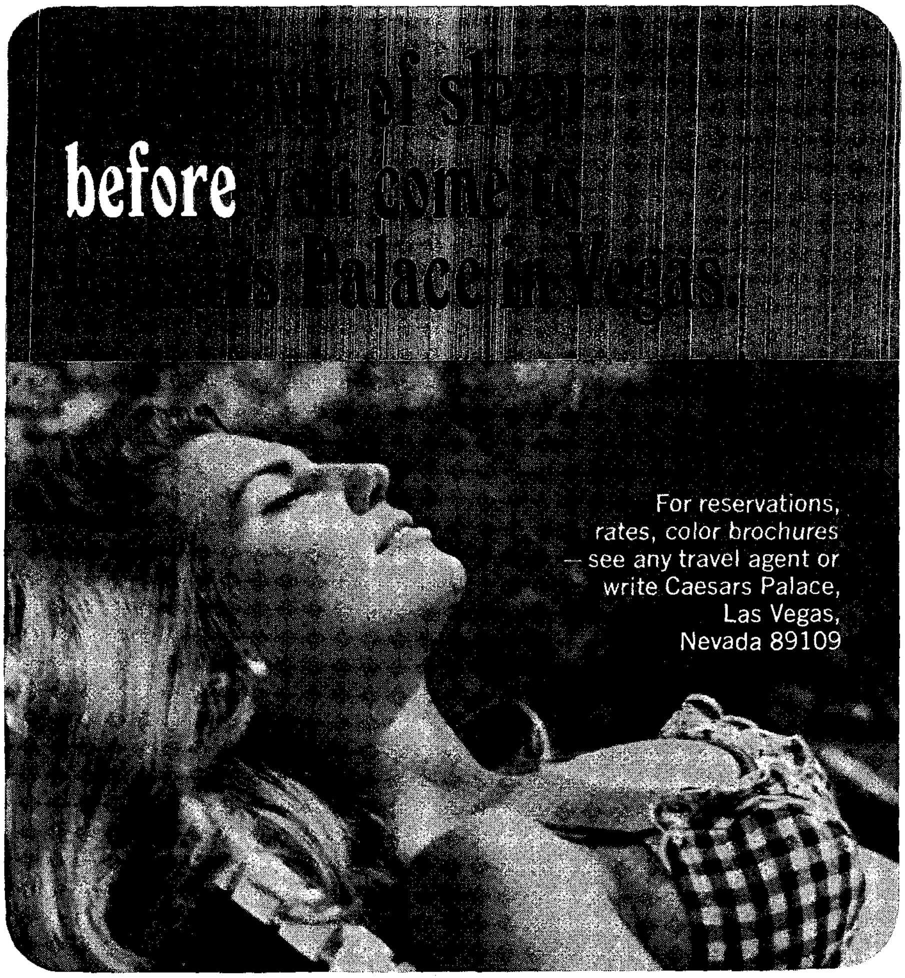
the social elements coincide, as they do in Shakespeare, Goldoni, and Brecht. There is talk of the Piccolo's becoming a sort of National Theatre, but I would hate that kind of official status. For one thing, it might mean that the government would have to set up a rival, right-wing, Catholic theatre in Rome. For another, it might mean that the Piccolo would have political obligations to the Ministry of Tourism and Spectacle, which is run by a prominent Socialist. He or his friends might come along and tell us, 'Don't rock the boat by doing revolutionary plays—we mustn't alienate the conservatives.' I would rather be less important and more independent."

And here is Paolo Grassi, who has been the company's administrative mastermind ever since it was founded, on the future of the Piccolo: "Our problem is to find a synthesis of the new Italy and the old—the mass industrialism of the north and the proud individualism of the south. These are two contradictory ways of life. Should our theatre try to eradicate or to retain the differences between them? It may be possible to achieve unity within this diversity, but is it desirable? These are the questions that keep me awake at night."

2) The Teatro Stabile of Turin. Dominated architecturally by rows of colonnaded avenues and economically by the Fiat motor industry, the Piedmontese capital is probably the prettiest company town in Europe. A dozen years ago, it was merely a touring date, with no home-grown theatrical tradition. But then the *stabile* was created, to thrive so busily that by the time I arrived it had four troupes in simultaneous operation—two in Turin, one on tour in Rome, and one playing one-night stands in the villages of Piedmont. A hundred and two actors are on the payroll, engaged not only to please the public but to provoke it. "After all," I was told by their director, Gianfranco de Bosio, "we are basically a theatre of the left."

Sampling their work, I find that it varies from smooth professional to shaky amateur. In prospect, a semi-pop production of "As You Like It," with a modernized text and a sprinkling of non-Shakespearean songs, seems curiously enticing (I can easily imagine the Forest of Arden as a hippies' haven), but it is blighted in performance by semi-skilled playing—torpid at one extreme and feebly strident at the other. (With two exceptions: Glauco Mauri's Touchstone, who is a sad, flamboyant Pierrot, and the ferociously convincing perform-



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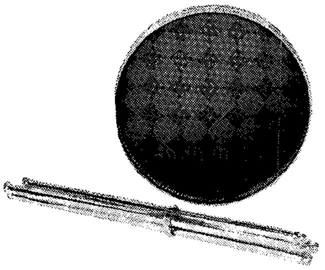

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ance of Piero Robba, a former wrestling champion, as Charles the Wrestler.) Even so, the actors know their lines—a feat that still retains some novelty for elder Italian playgoers, who would have regarded it a couple of decades ago as a daring breach of theatrical etiquette. "At least, we have abolished the prompter," a Turin critic remarks to me after the show. At most, I would have said.

Next day, I see an avant-garde splinter group from the company in a program of four experimental pieces (including one by Beckett), all of which take the Absurdist view that man is a brainwashed automaton, victimized alike by faceless earthly authority and by inscrutable cosmic fate. The evening is prefaced by a pair of brisk explanatory lectures, and when it is over, the audience stays on for nearly two hours to argue about the plays with a panel of local intellectuals. I am impressed. In how many other provincial cities, anywhere in Europe, would the paying public care so much?

Meanwhile, another squadron from the *stabile* is making a fortune in Rome with "Ti Ho Sposato per Allegria" ("I Married You for Fun"), a comedy about a patient young lawyer with a madcap child bride. Because the author, Natalia Ginzburg, is a serious novelist, she has been knocked by some of the reviewers for wasting her time on anything so lighthearted; in Italy it does not help your literary reputation to reveal that you have a sense of humor. The play certainly prattles, but the prattle is tough and outspoken; the heroine, who was brought up in poverty and had an abortion before getting married, is far bawdier than Claudia. My only objection is to Adriana Asti, the much adulated starlet who appears in the leading role. Instead of the charming bush baby demanded by the script, she gives us a garish, superannuated midget stripper. Such insensate misanthropy I have not seen onstage since the prime of Miss Nancy Walker.

Last glimpse of the versatile but overextended Turin company: de Bosio's production of Moravia's new play, "Il Mondo È Quello Che È" ("The World Is What It Is"). An unemployed professor of philosophy spending a few idle weeks as court jester at a young industrialist's country villa amuses his fellow-guests with a game of his own invention called "linguistic therapy." He teaches them that language, as a means of communication, is mortally sick. Words that are abstract or emotive are infected and must be destroyed; only concrete, objective

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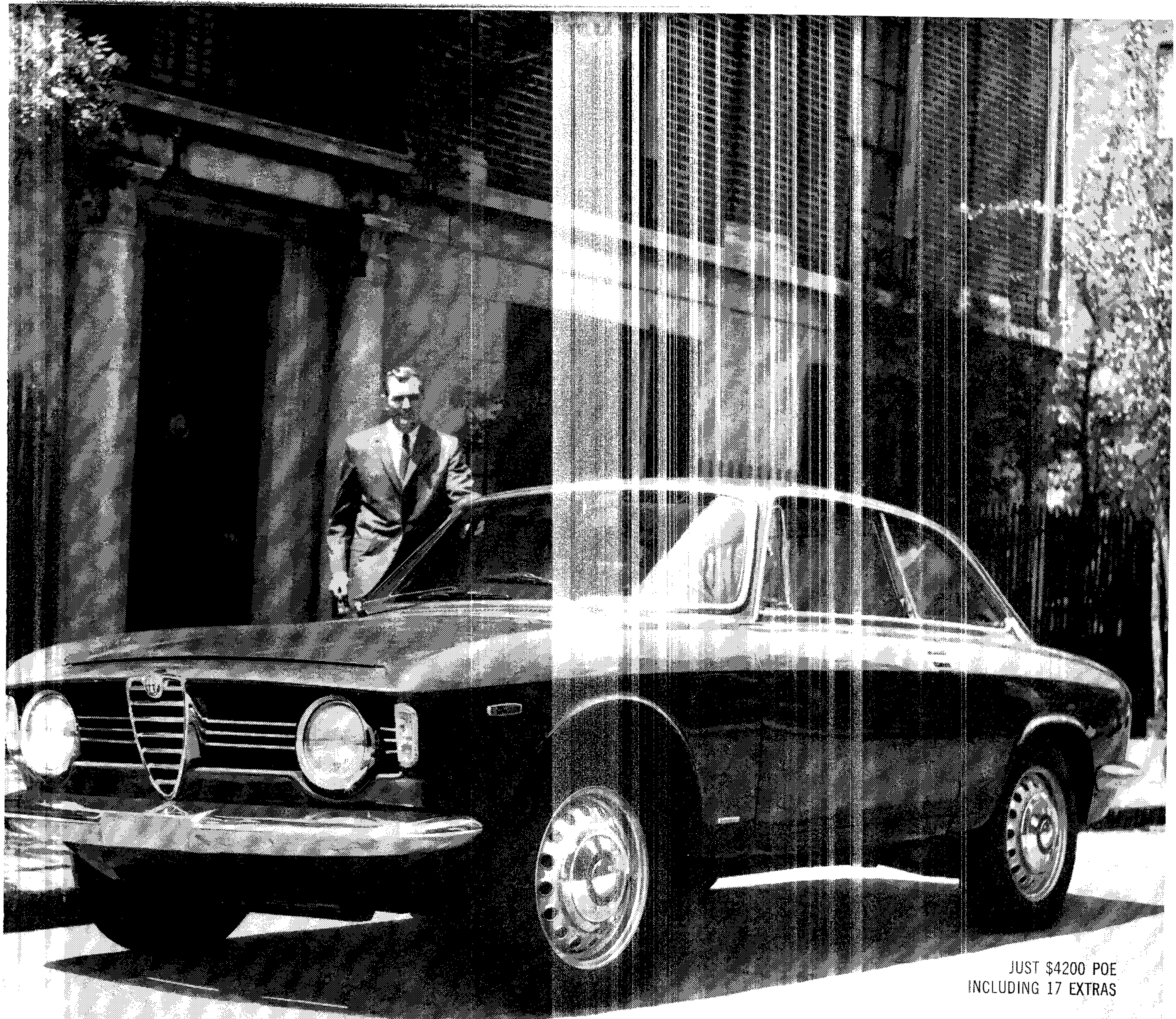
words are healthy. The world, he says, is in need of radical transformation. How can this best be achieved? Is it possible—as Wittgenstein and his followers have implied—to change the world by changing its language? Or is it necessary—as Marx would have insisted—to change the world first? The questions are well worth asking, and lead to the making of some neat polemical points, as when the philosopher (played by a wily, cat-footed actor named Franco Parenti, who looks like Brecht in exile) explains to his host that at bottom there are only two kinds of language: "You speak the Italian of the rich, and I speak that of the poor." But the play sounds better in digest form than it proves in performance. Despite a strong central idea, it collapses through narrative debility. Moravia is renowned as a creator of character and as a storyteller; here he tries to sustain an evening of debate in which the characterization is tenuous and the action minimal. It is as if a sculptor were to take up painting with both hands tied behind his back and the brush held between his teeth.

3) The Teatro Stabile of Genoa, which is fifteen years old and, among the state-subsidized theatres, second in longevity only to the Piccolo. Its director, Luigi Squarzina, is a Strindberg specialist, and I'm urged not to judge him by his production of "La Pulce nell'Orecchio" ("A Flea in Her Ear"), the most riotous and intricately plotted farce that Georges Feydeau ever wrote. Although some of the acting is listless, I can't help saluting the work put in by Alberto Lionello, a slippery *maestro* of comic embarrassment—not so much a born survivor as a born escapologist—who reminds me of Peter Sellers without the narcissism. Eric Bentley, in his latest book, "The Life of the Drama," cogently argues that farce and melodrama, not comedy and tragedy, are the basic theatrical forms. They are certainly what the Italian theatre is best at. Within his own genre, Lionello is at once modern and archetypal—a streamlined primitive.

4) The Compagnia Proclemer-Albertazzi, dubbed *semistabile* because, homeless and always on tour though it is, its leadership is eponymous and permanent. Anna Proclemer is a handsome, hawk-eyed boss lady; Giorgio Albertazzi, boyish and athletic, became internationally famous as the pushy hero of "Last Year at Marienbad." Both are in their forties. As a team, they mean to Italy approximately what the Lunt-Fontanne partnership meant



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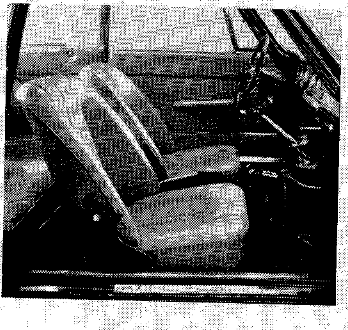

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to America a few decades ago. Their biggest current success is "La Pietà di Novembre," by Franco Brusati, which transposes into Italian terms the adolescent and adult life of Lee Harvey Oswald. A prologue shows us Oswald in puberty, auditioning for the title role in a convent-school production of "Julius Caesar." (He really attended such an institution, but there is no evidence that he ever wanted to act.) The action then switches to Italy, where Oswald becomes Luca, the pampered son of a widow, who persuades him that he is destined for some unspecified kind of greatness. Under her tutelage, he develops *folie de grandeur* on a mammoth scale. No job is good enough for him, no wife is long-suffering enough to understand him, as he tries to measure up to an impossibly demanding parental ideal. (Cf. Willy Loman's sons in "Death of a Salesman"—a play that Brusati transparently admires.) Luca cannot come to terms with his own mediocrity, and the drama reaches its climax when he is forced to realize that, contrary to what his mother has always told him, he is not an exceptional person. Hereabouts Luca fades back into Oswald, who is seen, in a brief coda, joining a conspiracy to murder President Kennedy.

Albertazzi is a model of volatile, neurotic charm as Luca; he also manages—at least in profile—to look unnervingly like Oswald. Anna Proclemer plays his wife with the right undertow of disenchantment, and the supporting roles are filled to the bursting point. But I cannot believe that this derivative tale of a mother-fixated dreamer would hold our attention for two and a half hours if we didn't know that it was going to end up in Dealey Plaza. History has given Brusati a chilling final curtain to which he has not justified his right. Luca is a young self-deceiver on the skids; he might be tempted into minor embezzlement but scarcely into assassination. Beside the enormous fact of political murder, Brusati's fiction looks pale and inadequate. The picture is dwarfed by its frame.

5) The Compagnia de Lullo-Falk-Valli-Albani, named after its four leading players, who went into joint management twelve years ago and, astoundingly, have stayed together. To deal first with the women, Elsa Albani is an ebullient character actress, and Rossella Falk is something rarer—more limited yet more magnetic. Walking, as she does, with a lean, insolent angularity—pelvis foremost, shoulders held high, and cheeks sunken beneath

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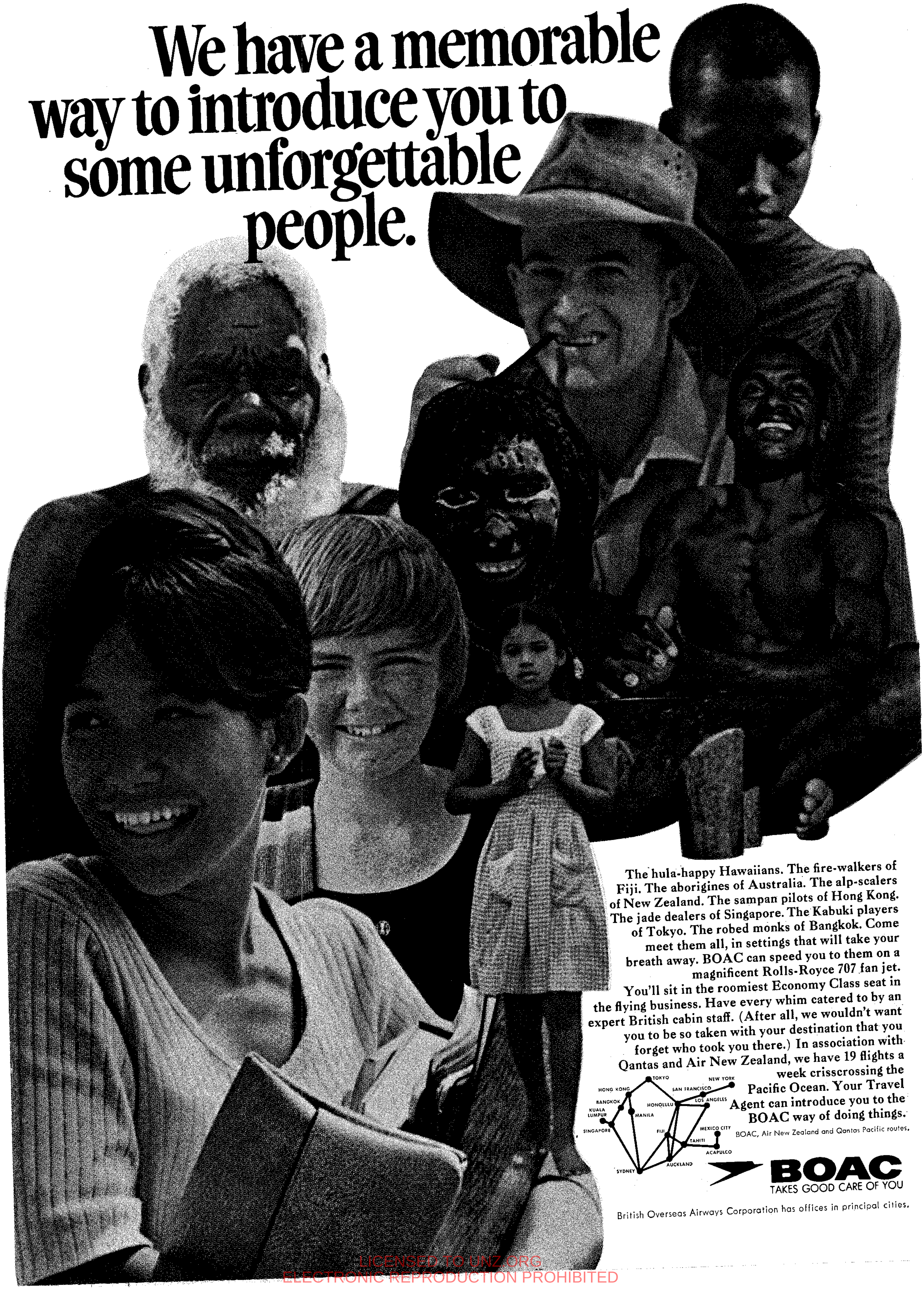

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searchlight eyes—she resembles a Disney cartoon of Garbo, and belongs unmistakably in the category for which we reserve the word "star." Of the men, Giorgio de Lullo is at once a brilliant director and a saturnine *jeune premier* on the brink of middle age, and Romolo Valli, a supreme technician now in full maturity, is probably the most resourceful and commanding actor in the country. (He is also extremely intelligent. When I asked the critic Chiaromonte whom he would nominate to run an Italian National Theatre, he chose Valli. "I would look for someone whose taste in theatre was international, and who could also help to unify the regional traditions of Italy," Chiaromonte said. "Between Strehler and de Filippo, for instance, a dialogue would be impossible. Between Valli and de Filippo it would be possible.") This gifted quartet runs a *semi-stabile* troupe that represents in Italy what Jean-Louis Barrault's company represents in France—middle-class theatre at its most elegantly self-possessed.

By sheer poise and address, these four even manage to get away with "La Calandria," a ribald trifle, based on borrowings from Plautus and Boccaccio, that was first performed in 1513. Its author, Bernardo Dovizi da Bibbiena, went on to become a notoriously worldly cardinal. The dialogue bristles with *louche* wordplay, and the plot itself is a *double entendre;* in fact, it's the merry old Plautine jape about a pair of long-separated twins who turn up in the same city. One is a boy dressed as a girl (because that way he can visit his mistress, a married woman, without arousing comment), and the other is a girl dressed as a boy (for reasons too tiresome to expound but having to do with a childhood fear of libidinous Turkish pirates). Sexual misapprehensions naturally—and unnaturally—abound. "*Bello! Bella!*" cries a thoroughly confused minor character, torn between genders when the girl, whom he has hitherto taken for a boy, appears before him clad as a girl. The twins' servants are reduced at times to testing the sex of their employers by means of manual exploration. Erotic ambiguities of this kind have a long history in Italian culture. The artists of the high Renaissance pay copious homage in their work to the Platonic ideal of the perfect androgyne, who combines the virtues of both sexes but belongs to neither. Latter-day descendants of the breed can be found at every turn among the equivocal urchins who haunt the tourist centers of Italy. Ottavia Pic-

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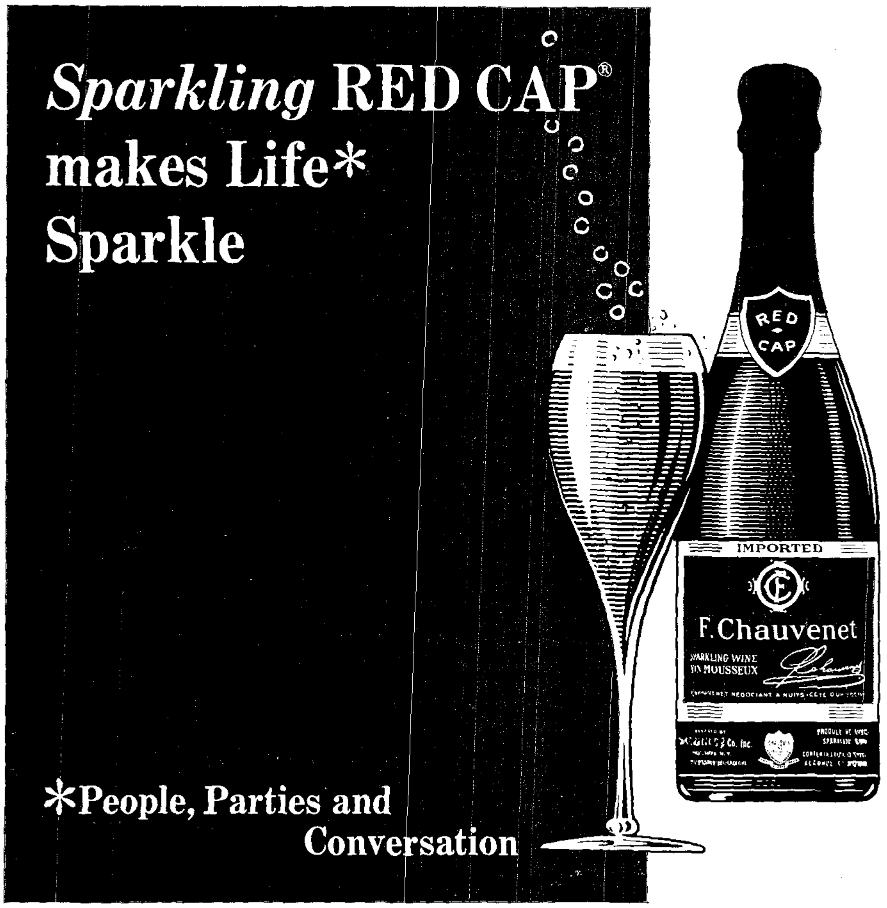

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colo, a radiant ingénue of whom great things are expected, plays the female twin in white pants as snug as salami skins. Rossella Falk, her eyes beady with lust, makes something memorably baleful and vampiric out of the cameo role of a sex-starved wife, and Valli, as a quintessential booby, transforms himself into a cross between Michel Simon and Margaret Rutherford. The décor, by Pier Luigi Pizzi, is chastely lovely—a gray piazza with a gray central obelisk under a gray sky—and reminiscent, in its austerity, of Christian Bérard's revolutionary design for the Louis Jouvet production of "Les Fourberies de Scapin" shortly after the war. Under de Lullo's direction, the cast leaps about like a team of tumblers, so zestfully that it takes the curse off a crude and mechanical text. Generalization: Charm is the bane of the Italian theatre, and may be one of the reasons for the poverty of Italian drama. What need is there for good plays when you have actors as beguiling as these to make the most leaden script seem airborne? Additional generalization: The second-most-prevalent bane of the Italian theatre is aural tedium. Apart from a few mavericks like "*un*," "*il*," "*hotel*," and "*Fiat*," Italian words all end in vowels, and they are usually stressed on the penultimate syllable. The conditions are ideally propitious for vocal monotony; no other major language in the Western world makes such tiresomely repetitive patterns of sound. To achieve variety, it is virtually necessary to *sing* the words—which is surely why the Italian theatre has so often found its true fulfillment in opera.

The company's latest hit—extravagantly praised by the popular critics and thereafter exposed to the full fury of the intellectual backlash—is "Metti, Una Sera a Cena . . . " ("Suppose, One Evening at Dinner . . . "), a new work by Giuseppe Patroni-Griffi, the most fashionable of the established playwrights. It begins with one of those triangles that commonly proliferate in countries where divorce is forbidden—in this case, an urbane and no longer youthful trio consisting of a writer (Carlo Giuffrè), his wife (Falk), and her lover (Valli), who is also, inevitably, the husband's best *friend*. A delicate equilibrium exists among them, sustained over the years by means of hypocrisy, the great healer. The balance of power is abruptly upset when a brash young actor named Ric is introduced into the group by the lover, with whom he has had a brief homosexual whirl. Ric shatters the status quo by breaking the house rule of

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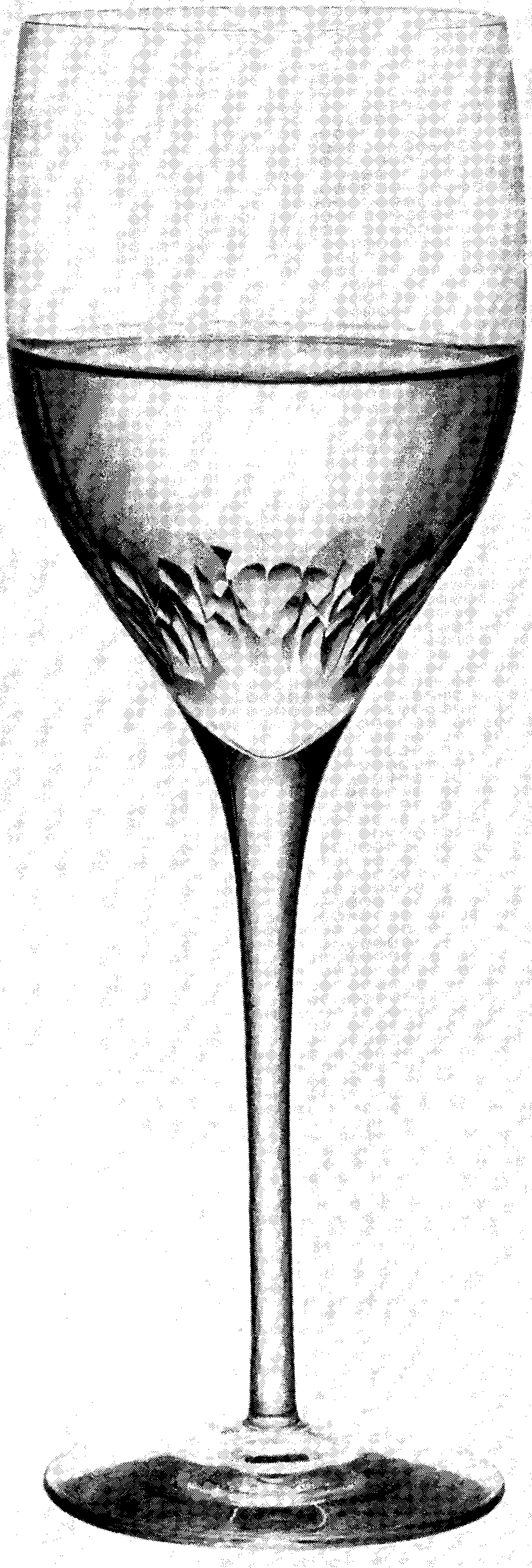

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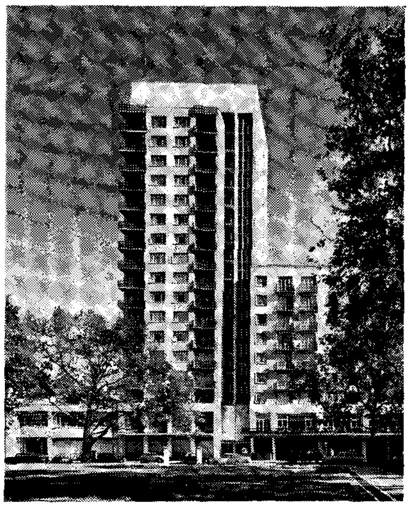

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emotional non-involvement. He falls violently and explicitly in love with the wife, and she leaves home under his spell. An imperfect but workable design for living is thus demolished. (Cf. Somerset Maugham's aphorism comparing sincerity in society to an iron girder in a house of cards.) So much for the content, and you have to admit that it's fairly ancient footage; Patroni-Griffi is giving the shallowness of middle-class life yet another going-over. What distinguishes the play from others of the genre is its narrative technique. With few changes of light and no shifting of scenery (the setting throughout is a chic, quasi-abstract interior, divided into three playing areas), the action moves around in space and time as freely and seamlessly as in a novel or an Alain Resnais movie. Snatches of the present are intercut with snatches of the past. There are no dissolves; the characters swerve without warning from then to now and back again. Yet, nudged by de Lullo's discreet and perspicuous direction, we always know where and when things are happening. The landscape may be familiar and the destination predictable, but the journey itself is never boring. And the acting is marvellously accomplished—as fascinating to watch as a cageful of big cats in the great days of Clyde Beatty.

De Lullo and his associates are planning to hit New York before long with a couple of Pirandello productions. They are the aristocrats of the Italian theatre. Be thankful for them.

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DRY GIN
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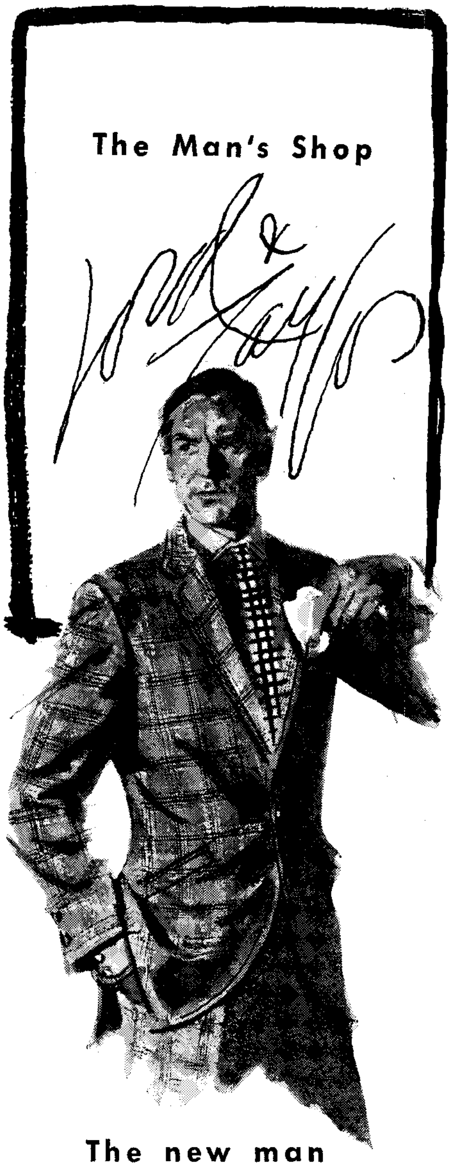
The Bombay Bombay Martini.



The Man's Shop

Lord & Taylor

The new man in fashion,

John Weitz, designs Contour Clothes for complete comfort. Lightweight wool suit in black and white with red overplaid—note the one-button jacket, slash pockets, 165.00—Man's Shop, Tenth, Lord & Taylor, Fifth Avenue at 39th Street

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

FOR quite a few years, one or two little black cocktail dresses that could be worn after dark sufficed for women who didn't go to all the charity balls in New York—at a hundred dollars a head and way on up. And one formal gown in the closet took care of New Year's Eve and the rest of the Important Occasions. Now everyone is saving up for evening splendor, and I find busy creatures lining up before the fitting rooms for opulence involving beads, brocades, feathers, furs, and lamés that would be at home only under the Waldorf chandeliers and at the most fantastic of private parties—women who could never be seen twice in the same twelve-hundred-dollar outfit. So who's to complain about taxes? A week ago, I spoke of daytime clothes that could not be told from nighttime clothes, but they are the specialties, not the regulars. For there is now evident a much sharper line of demarcation between the heavy tweeds and jerseys for day and the chiffon and further froufrou for night than there used to be. I except, naturally, the deceivingly demure little gray flannels, either long or short, that Geoffrey Beene has decked with rhinestones. Long is the Beene at Lord & Taylor, with a one-inch band, studded with sparklers, around the high neck and two more bands descending the sides (curving in at the waist en route) to the easygoing, circular hem. Short and flippant, though, are most of the Beenes. One in Bloomingdale's Green Room has a deep oval neck and a rhinestone stomacher that is three by six inches. Gray *jersey* is the pleasure of George Halley, a new and deserving advent to fashion. He uses it for a brief formal dress with tiny rhinestone shoulder straps and a tiny, squared-off bolero; Bergdorf owns it. Opulence is visible, too, in the tailored coats of white or cream or natural camel's-hair or fleece; my favorite rests at De Pinna, waiting for the right woman to come along. The camel's-hair is natural, double-breasted smoked mirror buttons go down the front, the white satin lining matches the dress beneath, and Ben Zuckerman, an ideal of mine, is its creator. Another Zuckerman at De Pinna is a coat of white camel's-hair with more of the mirror buttons and a minute trim of gold braid. Bonwit likes Zuckerman in the pinks of perfection—pink silk or gabardine, sometimes trimmed with Persian lamb. Such coats, and such winter cruises with them to come! (These are for tailored types who feel foolish in anything ornate.)

And now for our feathered friends. Donald Brooks weighs in with a formal dress whose puffy skirt is entirely of curly taupe ostrich, through which fronds of polka-dotted guinea hen (black and white) peek here and there. Lord & Taylor exhibits this with a tailored shirt done in taupe chiffon; Bergdorf likes the entire show to be of ostrich. Overlapping white coq feathers are the main event of Sarmi's formal dress with a halter neckline, and the whole thing is speckled with silver paillettes. Bergdorf is the owner. A short dress that took me back to the flapper days appears in Bloomingdale's Green Room. It's of black wool, with a wide hem of ostrich. Harold Levine thought it up. Even further back in history is the medieval air of many of the romantic evening things, such as John Moore's dress of black wool, all on the bias, with a V décolletage up forward, short rhinestone straps, a deep, square back, and a hooded cape that sweeps to the floor; the evening shop of Saks, for one, and Evelyn Byrnes, for two. Also in the Byrnes domain is the Bill Blass formal coat of crushed orange velvet, the deep mink cuffs at the wrists separated from the rest of the sleeve by a band of barbaric jewels, more of which show up on the collar. The dress with it (and this is a surprise) is of demure sheer white wool. Chester Weinberg, a great man for daytime clothes, also knows all about sweeping to the floor; his dress of copper velvet, with a band neck and a high self sash, reaches the floor with a skirt whose hem is mink, and mink crops up at the ends of the long sleeves. Bergdorf got it, and Lord & Taylor got his younger versions of it, in brocade, all shimmering pinks and oranges and peacocks but without the mink. I am tired of jewelled tops in general, but my weariness does not extend to what George Halley does about them—heavily encrusted bra bandeaus, with yards and yards of chiffon or satin flowing in circular fashion below a high bustline. Evelyn Byrnes gave in at once, and also ac-

A GENTLEMAN'S AFTER SHAVE CHANEL
A GENTLEMAN'S COLOGNE CHANEL

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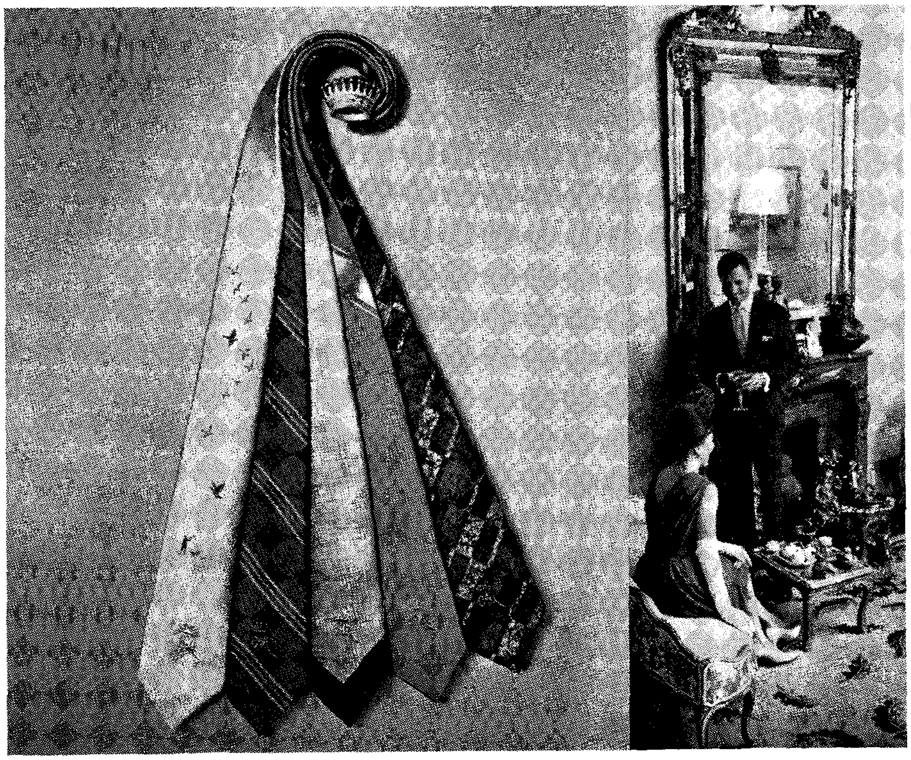
His new whisky cost a few pence more. But people loved it.

Today Thorne's is made as carefully as it was back then. Still entirely by hand. Fifty great Scotch whiskies go into every bottle. And each one is slowly mellowed for *ten years* before it goes in. So Thorne's still costs a few pennies more.

Someone like Robert Thorne would have to come along and do things differently. Thank goodness.

©1967

10 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM SCOTLAND BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY.



Countess Mara designs for "one man in a million."

Among the reasons Countess Mara ties enjoy such prestige is the complete confidence they inspire. One can always rely on freshness of design and unquestionable good taste, whether in choosing a Countess Mara tie priced from $7.50 to $50, or one of the peerless rarities priced at $100. Underscoring that confidence is the proud CM monogram which appears on each tie. Countess Mara, 110 East 57th Street at Park Avenue, New York

Countess Mara®

quired his short formal dress with a simple top and long sleeves of black velvet, plus four (or maybe more) layers of white petticoats of the crinoline sort beneath the skirt, which is all of white duchesse lace. Not a jewel or the least touch of glitter in sight. But just for a moment, for we next discover, in Saks' evening department, a George Halley dress (the wherewithal is sooty-gray chiffon) whose bodice and short shoulder straps are a playground for small, square, smoky beads. And there are sequins on his slender formal sheath (lissomeness makes my heart grow fonder) of black panne velvet (Saks again) with high seam arches under the bosom. The sequins, which are omnipresent, point up the design (red poppies and green leaves) on the velvet. Oscar de la Renta's contribution to Saks is a one-shoulder dress (there are fewer of the like this season than I expected) that widens all the way to the opposite wrist, toga fashion; a silver leaf pattern makes a brocade on the sapphire chiffon the dress is built of—chiffon so sheer that the figure of the wearer is in silhouette. Another single-shoulder deal is by Tam of California, and Evelyn Byrnes is the owner. It's a long deal, and sort of oblong, going from the empty shoulder to a cuff on the opposing wrist, and gold-embossed red chiffon is the ingredient.

I could go on forever about the season's glitter, and maybe I will, but only *after* a breather devoted to reminding all of us that there is, after all, nothing like stark black to make everyone else look overdressed. Black satin is what Geoffrey Beene uses for a short, flouncy dress (I saw it at Rosette Pennington) whose narrow V neckline goes almost to the umbilicus. A fairly wide halter strap harnesses this so that the wearer does not inadvertently emerge *in toto* from it, and the skirt is very circular. Solid-black silk is the means Stravropoulos employs for an extremely circular tent dress with a collarless round neck and X-shaped seaming in the back. That's all there is to it, but that's enough to justify saying "Terrific!" Bonwit Teller grabbed it. Black gabalaine is Originala's choice for a Bergdorf dress and jacket, the latter having a fencing look because of the rhinestone buttons that curve inward from just below the shoulders. The sleeveless dress bears Originala's signature—a wide self belt with two buttons, stacked vertically, at each side. This job is short, but another Originala job is a *long* coat-and-dress combination (and that's not an Originala custom)

Dacron.*
Charged up in checks.

HATHAWAY buttons down a great new way to set off blazer or business suit. Classic checks in non-classic colors. Like Jasper red on Burslem gold! And this is a durable press shirt of 65% "Dacron" polyester, 35% cotton. So it dries neat as new—and stays that way hours on end. About $11 at fine stores. Ask for a Hathaway shirt with "Dacron". You'll like the way you look.

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We named it "Generation" because we knew it would start something.

How's this for starters: The American Institute of Interior Designers (tastemakers to America) has presented its 1967 International Design Award to Dansk Designs Ltd. for "Generation" china.

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done in bubbly black silk brocade. The waistline of the coat is tight, and double-breasted rhinestone buttons are set above it; the skirt is slightly gathered. Some of the cut velvet around town has grandeur, too, though not in black. I cite a Molly Parnis shift of cut velvet in this or that hue, or mixture of hues (De Pinna and Bergdorf). Next, likewise at De Pinna, comes a cut velvet by Rossino & Angela—cut velvet on white satin, that is—for a very good dance dress with mauve, red, and pink designs scattered across the velvet.

Now back to my roaming in the gleaming. One knockout that is around (I glimpsed it at Bonwit and Bergdorf) is a coat of a fabric that Bill Blass favors—a shiny gunmetal synthetic, all triangles, with crisscross stitching and a silver thread here and there. A single skin of black mink has settled in around the throat, and more mink goes down one side. The matching dress is sleeveless. Another Bonwit resident is Mila Schön's shift of wildly striped lamé. Maybe I should say that it's really a slip; there's a high-necked sheath that goes *over* it—this of net with glistening beaded horizontal stripes, to make things more confusing. Bonwit has other Schön beaded or sequinned gowns; these range up to $4,000. (For all the rest of us cats to look at queens?) At Rosette Pennington is a Nat Kaplan outfit that is startling even in a startling season—silver, yellow, and navy horizontal stripes in a variety of sizes on the wool that makes a down-to-the-floor-length coat and a complementing sheath dress with an Empire line. De Pinna has acquired a de la Renta suit—short-sleeved dress and straight jacket—of small-patterned brocade (red and gold) with a ring collar of mink and a border of the same stuff on the skirt. Chester Weinberg's gift to De Pinna is a little shift with long sleeves and a split band collar. A very lightweight silver lamé makes it possible. It couldn't be simpler in cut, but you wouldn't wear it to Schrafft's, just the same. Not for lunch, that is. Lee Hano snapped up another Weinberg—a short, high-necked dress, also simplicity itself in cut, but done in orange net covered everywhere by gold, silver, and copper embroidery. *This* is for dinner in the United States Mint.

I realize that the prices today are scareheads; sometimes I don't dare look at the tags. May I cheer one and all, therefore, with a couple of really dressed-up and not too expensive honeys? One is a skimp of a thing turned

Pure, natural spices.
Generous portions of choice pork cuts.
And family pride.

Good ingredients and family pride are what make Jones' sausage different. For example, we use only freshly ground *natural* spices and we go all over the world to find them. Sage from Dalmatia, pepper from the Malabar coast of India, ginger from the island of Jamaica. Following the Jones family recipe, these spices, blended with choice cuts of table-quality pork—hams, loins, shoulders—make Jones Dairy Farm sausage taste like no other you have ever eaten.

It's real farm sausage from a real Wisconsin farm. And it's right there in your grocer's meat or frozen foods case.

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PURE PORK
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out in a lamé that is finely and diagonally striped in gold, silver, and copper. It has long sleeves, a small roll collar, and an A-line hem. The other, with which a jacket goes, is of orange silk with staggering diagonal stripes. Both were done by Kasper for Joan Leslie, which shipped them off to Lee Hano, who is doling them out at just $125 a copy.

THERE ensues, since I cannot be expected to ignore my own tradition, a shop-by-shop account, in the order prescribed by our famous alphabet. First off is Bendel, which doesn't go to Seventh Avenue anymore but prefers, instead, to ferret out its own collection of American designers, who are bound over to create for Bendel, and for Bendel alone. A new arrival in the compound is young Deanna Littell, whose needlework is on view in the sector called Bendel's Fancy. She likes brilliant colors in combination (satin in Kelly faced with purple, or red with turquoise, say) or black—nothing in between, at least on the evidence. One long black wool-crêpe bias dress of hers has a brief bolero jacket that is wholly of overlapping gold-metal coins (six or seven hundred of them), which provide a reasonably merry tinkle. Another black dress has narrow 14-carat-gold binding, a double cord of it around the oval neck, and another around the high waist. The coat that accompanies it is of black Melton cloth, with double-breasted gold buttons. Another pet of hers is the bathrobe cut, as in her garment (it can be either a coat *or* a dress) that wraps across and sports a sash. Black wool is the basis. The gold-plated lining shows on the wide revers and the sash. For grand-luxe, she does the thing in a Paisley silk that is quilted and then beaded. And not quiet at all. There's a lot of the Cossack in the band collars around town today (the trade now tends to call them Mao collars, nevertheless), and one of them appears on a Littell dress of black wool with gold metallic ribbon around the neck and going down one side. The girl, I think, is unique, and her going price is $200 up to $1,500. . . . Bergdorf has the damnedest evening tent, by Trigère, of wood-violet wool. It is a long job that goes into a hooded peak at the top and swings out circularly in the fashion that only Trigère knows about; all manner of rhinestone studs are applied. The Mystery Maiden is what you'll be called if you latch on to this one. . . . In Bloomingdale's Green Room, a long black velvet dress by Harold Levine represents Romance with its Little Lord

How an American business looks at the American figure.

Forbes reports that the big fifteen-cubic-foot model refrigerator—the largest size—is now the most popular model in America.

And Americans must have made a lot of midnight raids on said refrigerators, because today over 3.5 million Americans take a diet product daily.

Which is where a company called Mead Johnson comes into the picture.

Mead Johnson introduced Metrecal to overweight Americans back in '59. Then, Metrecal was a 900-calorie-a-day diet drink that almost overnight created a brand new market. It also nearly doubled sales to 111 million dollars.

The trouble was that over a hundred competitors imitated it. Also, the "fat" market had turned into the "fad" market.

In five years the winner had turned into a loser.

Mead Johnson didn't give up, says Forbes. They trimmed costs, slashed inventories and adopted a new selling approach.

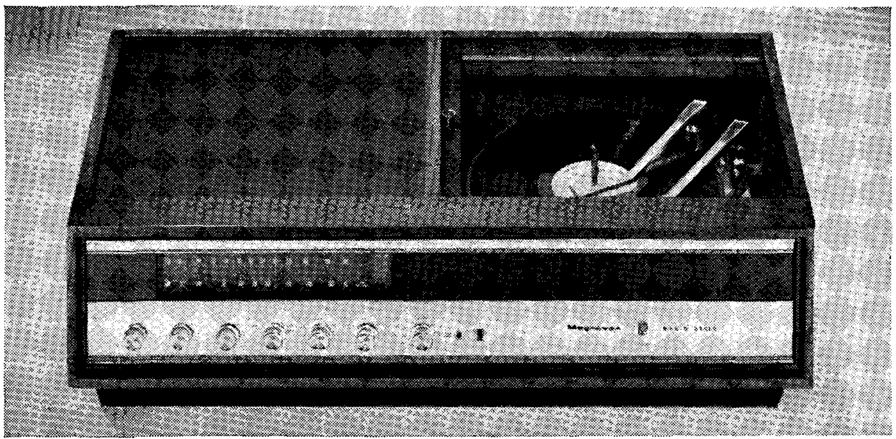
First, they reformulated their line and introduced a tastier milkshake drink in nine new flavors. Then, their advertising emphasized figure enhancement rather than weight control.

What happened is that Metrecal moved out of the medicine cabinet toward the kitchen, the patio and the pool. The result, says Forbes, is that Metrecal is again the leader in diet drinks with 60% of the market.

That's how Forbes works: it shows businessmen how other businesses think. And how they act.

Even in a shrinking market.

Forbes: capitalist tool



Model KO883 Tuner/Amplifier/Phonograph.

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It's a solid-state Magnavox stereo FM/AM receiver. It's a Magnavox stereo phonograph. It's both, in one handsome, compact, walnut cabinet! 40 watts of undistorted music power. Featherlight tracking virtually banishes record wear. Sold only at franchised Magnavox dealers (see Yellow Pages).

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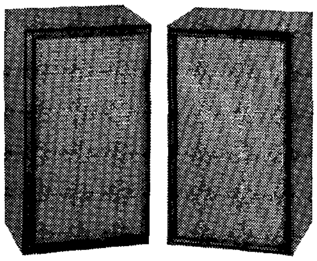
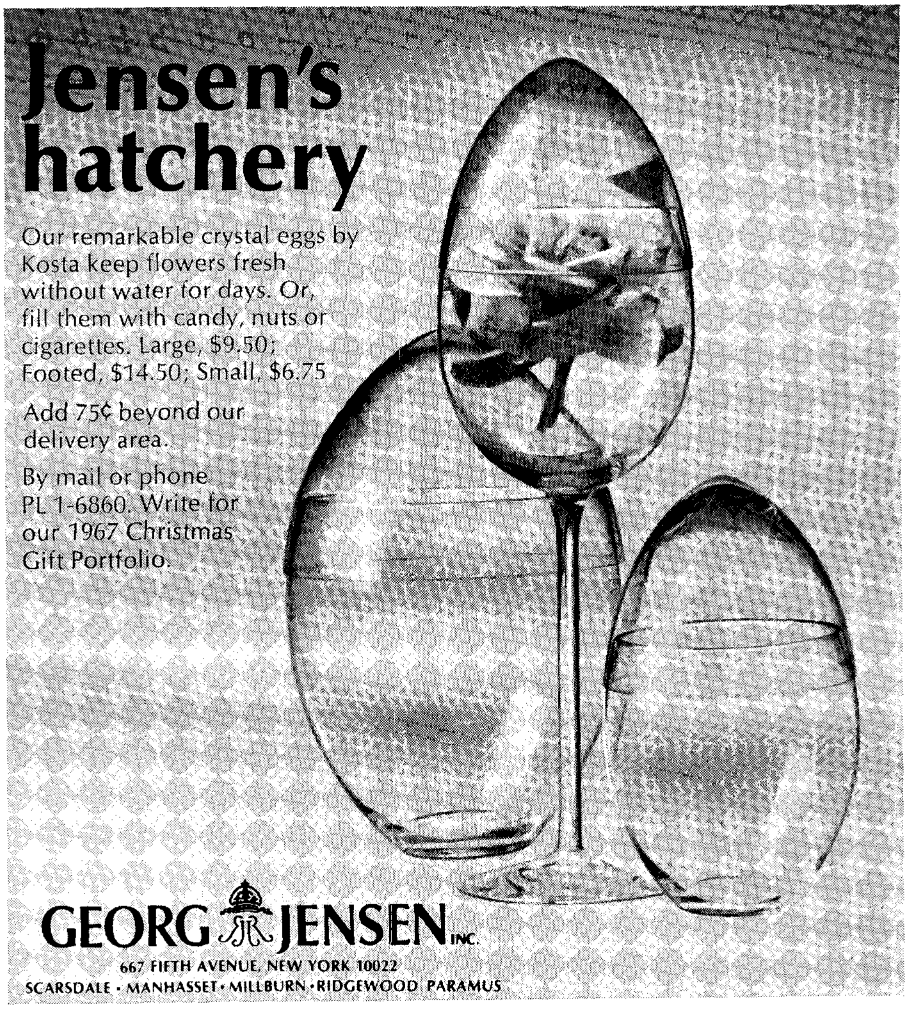


Magnavox S62 matched speaker systems.



Jensen's hatchery

Our remarkable crystal eggs by Kosta keep flowers fresh without water for days. Or, fill them with candy, nuts or cigarettes. Large, $9.50; Footed, $14.50; Small, $6.75

Add 75¢ beyond our delivery area.

By mail or phone PL 1-6860. Write for our 1967 Christmas Gift Portfolio.

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SCARSDALE • MANHASSET • MILLBURN • RIDGEWOOD PARAMUS

Fauntleroy ruffles of white lace—one at the wrist and two at the neck. A Zuckerman entrant here is in quite another mood—a short dress, snugly fitted, of a raised Paisley brocade with a metallic thread. *It* represents Class. . . . Bonwit Teller cherishes its Tassell long formal dress of puckered silk with all-embracing silver, gold, and soft-blue embroidery, very delicate, on a black ground. It gets a fitted bodice and a panel front and back; the matching coat is collarless and semifitted. . . . Evelyn Byrnes has one of those single-shoulder dresses, by Tam of California, in green satin. The result is a wide, circular tent with a big tailored bow on the covered shoulder. . . . Saks' evening department shows a Burke-Amey slither of pale iridescent paillettes that goes all the way to the floor. The Burke-Amey bird of state now appears to be the butterfly, and so a vivid big one (paillettes, too) is perched next to the left knee of this dress. In the Park Avenue Room you can see Chester Weinberg's appreciation of the mid-calf skirt—an outfit of pearl-gray velvet with a loose standup collar and a belt that ties high up. Chinchillette (which is just Super Br'er Rabbit) makes the cuffs on the long sleeves and the border around the at-half-mast skirt. Didn't half-mast use to represent mourning? Well, it doesn't anymore.

—Lois Long

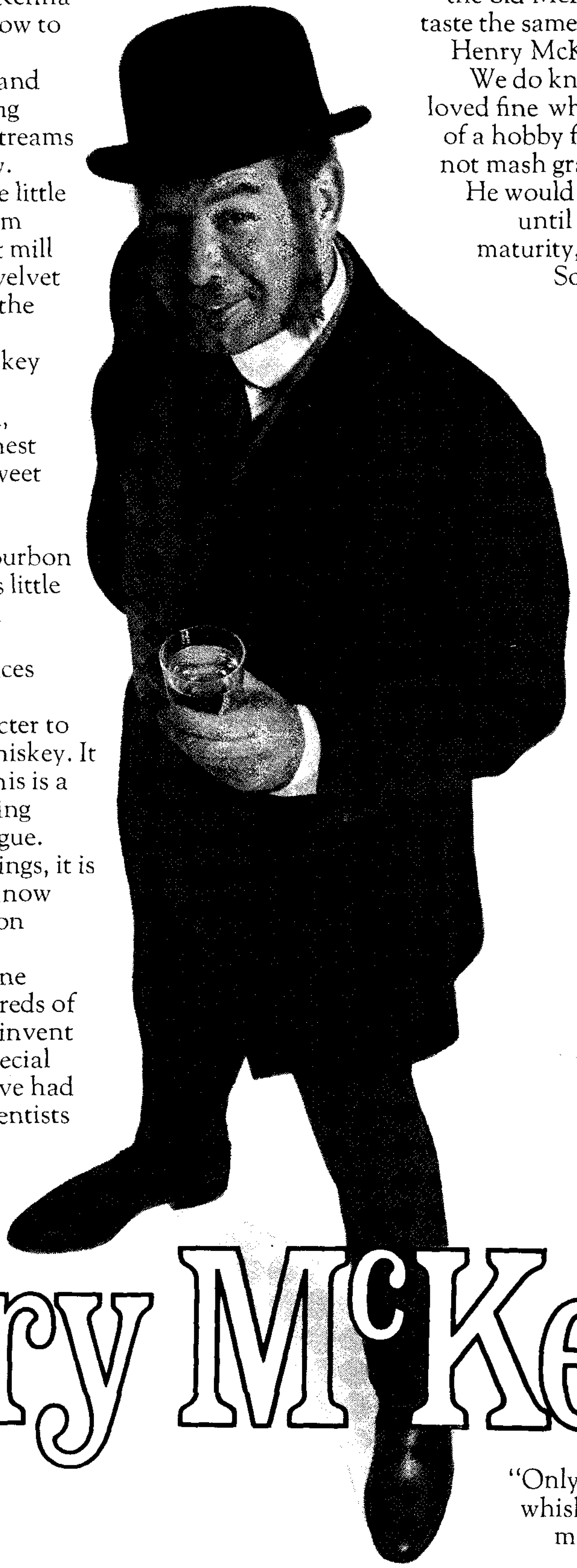
•

THE GOLDFISH WIFE

It is Monday morning
And the goldfish wife
Comes out with her laundry
To shout her message.
There! Her basket glistens
In the sun and shines—
A wicker O. And see how
The goldfish wife touches
The clothes, her fingers
Stretching toward starch,
The wind beating her hair
As though all hair
Were laundry. Come,
Dear fishwife, golden
In your gills, come tell
Us of your life and be
Specific. Come into our lives—
Where no sun shines and no
Winds spill
The laundry from the rope—
Come on the broomstick of a
Widow-witch, fly
From the empty clotheslines
Of the poor
And teach us how to air
Our lives again.

—Sandra Hochman

Henry McKenna's remarkable Kentucky Table Whiskey: The Bourbon with a Brogue:



Once there was a strong gentle Irishman from the Parish of Ballinascreen in County Derry. His name, which was to become quite famous, was Henry McKenna.

In the year 1837 Henry McKenna followed his own private rainbow to America, to seek his fortune.

And before long he settled and prospered among the soft rolling meadows and quick tumbling streams of Nelson County, in Kentucky.

Henry McKenna built a fine little mill by his own limestone stream and from every window of that mill he could look out on the deep velvet green of hills that are very like the hills of Ireland.

And he began making whiskey by hand.

There were many men then, and there are now, making honest bourbon whiskey among the sweet green hills of Kentucky.

But among all the fine local whiskies, the handmade red bourbon table whiskey from McKenna's little mill in Fairfield was considered exceptional from the first.

It commanded premium prices then, as it does today.

There is a rare gentle character to Henry McKenna's bourbon whiskey. It sits happily on your tongue. This is a charming whiskey, a lovely lilting whiskey, a bourbon with a brogue.

And like most charming things, it is a bit of a mystery. We do not know why Henry McKenna's bourbon tastes so good.

The formulas for making fine whiskey have existed for hundreds of years. Henry McKenna didn't invent them. Perhaps there is some special quality in the water. But we have had this water analysed and the scientists say no. Maybe the very softness of the air in Fairfield, Kentucky works some unknown magic on the whiskey as it ages. This much is certain: bourbon made to exactly the same proportions twenty miles away from the old McKenna mill at Fairfield does not taste the same. It is good whiskey but it is not Henry McKenna.

We do know this. Henry McKenna truly loved fine whiskey and his still was as much of a hobby for him as a business. He would not mash grain unless it was the best grain. He would not pour a drop of his whiskey until it had achieved his standard of maturity, which was demanding indeed.

So maybe the difference in Henry McKenna's bourbon is simply that he loved it more. Love works wonders on people and plants and animals. It could account for the happy taste of Henry McKenna Bourbon.

We like to think so.

And we try to give the bourbon we make today the same care and affection that has been the good heritage of Henry McKenna Bourbon for more than a hundred years.

You can buy McKenna's handmade bourbon today. It is not available everywhere. But it is worth seeking out.

Our bourbon comes in fat half-gallon earthenware crocks (where state laws permit), or in basic bottles. From Fairfield, Kentucky. With love.

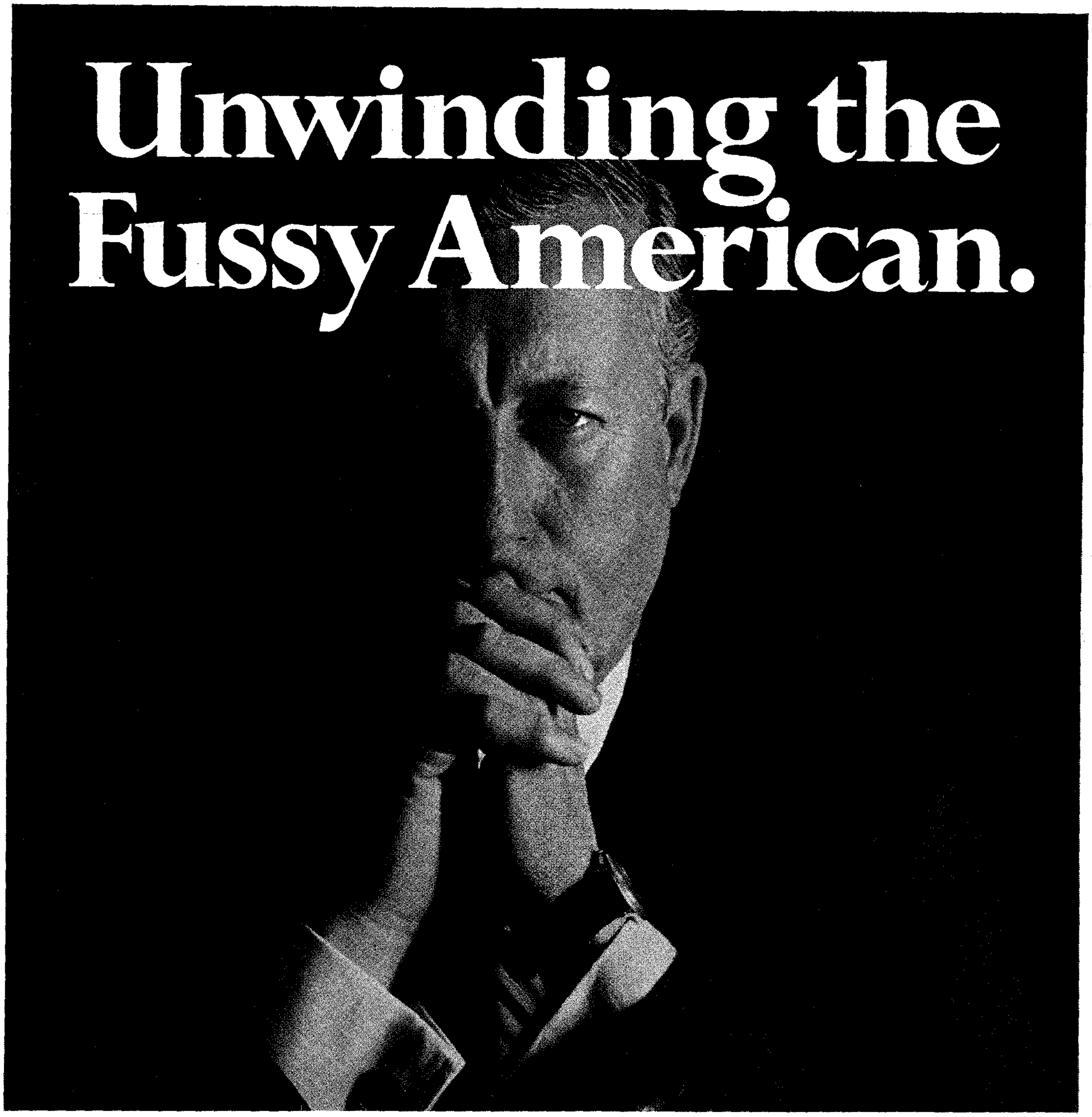
HENRY McKENNA
HENRY McKENNA
Hand made
KENTUCKY WHISKEY

Henry McKenna

"Only an Irishman could love whiskey enough to take this much care making it."

H. McKENNA DISTILLERY, FAIRFIELD, KENTUCKY. 86 PROOF. KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY, SIX YEARS OLD.

Unwinding the Fussy American.



When Sheraton set out on a crusade to unwind America, we never dreamed we'd be creating a new breed of traveler: The Fussy American.

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He's very fussy about what he eats. And so Sheraton created "Royal Foods". Now he can enjoy the same top quality menu and consistent preparation at Sheraton Hotels and Motor Inns coast to coast.

The Fussy American regards good service as his due — not as a favor. His room must be clean and comfortable. And so Sheraton designed "Royal Executive Service."

Finally, when he leaves, he insists on leaving fast. Sheraton's "Royal Express Checkout" takes care of that.

Sheraton created The Fussy American and now we have to live with him. That's exactly the way we want it.

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DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

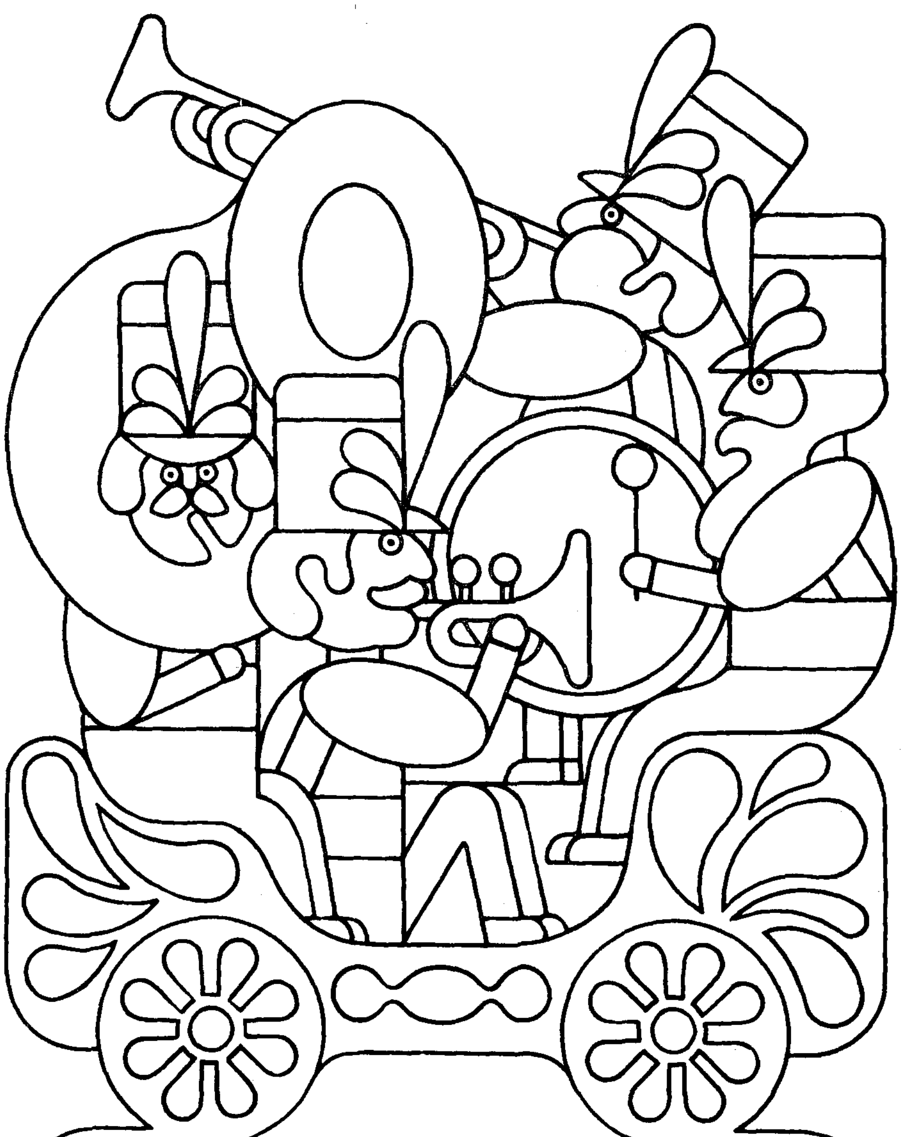
LONDON,
OCTOBER 1, 1967

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
SIRS:

IN a review, some months ago, of Antonia Fraser's "A History of Toys" in your magazine, Naomi Bliven referred to the author as "Mrs. Fraser." This was a solecism that would have made any reader of the *Daily Express* wince. She is Lady Antonia Fraser, and she could never be Mrs. Fraser or Mrs. anything unless she broke with the system. She is Lady Antonia because her father was, and is, an earl—the Earl of Longford. Lord Longford, as we may familiarly call him, is the Labour Government's Leader of the House of Lords, an equivalent, but even less powerful, of Mike Mansfield. Though Lady Antonia's father is a Socialist, her husband is a Conservative Member of the House of Commons, the Right Honourable Hugh Fraser. He is Right Honourable because, as a member of the previous, Conservative Government, he was made a Privy Councillor. Important Ministers are always appointed to the Privy Council, whose functions these days are largely ceremonial; they are all summoned at the accession of a new monarch. The great advantage to an M.P. of being a Privy Councillor is that he is addressed in the House of Commons as "the right honourable gentleman" instead of "the honourable gentleman." (If he is a lawyer, he is "the right honourable *and learned* gentleman.") The House of Lords is more egalitarian. Everyone there is simply "noble," or, at most, "noble and learned." ("I thank the noble lord for his witty observation. . . .") Hugh Fraser would have been the Honourable even if he had not gone into politics, because he is the younger son of a baron, the late Lord Lovat.

Whitaker's Almanack observes that "the rules which govern the arrangements of the Peerage are marked by so many complications that even an expert may occasionally be perplexed." Forms of address are one of the more interesting parts of the game, and it is not surprising that Miss Bliven (Mrs. Bliven? Lady Naomi?) has gone astray. A few straightforward rules might be worth stating to ease the task of those who review books by British peers and peeresses and their offspring, and I belatedly volunteer to state them.

To begin with daughters, since a



We can't remember
all the names of permanent press.
They always begin with perm
or stay or stop,
and end with press.
It's sad to think it's all our fault.
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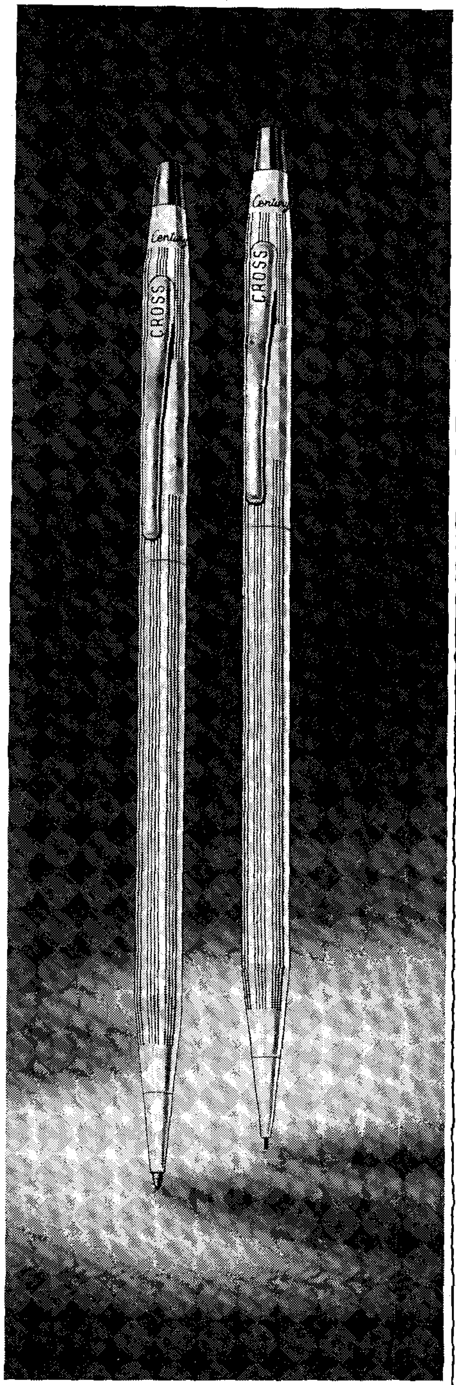

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daughter is what Lady Antonia is, the key thing to remember is the special treatment given to daughters of the top three categories of nobility—dukes, marquesses, and earls. They are called Lady followed by their first name and then the family name. Before Lady Antonia was married, she was Lady Antonia Pakenham, because the Longford family name is Pakenham. When the daughter of a duke, a marquess, or an earl marries, she remains Lady —— but takes her husband's family name instead of her father's; thus, Lady Antonia Fraser. Unless, of course, she marries a peer, when all bets are off.

The wife of a baron drops her first name and is addressed as Lady followed by her husband's title; for example, Lady Lovat. Naturally, in the higher brackets there are greater formalities. The wife of a viscount is formally described as the Viscountess ——. An earl is usually earl *of* something, like the Earl of Longford, and an earl's wife is the Countess of ——. A marquess's wife is the Marchioness of ——, a duke's the Duchess of ——. But any of these may be addressed, less formally, as Lady ——, except a duchess, who is always a duchess.

The eldest sons of dukes, marquesses, and earls are given courtesy titles until they succeed to the real thing. For example, the Duke of Buccleuch's eldest son is the Earl of Dalkeith. He sits in the House of Commons, which is confusing, but he has a perfect right to be elected to a seat there. Once a commoner has succeeded to a real peerage, however, he is barred forever from the House of Commons unless he renounces the title. If he does so, he does not bind his son, who might rather be a duke than a politician. On the other hand, increasing numbers of peers have no title to hand on to their sons, because they are life peers—holders of non-hereditary titles. Prime Minister Harold Macmillan invented this device, which is slowly subverting the hereditary principle of the House of Lords and would have provided W. S. Gilbert with some alternative plots. Prime Minister Harold Wilson has found the life peerage a particularly welcome method of disposing of old Socialists and mollifying defeated Tory politicians. He has not created any hereditary peers in his three years in office, regarding such peers as undemocratic. The last Labour Prime Minister before him, Clement Attlee, accepted a hereditary earldom in 1955 and moved to the House of Lords as Earl Attlee.

I have strayed from the question of proper forms of address for the peerage,

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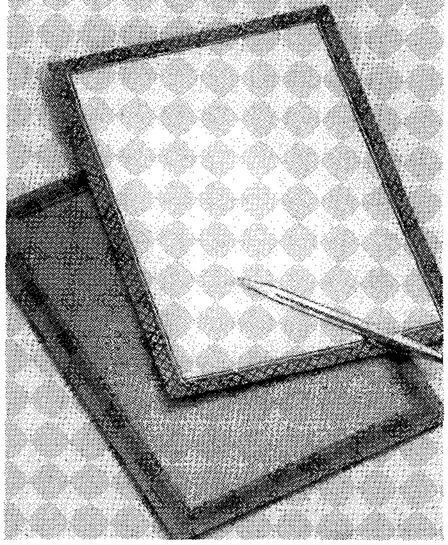

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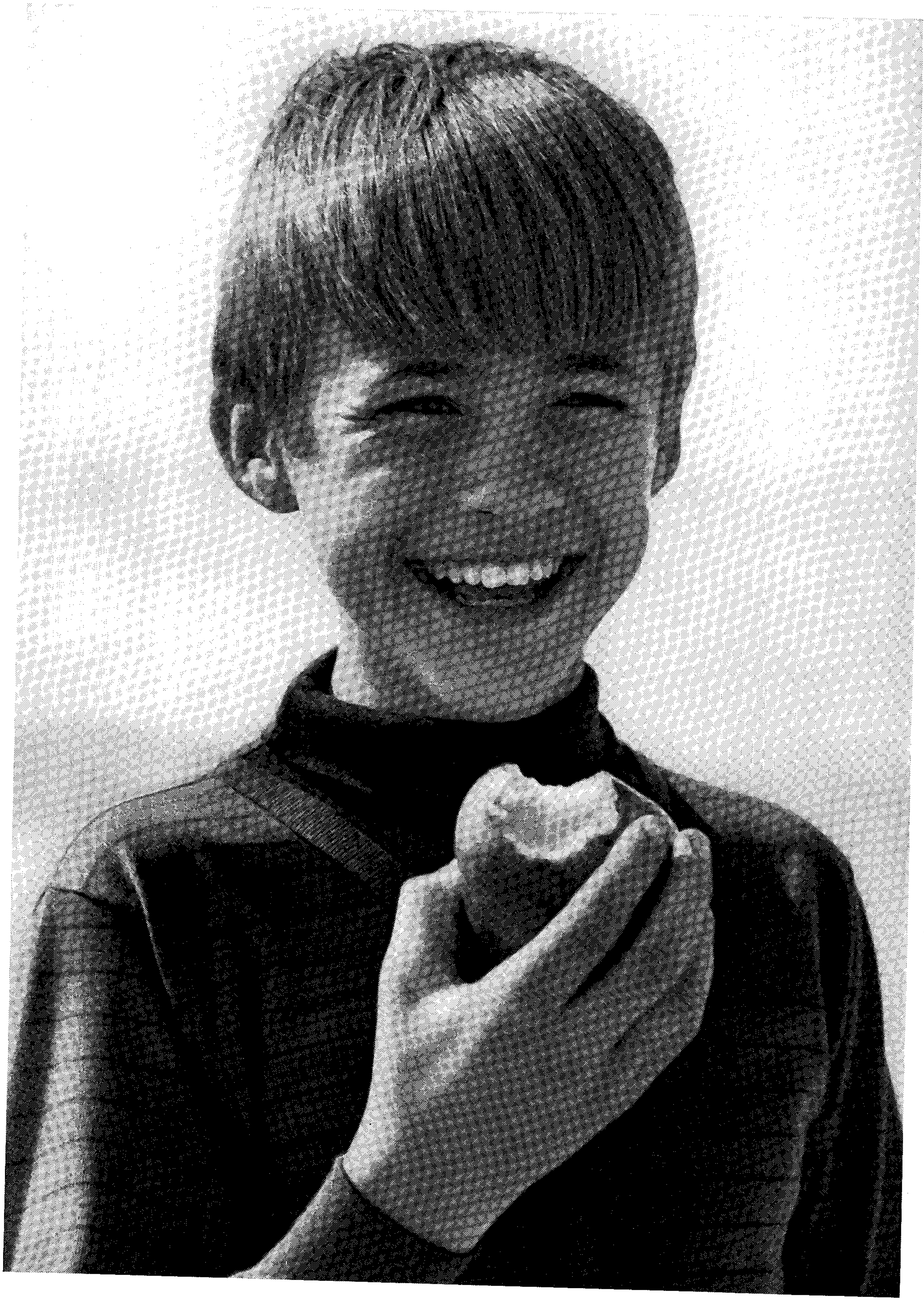

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but that may be just as well. No younger sons of dukes or marquesses, I hope, will write books soon, since they take a distinctive style—Lord followed by their first name and then the family name, as in Lord Randolph Churchill, Sir Winston's father, who was a younger son of the seventh Duke of Marlborough. Younger sons of earls and all sons and daughters of viscounts and barons are simply the Honourable, abbreviated Hon., as in Jessica Mitford's "Hons and Rebels." (The word "Hons" is used as a lightly mocking collective; in pronouncing it one sounds the "H." Miss Mitford says in her book that she and her sister Debo as children organized a Society of Hons whose name was "derived not from the fact that Debo and I were Honourables, but from the Hens which played so large a part in our lives." This rural origin seems to have been forgotten by everyone but the Mitfords.) Then, there is the whole problem of baronets, who are hereditary but do not sit in the House of Lords. They are called Sir followed by first name and family name, as are knights, who are not hereditary. Wives of knights and baronets are Lady followed by the husband's family name; e.g., Sir Fitzroy Maclean, Bt., and Lady Maclean. Since that sounds the same as the wife of any peer except a duke, it is hard to tell when one is introduced to Lady L. whether her husband is Sir Christopher L. or Lord L. (Lady Maclean actually should be addressed formally as the Hon. Lady Maclean, since she is the daughter of a peer, the late Lord Lovat—she is Hugh Fraser's sister. But that is another matter.)

The confusion about all this is the worse because persons with titles have taken, in a democratic way, to omitting them when they write books. Lady Antonia signed her book simply "Antonia Fraser," and anyone not attuned to these delicate matters could be forgiven for thinking she was a Mrs., since the jacket mentioned her husband and children. Lady Antonia's mother, Lady Longford, writes books, too, among them "Queen Victoria: Born to Succeed." She signs them "Elizabeth Longford." When titled individuals write letters to the *Times* of London in this bare, democratic guise, the *Times* unveils them by printing their full name, with title, in an italic line above. Perhaps, as the Anglicization of American book reviewing proceeds, *The New Yorker* and other journals will have to take similar measures.

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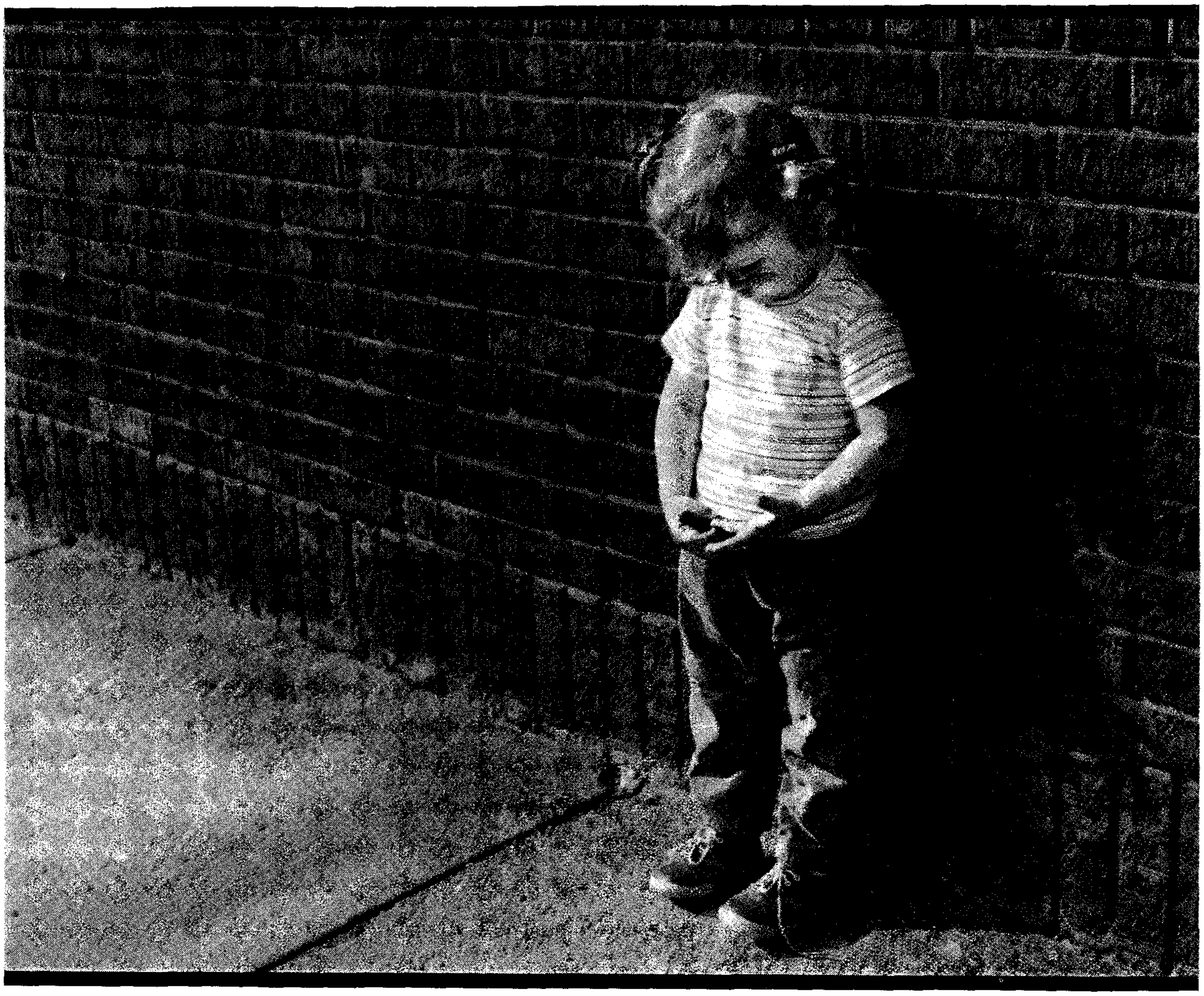

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CARSON McCULLERS' "Reflections in a Golden Eye" is a curiosity—a literary exercise set for herself by a young writer of such talent and originality that she forced life back into a genre that one would have thought at the time was better off dead. Against all odds, the little novel lived, and, over a quarter of a century later, continues to live, with a jaunty perverseness of vitality that must have given Mrs. McCullers particular pleasure in her last, sad years. One handicap that the novel mysteriously survives is the synthetic language in which it is written—a language derived from Flaubert by way, I suspect, of Willa Cather, who in the nineteen-thirties was sternly preaching the cause of *le roman démeublé*. Mrs. McCullers' expository and descriptive prose is often not in the English of our day, or of any day. The sentences, fussed over and worried into unnatural cadences ("The young soldier felt in him a keen, strange sweetness that never before in his life had he known"), bristle with archaic words and usages; of Captain Penderton, the murderous protagonist of the novel, Mrs. McCullers writes, "He stood in a somewhat curious relation to the three fundaments of existence—life itself, sex, and death. Sexually the Captain obtained within himself a delicate balance between the male and female elements, with the susceptibilities of both the sexes and the active powers of neither." When she writes dialogue, it sometimes has the ring of a correct but uncolloquial translation: " 'I will kill you!' he said in a strangled voice. 'I will do it! I will do it!' " Another handicap that the book overcomes is the outrageousness of a number of episodes inside the neatly constructed plot. Mrs. McCullers had the wisdom to keep her novel extremely short (it can be read in less than an hour), and the still greater wisdom to throw away certain shockers—like the act of mutilation that the hysterical Mrs. Langdon performs on herself—in a single sentence; it is true in art, if not in physics, that the faster one skates over thin ice the better.

I hope I have said enough to indicate that "Reflections in a Golden Eye" is

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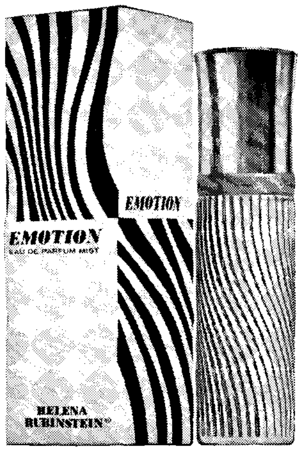

EMOTION® by Helena Rubinstein

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a radically unrealistic work. The only way to bring it to the screen successfully is to preserve this unreality by respecting the brevity, rhetoric, and grotesquerie of the original. In the present movie version, directed by John Huston from a screenplay by Chapman Mortimer and Gladys Hill, an altogether different course has been followed, with deplorable results. The movie is very long and solid and matter-of-fact, and the necessary revelations of the plot reach us not through an invisible narrator but by means of implausible conversations, which often come close to being funny instead of horrible. It is characteristic of Mr. Huston's gross approach to the picture that the violent death with which it ends should be accompanied by a Night-on-Bald-Mountain thunderstorm and the incessant screams of the heroine. Neither the storm nor the screams—the quintessence of Hollywood banality—are to be found in the book. The one calculatedly unrealistic effect that Mr. Huston has permitted himself is the bronzy tint with which the entire film has been suffused, presumably in order to convey the "golden" of the title, and what is this but a conventional Hollywood notion of the artistic?

The movie fails at every turn and, in failing, calls attention to the weakest aspects of the novel—the young soldier out of D. H. Lawrence who moons about stark naked in the woods; the stallion, also out of Lawrence, that the heroine rejoices to ride because her husband is impotent; and the homosexual Filipino houseboy, who is *not* out of Lawrence and who would surely be less rice-paper-thin if he were. Marlon Brando plays the critical role of Penderton and is convincing only by fits and starts, with the emphasis on "fits" rather than "starts." As Mrs. Penderton, Elizabeth Taylor is plump and squeaky-voiced; as Mrs. Langdon, Julie Harris is monotonously woebegone; and as the houseboy, Zorro David has been encouraged to overact with repellent zest. The one distinguished performance in the movie is by Brian Keith as Colonel Langdon; he makes his role as the simpleminded, adulterous husband of a madwoman seem a lot richer than it really is. The director of photography for "Reflections in a Golden Eye" was Aldo Tonti, and the portentous score was composed by Toshiro Mayuzumi.

"DIALOGUE" comes, like "Father," from Hungary and happens to cover much the same ground—the period from the end of the Second World

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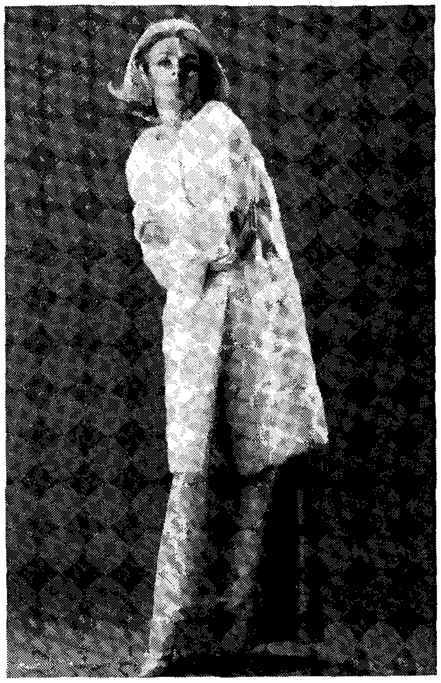

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War to date—though from a very different point of view. "Father" is personal and lyrical, while "Dialogue" resembles an old-fashioned novel of incident, in which the lives of a number of carefully varied people are shown crisscrossing against a backdrop of real events. I thought the movie went on much too long, which is perhaps only to say that I found myself being obliged to learn more about recent Hungarian history, and the workings of the Communist Party in that country, than I wished to take in. The two chief roles are played by Anita Semjén and Imre Sinkovits, who suffer attractively down the years as the grim witherings and whittlings of life gradually fit them for each other. . . . You will do well to avoid a disgusting movie called "The Fear," which concerns itself with a young Greek farmboy whom Brendan Behan would have called a sex mechanic, and an even more disgusting movie called "Carmen, Baby," which is a failed attempt at classy pornography and has very little to do with opera or pediatrics. —BRENDAN GILL

•

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[*A piece of campaign literature circulated by the Democratic-Liberal candidate for Mayor of Mount Vernon*]

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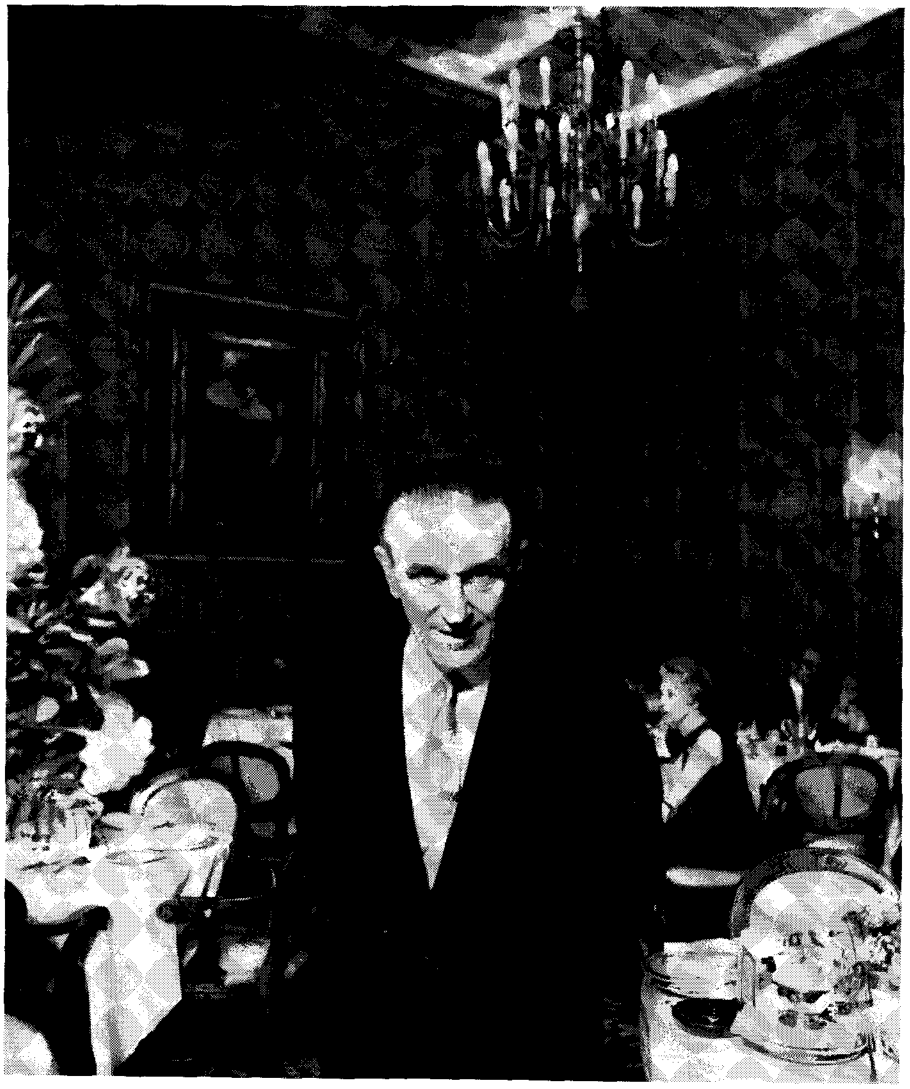

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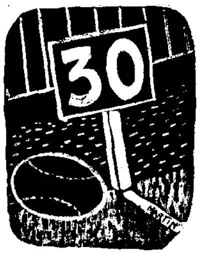
New Wine



THE first thing to notice during the preprandial warming up at Schoellkopf Field, in Ithaca, is that one of the Cornell coaches is throwing not very good passes at his catchers, all of whom have to be pole-vaulters to make connections. The purpose of the errors of his ways is obvious when Cornell takes the offensive, for Robertson, a not especially noticeable quarterback only a year ago, drives his receivers to their limits. They must be fleet of foot and of wing to snaffle his throws, and the defender who would intercept either a pass or its catcher must be even fleeter. The defender who would follow the intricate palming of the ball in the Cornell backfield must have, at the minimum, double vision; the runner who would go up against the middle of the Cornell line must be mad. Thus it is that Cornell, customarily terribly slow about getting out of bed at the beginning of the season, is rolling: Cornell 23, Bucknell 7, for an appetizer; Cornell 23 and the usually difficult Colgate 7, for an entrée; and, last Saturday, Cornell 47, Princeton 13, for a lion's feast. The surprise is not that this is happening but that it hasn't been happening all along. There was a time when Cornell could, and did, beat Ohio State—a much hulkier one than the Ohio State that knuckled under, 41–6, to Purdue last weekend; there was a time, more recent, when Gary Wood and Cornell were nearly unstoppable; there have been many more times when Cornell, the recipient (because of its geographical location and the fact that it is a state institution) of practically an overabundance of football players, has come to little or nothing. Some of the preceptors who preceded Jack Musick, the current head coach, seemed to have as many hard words as hard work for their not particularly small charges—and correspondingly poor results. (Hard words, let it be noted, are efficacious only in those establishments where dismissal of an insufficient player from the football team can also—by withdrawal of his athletic scholarship—mean dismissal from the university.) Musick arrived in Ithaca a year ago from the football staff at Dartmouth, where football for a long time has been one of the finer of the arts. Cornell's last season was a

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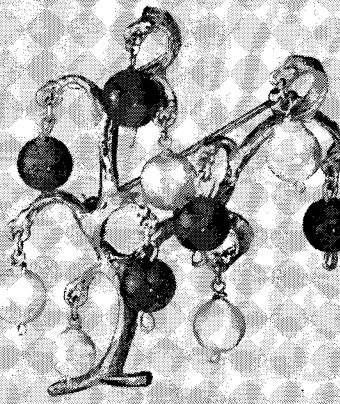

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winning one (6–3); this season *could* go 9–0. With dashers (Huling and Heeps) sweeping the ends, with a prancer like McCullen bulging through center (watching the way his feet move to feint his pursuers out of position can make one dizzy), with linemen who open up passages for their friends, with throwers like Robertson and his understudy, Arthur (who doubles as a pretty good punter), Cornell seems, as they say, to have it made. Dartmouth and Harvard may be the only roadblocks that remain, and Harvard arrives in Ithaca this Saturday. Attendance, I should think, is just about compulsory.

THE days when Army and Navy were the Eastern leaders of thought and of action are slowly being revived. Army, last Friday night, knocked off S.M.U., despite an evening temperature (85°) that required a constant change of Army cast owing to dehydration. It held Levias, the S.M.U. terror, to one touchdown (Army got three, plus Kurilko's forty-six-yard field goal, to win, 24–6), and it reactivated Steele, who helped out by nabbing a forty-four-yard pass. The next day, Navy knocked off Syracuse—an unbeaten Syracuse, at that—by the count of 27–14, which, such is the mystique of the Lambert Trophy, probably insures that Syracuse will win it this year, too. But the revival of Pennsylvania, once an Eastern leader of, etc., came to an end on Saturday in Hanover—Dartmouth (a team full of unfamiliar names) 23, Pennsylvania (a team full of familiar names) 0. Columbia's revival, slowed down a bit by Princeton the week before, ended in Boston—Harvard 49, Columbia 13. And Princeton, in large part a new team, suffered severe damage against Cornell not only to its early-season impetus but to Schoene, its leading quarterback.

—J. W. L.

•

Autumn is in the air. Mother Nature, with the gay abandon of a strip tease, drops her clothing in flamboyant disarray. The somber evergreens whisper their disapproval of her exhibitionism and mankind views the spectacle with awe.

—*Massachusetts Audubon Newsletter.*

And those chipmunks in the front row shouting, "Take it off, Mother!"

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[*Headline in the Baltimore Sun*]

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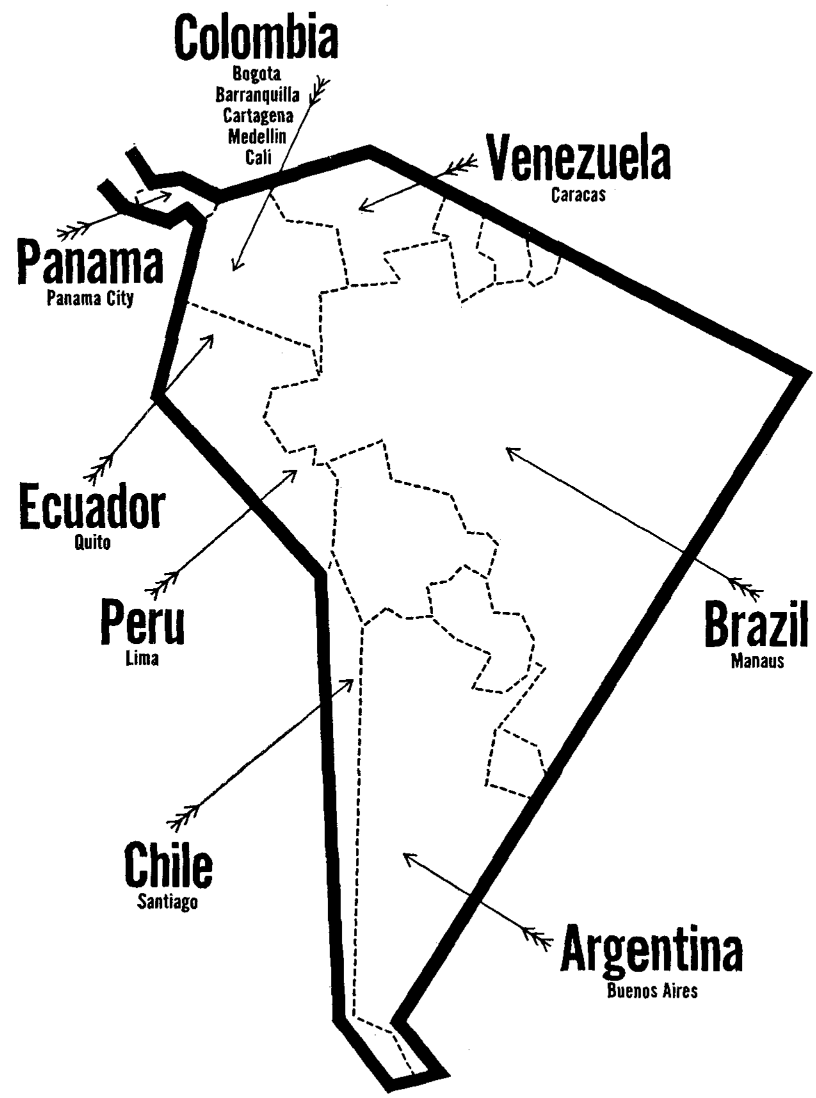

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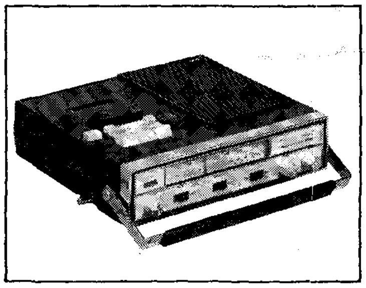

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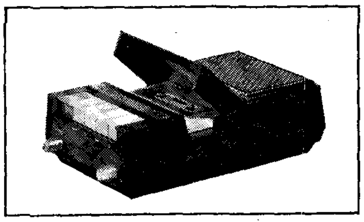

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THE RACE TRACK

Vitriolic Victorious

VITRIOLIC's victory in the Champagne Stakes, for two-year-olds, at Aqueduct last Saturday was a good show. There were only five runners, but I doubt if anyone at the Big A that afternoon could remember a more consistently exciting race since Saratoga. Iron Ruler and Captain's Gig took the lead quickly and stepped along lengths ahead of the others for more than half a mile. Vitriolic was away slowly, and with barely two furlongs to go was still last, but he turned on a burst of speed that called to mind Buckpasser's amazing one in the Suburban this summer, and mowed down the leaders to win by two lengths. Iron Ruler was second, and Captain's Gig was third, four and a half lengths farther back. Incidentally, Vitriolic put paid to a couple of scores, for he had finished second to Iron Ruler in the Cowdin Stakes and to Captain's Gig in the Futurity. It was the fastest Champagne ever; the mile was run in 1:34⅗, the first quarter in 0:23⅕, the half in 0:45⅕, and six furlongs in 1:09—a pace that cooked Iron Ruler and Captain's Gig and set the stage for Vitriolic, who now has five firsts in twelve starts and $316,881 to his credit. It is expected that his next go will be in the Garden State Stakes in Jersey next month.

The Champagne is the oldest stakes race for two-year-olds in America. The first running was in 1867, at Jerome Park, which was in Westchester County (not a trace of it remains), and it was won by a filly named Sarah B., who did the mile in 1:45 (ten and two-fifths seconds slower than the time last Saturday); D. McDaniel, who owned her, received a purse of $1,250. It cost Ogden Phipps, who owns Vitriolic, $1,725 in nomination and subsequent subscription and starting fees to send him to the post, but he received $119,500 of the $179,500 jackpot, a handsome silver cup, and two jeroboams of champagne. The Wheatley-Phipps establishment also won the race with the Wheatley Stable's Successor in 1966, with Mr. Phipps' Buckpasser in

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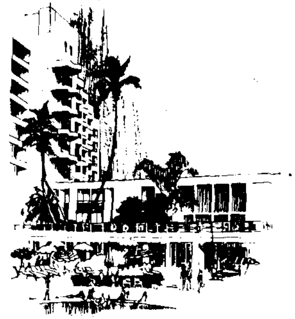

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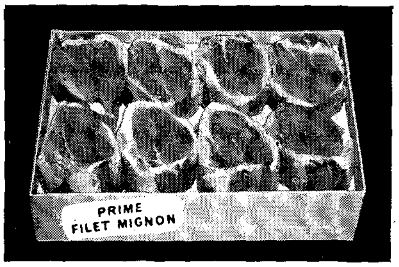

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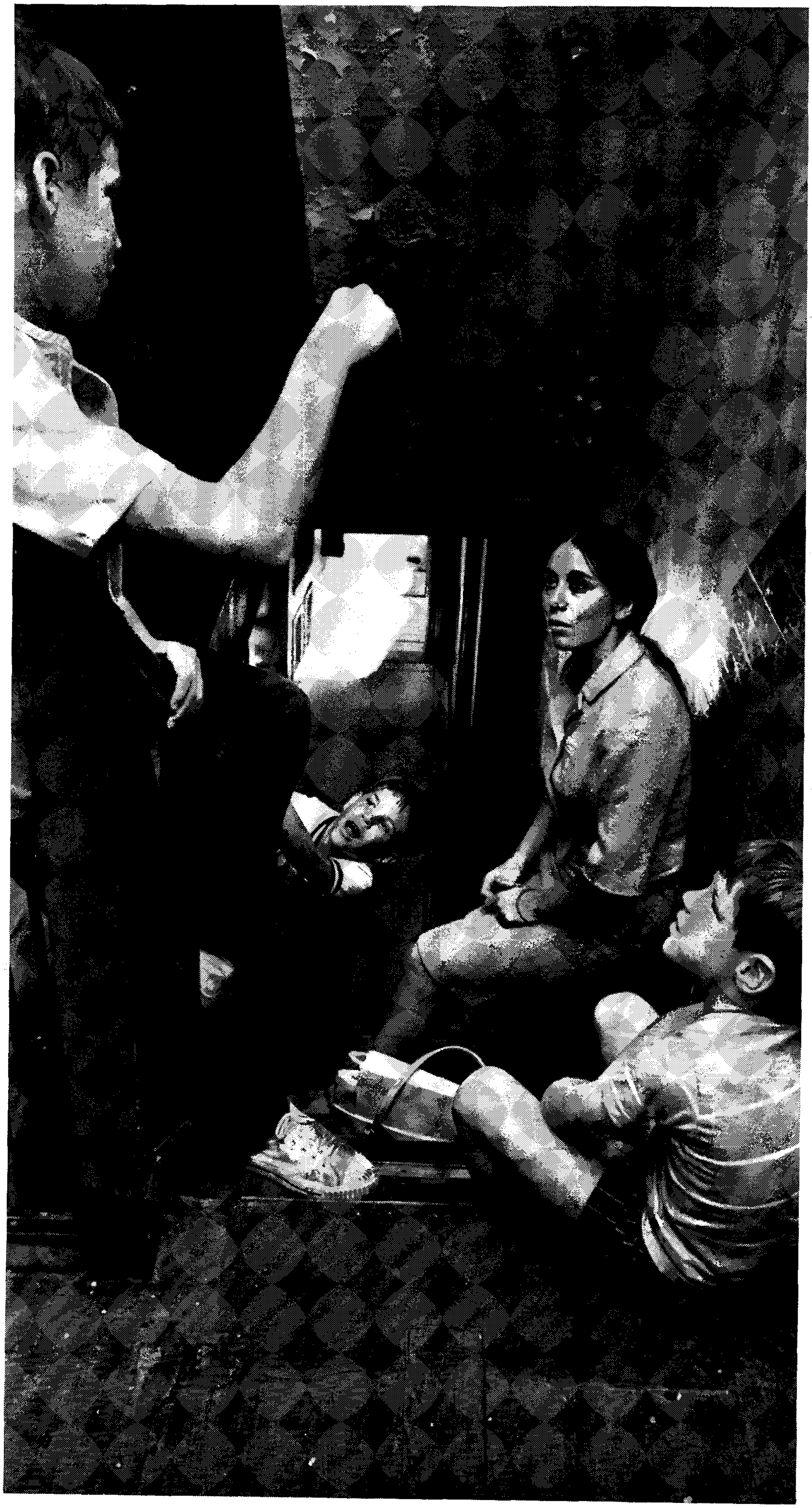

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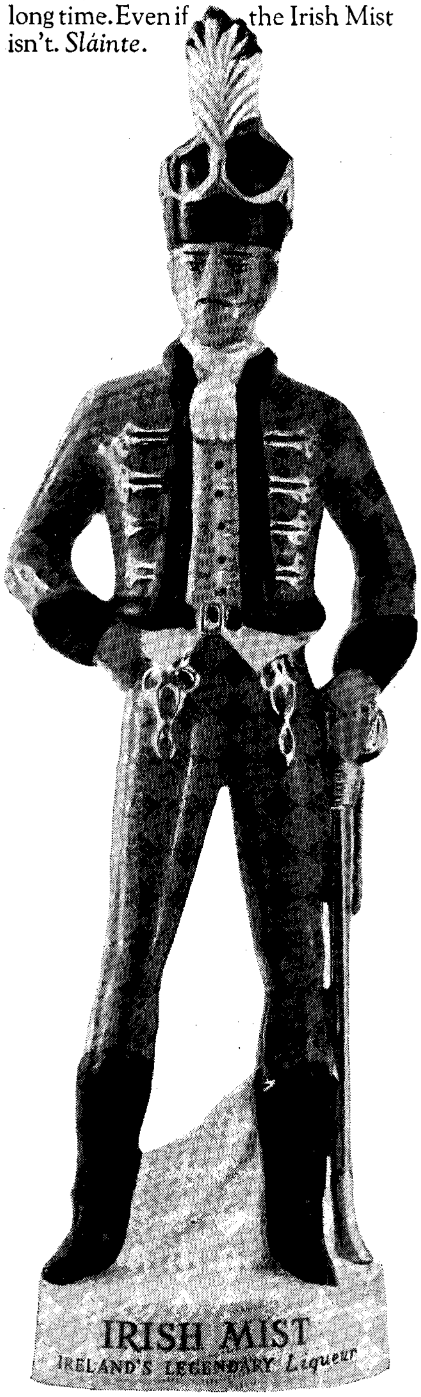

80 PROOF, HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN., SOLE IMPORTER, U.S.A.

1965, and with the Wheatley Stable's Bold Lad in 1964. Baeza rode all these winners; Bill Winfrey trained Bold Lad and Buckpasser for the race, and Ed Neloy trained the others.

JUST about this time a year ago, Bold Hour and Successor ran one, two in the Futurity. They repeated the performance in the Discovery Handicap, for three-year-olds, at a mile and a furlong, at Aqueduct last week. What impressed knowing observers was that Bold Hour and Successor—both by Bold Ruler, most of whose sons are better at six furlongs than a mile, to say nothing of a mile and a furlong—not only went the route but were going strong at the end. It was the best effort this season for Successor, who was voted best of his age in all the polls last December. Like Bold Lad, his full brother and the *Wunderkind* of 1964, he has been a disappointment this year. The Discovery Handicap was the end of the trail for Reason to Hail, who during the summer seemed to be under colors every Saturday and usually got some part of the purse, although he didn't win. He was first only once in twenty-six starts this year, but he earned $171,315. Early in the Discovery, he must have made a misstep, for he fractured two sesamoid bones in his left foreleg; he had to be destroyed.

MUNDEN POINT, who is at his best in the autumn, added the Manhattan Handicap, at a mile and five furlongs, to his list on Columbus Day at Aqueduct. Carrying top weight and leading all the way, he won comfortably from Dunderhead, Moontrip (who won the race last year), and five others. I don't suppose it had any bearing on the result—at any rate, the jockeys insisted it hadn't—but Shoemaker, who rode Royal Comedian, and Cordero, who rode Understanding, had hit the dirt in the previous race. Cordero was unseated when his mount, Alexville, stumbled at the start, and Shoemaker was on Flyalong, who broke a leg in the run down the backstretch. Shoemaker jumped as the horse went down. By the way, Baeza had been booked to ride Alexville, but he was allowed to cancel the engagement, because he strained a muscle while trying to keep Textonian, his mount in the third race, from running out. Dearie me, how things have changed! When I came round the race track, there were lots of riders who could have held the Twentieth Century Limited down to a walk without the slightest strain.

—AUDAX MINOR

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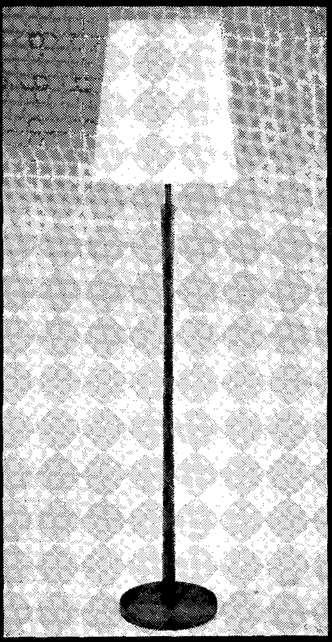

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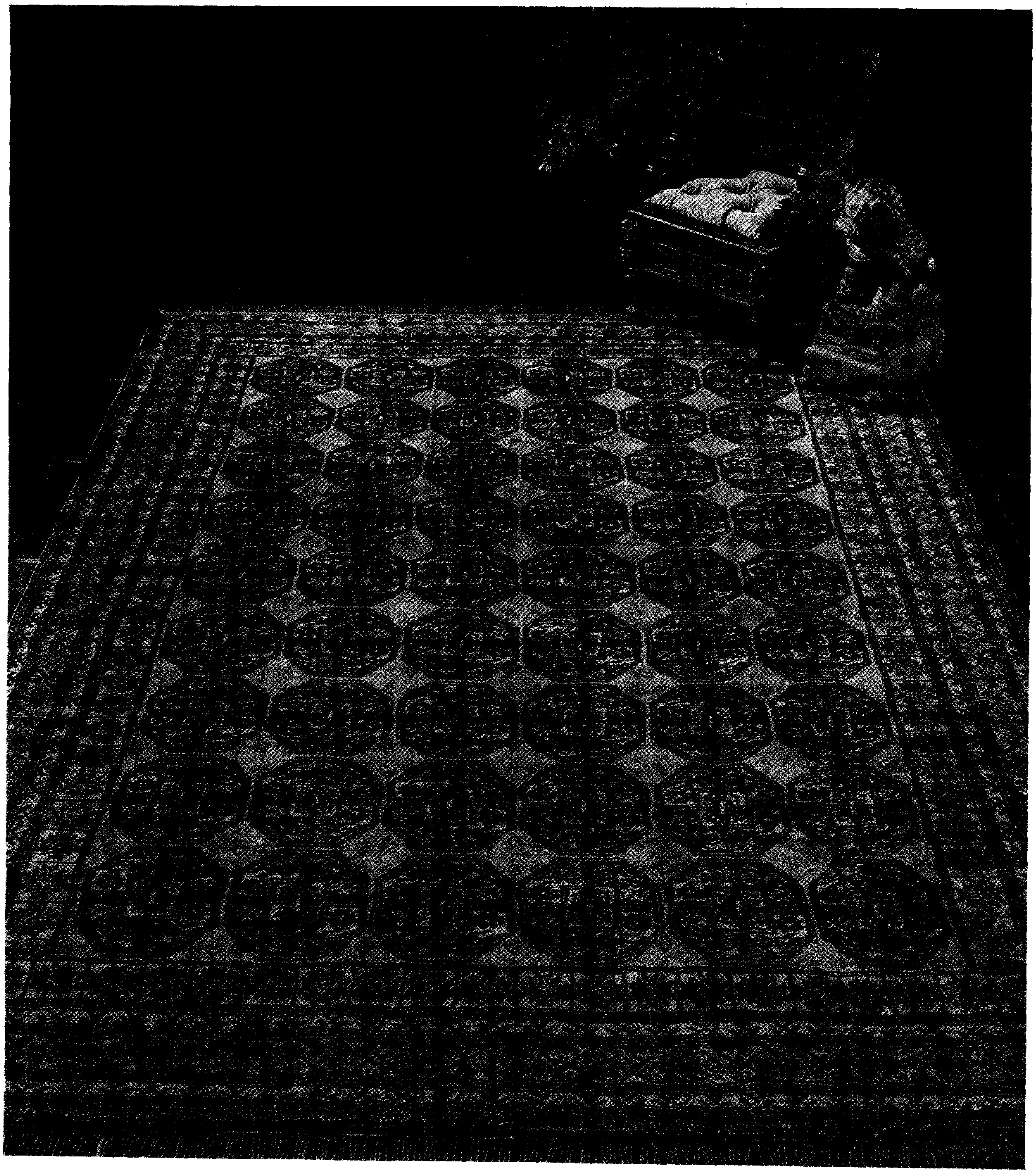

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ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

"BONNIE AND CLYDE"

HOW do you make a good movie in this country without being jumped on? "Bonnie and Clyde" is the most excitingly American American movie since "The Manchurian Candidate." The audience is alive to it. Our experience as we watch it has some connection with the way we reacted to movies in childhood: with how we came to love them and to feel they were ours—not an art that we learned over the years to appreciate but simply and immediately ours. When an American movie is contemporary in feeling, like this one, it makes a different kind of contact with an American audience from the kind that is made by European films, however contemporary. Yet any movie that is contemporary in feeling is likely to go further than other movies—go too far for some tastes—and "Bonnie and Clyde" divides audiences, as "The Manchurian Candidate" did, and it is being jumped on almost as hard. Though we may dismiss the attacks with "What good movie doesn't give some offense?," the fact that it is generally *only* good movies that provoke attacks by many people suggests that the innocuousness of most of our movies is accepted with such complacence that when an American movie reaches people, when it makes them react, some of them think there must be something the matter with it—perhaps a law should be passed against it. "Bonnie and Clyde" brings into the almost frighteningly public world of movies things that people have been feeling and saying and writing about. And once something is said or done on the screens of the world, once it has entered mass art, it can never again belong to a minority, never again be the private possession of an educated, or "knowing," group. But even for that group there is an excitement in hearing its own private thoughts expressed out loud and in seeing something of its own sensibility become part of our common culture.

Our best movies have always made entertainment out of the anti-heroism of American life; they bring to the surface what, in its newest forms and fashions, is always just below the surface. The romanticism in American movies lies in the cynical tough guy's independence; the sentimentality lies, traditionally, in the falsified finish when the anti-hero turns hero. In 1967, this kind of sentimentality wouldn't work with the audience, and "Bonnie and Clyde" substitutes sexual fulfillment for a change of heart. (This doesn't quite work, either; audiences sophisticated enough to enjoy a movie like this one are too sophisticated for the dramatic uplift of the triumph over impotence.)

Structurally, "Bonnie and Clyde" is a story of love on the run, like the old Clark Gable-Claudette Colbert "It Happened One Night" but turned inside out; the walls of Jericho are psychological this time, but they fall anyway. If the story of Bonnie Parker and Clyde Barrow seemed almost from the start, and even to them while they were living it, to be the material of legend, it's because robbers who are loyal to each other—like the James brothers—are a grade up from garden-variety robbers, and if they're male and female partners in crime and young and attractive they're a rare breed. The Barrow gang had both family loyalty and sex appeal working for their legend. David Newman and Robert Benton, who wrote the script for "Bonnie and Clyde," were able to use the knowledge that, like many of our other famous outlaws and gangsters, the real Bonnie and Clyde seemed to others to be acting out forbidden roles and to relish their roles. In contrast with secret criminals—the furtive embezzlers and other crooks who lead seemingly honest lives—the known outlaws capture the public imagination, because they take chances, and because, often, they enjoy dramatizing their lives. They know that newspaper readers want all the details they can get about the criminals who do the terrible things they themselves don't dare to do, and also want the satisfaction of reading about the punishment after feasting on the crimes. Outlaws play to this public; they show off their big guns and fancy clothes and their defiance of the law. Bonnie and Clyde established the images for their own legend in the photographs they posed for: the gunman and the gun moll. The naïve, touching doggerel ballad that Bonnie Parker wrote and

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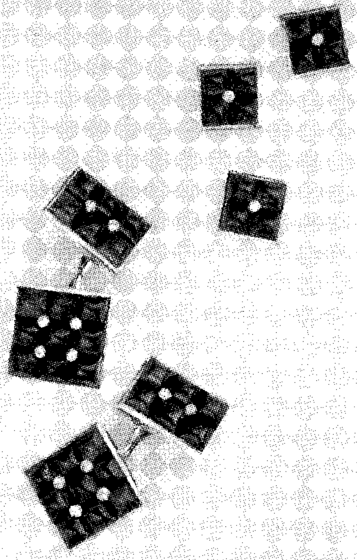
had published in newspapers is about the roles they play for other people contrasted with the coming end for them. It concludes:

> Someday they'll go down together;
> They'll bury them side by side;
> To few it'll be grief—
> To the law a relief—
> But it's death for Bonnie and Clyde.

That they did capture the public imagination is evidenced by the many movies based on their lives. In the late forties, there were "They Live by Night," with Farley Granger and Cathy O'Donnell, and "Gun Crazy," with John Dall and Peggy Cummins. (Alfred Hitchcock, in the same period, cast these two Clyde Barrows, Dall and Granger, as Loeb and Leopold, in "Rope.") And there was a cheap—in every sense—1958 exploitation film, "The Bonnie Parker Story," starring Dorothy Provine. But the most important earlier version was Fritz Lang's "You Only Live Once," starring Sylvia Sidney as "Joan" and Henry Fonda as "Eddie," which was made in 1937; this version, which was one of the best American films of the thirties, as "Bonnie and Clyde" is of the sixties, expressed certain feelings of its time, as this film expresses certain feelings of ours. ("They Live by Night," produced by John Houseman under the aegis of Dore Schary, and directed by Nicholas Ray, was a very serious and socially significant tragic melodrama, but its attitudes were already dated thirties attitudes: the lovers were very young and pure and frightened and underprivileged; the hardened criminals were sordid; the settings were committedly grim. It made no impact on the postwar audience, though it was a great success in England, where our moldy socially significant movies could pass for courageous.)

JUST how contemporary in feeling "Bonnie and Clyde" is may be indicated by contrasting it with "You Only Live Once," which, though almost totally false to the historical facts, was *told* straight. It is a peculiarity of our times—perhaps it's one of the few specifically modern characteristics—that we don't take our stories straight anymore. This isn't necessarily bad. "Bonnie and Clyde" is the first film demonstration that the put-on can be used for the purposes of art. "The Manchurian Candidate" *almost* succeeded in that, but what was implicitly wild and far out in the material was nevertheless presented on screen as a straight thriller. "Bonnie and Clyde" keeps the audience



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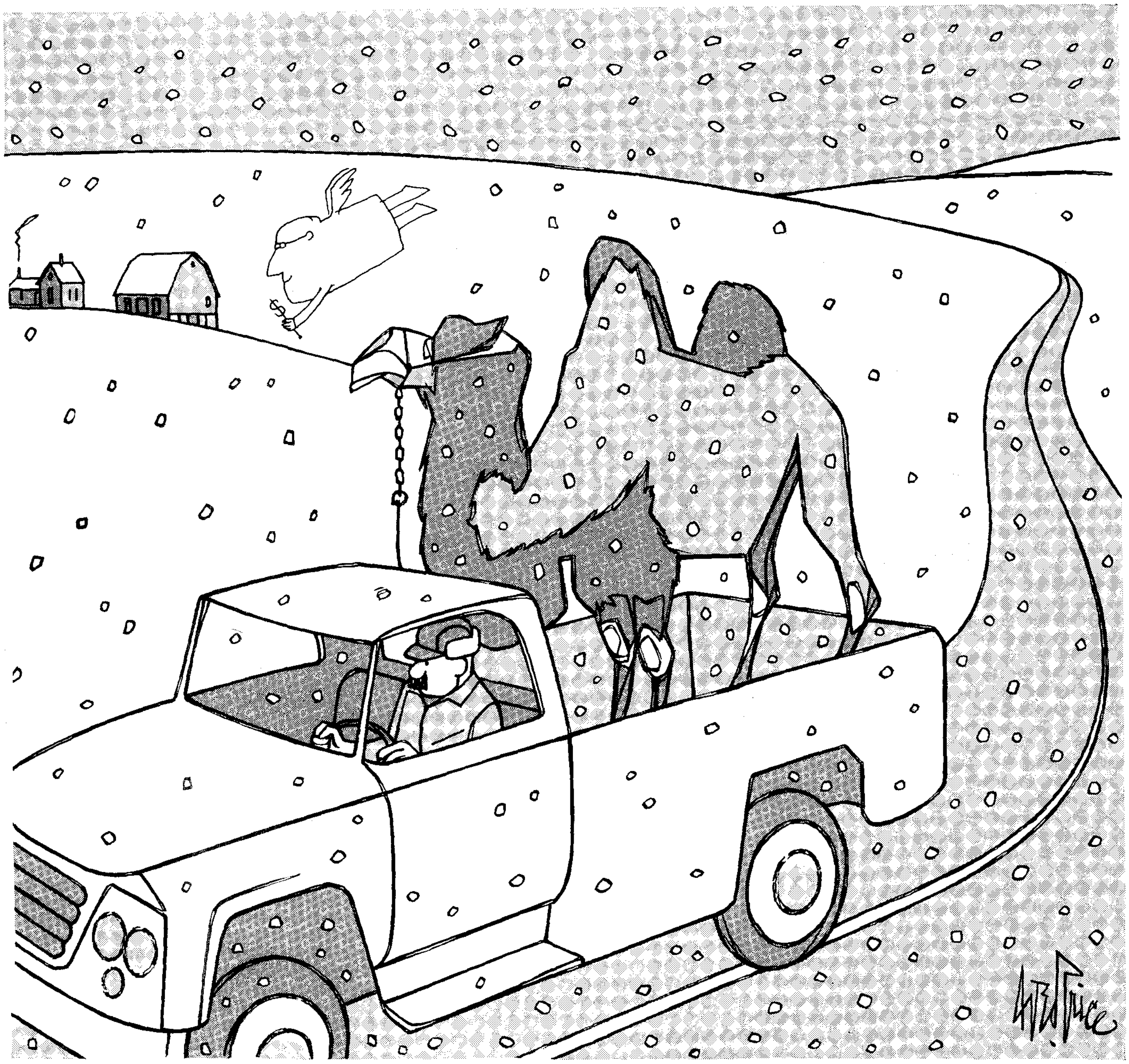

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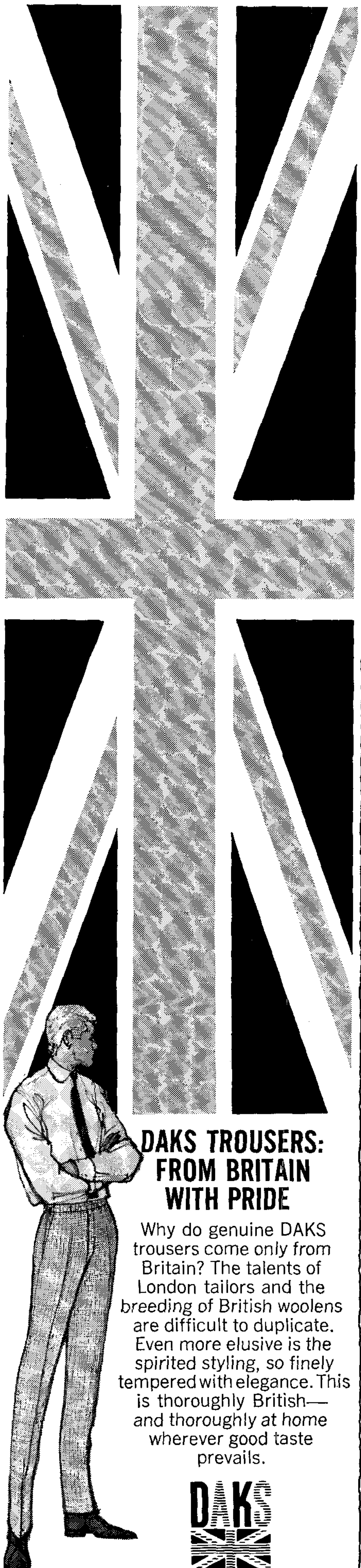

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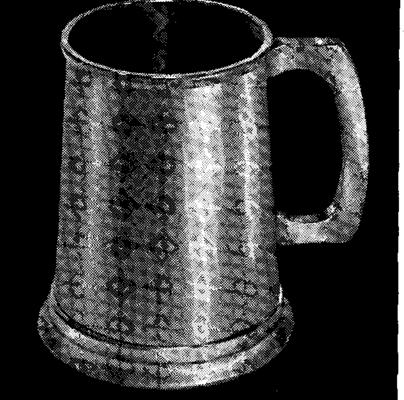
in a kind of eager, nervous imbalance—holds our attention by throwing our disbelief back in our faces. To be put on is to be put on the spot, put on the stage, made the stooge in a comedy act. People in the audience at "Bonnie and Clyde" are laughing, demonstrating that they're not stooges—that they appreciate the joke—when they catch the first bullet right in the face. The movie keeps them off balance to the end. During the first part of the picture, a woman in my row was gleefully assuring her companions, "It's a comedy. It's a comedy." After a while, she didn't say anything. Instead of the movie spoof, which tells the audience that it doesn't need to feel or care, that it's all just in fun, that "we were only kidding," "Bonnie and Clyde" disrupts us with "And you thought we were only kidding."

This is the way the story was told in 1937. Eddie (Clyde) is a three-time loser who wants to work for a living, but nobody will give him a chance. Once you get on the wrong side of the law, "they" won't let you get back. Eddie knows it's hopeless—once a loser, always a loser. But his girl, Joan (Bonnie)—the only person who believes in him—thinks that an innocent man has nothing to fear. She marries him, and learns better. Arrested again and sentenced to death for a crime he didn't commit, Eddie asks her to smuggle a gun to him in prison, and she protests, "If I get you a gun, you'll kill somebody." He stares at her sullenly and asks, "What do you think they're going to do to me?" He becomes a murderer while escaping from prison; "society" has made him what it thought he was all along. "You Only Live Once" was an indictment of "society," of the forces of order that will not give Eddie the outcast a chance. "We have a right to live," Joan says as they set out across the country. During the time they are on the run, they become notorious outlaws; they are blamed for a series of crimes they didn't commit. (They do commit holdups, but only to get gas or groceries or medicine.) While the press pictures them as desperadoes robbing and killing and living high on the proceeds of crime, she is having a baby in a shack in a hobo jungle, and Eddie brings her a bouquet of wild flowers. Caught in a police trap, they die in each other's arms; they have been denied the right to live.

Because "You Only Live Once" was so well done, and because the audience in the thirties shared this view of the indifference and cruelty of "so-

Observing a Great Tradition



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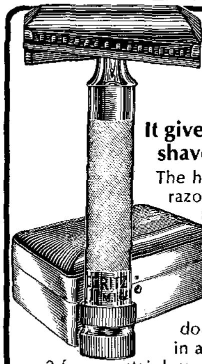

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ciety," there were no protests against the sympathetic way the outlaws were pictured—and, indeed, there was no reason for any. In 1958, in "I Want to Live!" (a very popular, though not very good, movie), Barbara Graham, a drug-addict prostitute who had been executed for her share in the bludgeoning to death of an elderly woman, was presented as gallant, wronged, morally superior to everybody else in the movie, in order to strengthen the argument against capital punishment, and the director, Robert Wise, and his associates weren't accused of glorifying criminals, because the "criminals," as in "You Only Live Once," weren't criminals but innocent victims. Why the protests, why are so many people upset (and not just the people who enjoy indignation), about "Bonnie and Clyde," in which the criminals *are* criminals—Clyde an ignorant, sly near psychopath who thinks his crimes are accomplishments, and Bonnie a bored, restless waitress-slut who robs for excitement? And why so many accusations of historical inaccuracy, particularly against a work that is far more accurate historically than most and in which historical accuracy hardly matters anyway? There is always an issue of historical accuracy involved in any dramatic or literary work set in the past; indeed, it's fun to read about Richard III vs. Shakespeare's Richard III. The issue is always with us, and will always be with us as long as artists find stimulus in historical figures and want to present their versions of them. But why didn't movie critics attack, for example, "A Man for All Seasons"—which involves material of much more historical importance—for being historically inaccurate? Why attack "Bonnie and Clyde" more than the other movies based on the same pair, or more than the movie treatments of Jesse James or Billy the Kid or Dillinger or Capone or any of our other fictionalized outlaws? I would suggest that when a movie so clearly conceived as a new version of a legend is attacked as historically inaccurate, it's because it shakes people a little. I know this is based on some pretty sneaky psychological suppositions, but I don't see how else to account for the use only against a *good* movie of arguments that could be used against almost all movies. When I asked a nineteen-year-old boy who was raging against the movie as "a cliché-ridden fraud" if he got so worked up about other movies, he informed me that that was an argument *ad hominem*. And it is indeed. To ask why

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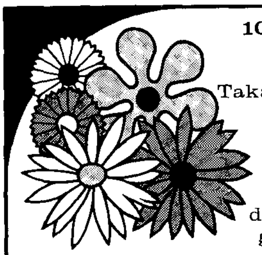

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people react so angrily to the best movies and have so little negative reaction to poor ones is to imply that they are so unused to the experience of art in movies that they fight it.

Audiences at "Bonnie and Clyde" are not given a simple, secure basis for identification; they are made to feel but are not told *how* to feel. "Bonnie and Clyde" is not a serious melodrama involving us in the plight of the innocent but a movie that assumes—as William Wellman did in 1931 when he made "The Public Enemy," with James Cagney as a smart, cocky, mean little crook—that we don't need to pretend we're interested only in the falsely accused, as if real criminals had no connection with us. There wouldn't be the popular excitement there is about outlaws if we didn't all suspect that—in some cases, at least—gangsters must take pleasure in the profits and glory of a life of crime. Outlaws wouldn't become legendary figures if we didn't suspect that there's more to crime than the social workers' case studies may show. And though what we've always been told will happen to them—that they'll come to a bad end—does seem to happen, some part of us wants to believe in the tiny possibility that they can get away with it. Is that really so terrible? Yet when it comes to movies people get nervous about acknowledging that there must be some fun in crime (though the gleam in Cagney's eye told its own story). "Bonnie and Clyde" shows the fun but uses it, too, making comedy out of the banality and conventionality of that fun. What looks ludicrous in this movie isn't *merely* ludicrous, and after we have laughed at ignorance and helplessness and emptiness and stupidity and idiotic deviltry, the laughs keep sticking in our throats, because what's funny isn't only funny.

In 1937, the movie-makers knew that the audience wanted to believe in the innocence of Joan and Eddie, because these two were lovers, and innocent lovers hunted down like animals made a tragic love story. In 1967, the movie-makers know that the audience wants to believe—maybe even prefers to believe—that Bonnie and Clyde were guilty of crimes, all right, but that they were innocent in general; that is, naïve and ignorant *compared with us.* The distancing of the sixties version shows the gangsters in an already legendary period, and part of what makes a legend for Americans is viewing anything that happened in the past as much simpler than what we are involved in now. We tend to find the past funny

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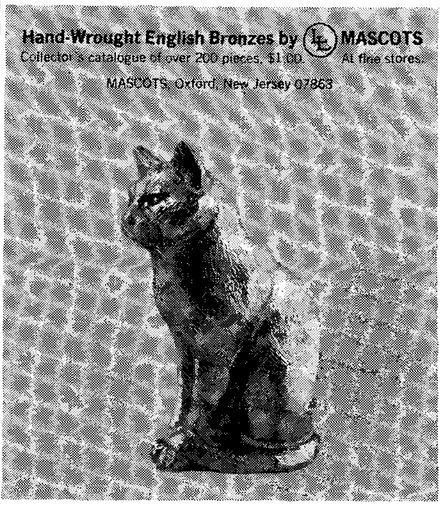

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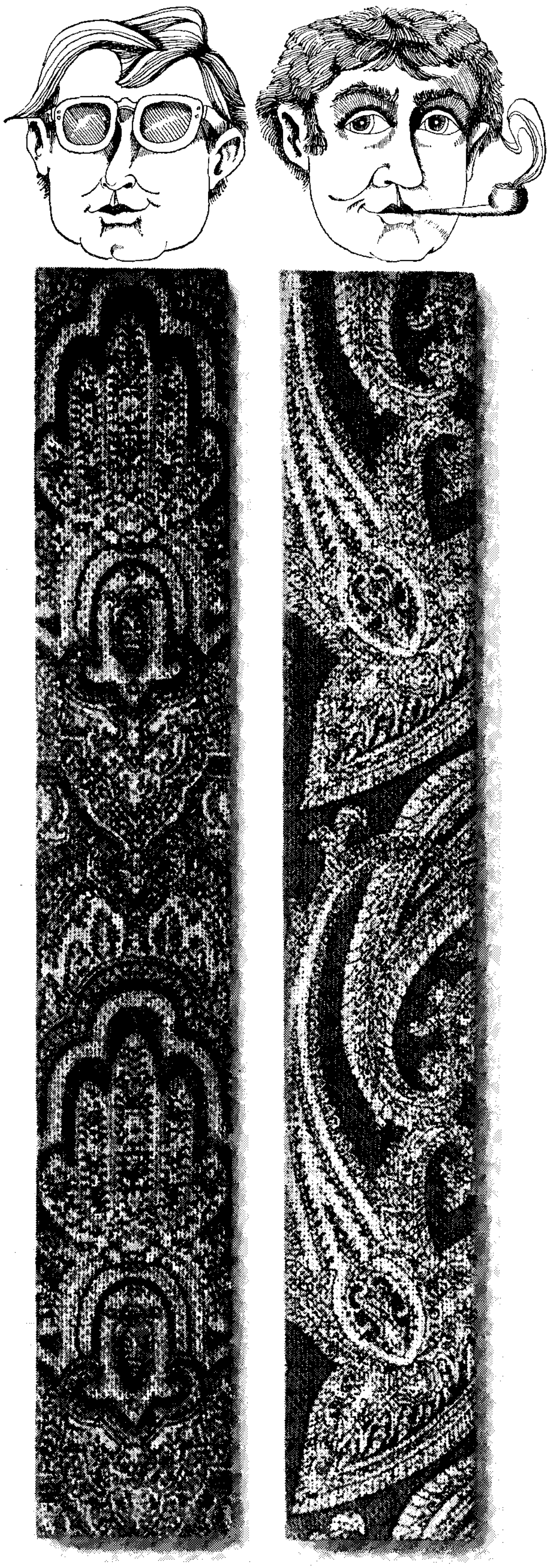
and the recent past campy-funny. The getaway cars of the early thirties are made to seem hilarious. (Imagine anyone getting away from a bank holdup in a tin Lizzie like that!) In "You Only Live Once," the outlaws existed in the same present as the audience, and there was (and still is, I'm sure) nothing funny about them; in "Bonnie and Clyde" that audience is in the movie, transformed into the poor people, the Depression people, of legend—with faces and poses out of Dorothea Lange and Walker Evans and "Let Us Now Praise Famous Men." In 1937, the audience felt sympathy for the fugitives because they weren't allowed to lead normal lives; in 1967, the "normality" of the Barrow gang and their individual aspirations toward respectability are the craziest things about them—not just because they're killers but because thirties "normality" is in itself funny to us. The writers and the director of "Bonnie and Clyde" play upon our attitudes toward the American past by making the hats and guns and holdups look as dated as two-reel comedy; emphasizing the absurdity with banjo music, they make the period seem even farther away than it is. The Depression reminiscences are not used for purposes of social consciousness; hard times are not the reason for the Barrows' crimes, just the excuse. "We" didn't make Clyde a killer; the movie deliberately avoids easy sympathy by picking up Clyde when he is already a cheap crook. But Clyde is not the urban sharpster of "The Public Enemy;" he is the hick as bank robber—a countrified gangster, a hillbilly killer who doesn't mean any harm. People so simple that they are alienated from the results of their actions—like the primitives who don't connect babies with copulation—provide a kind of archetypal comedy for us. It may seem like a minor point that Bonnie and Clyde are presented as not mean and sadistic, as having killed only when cornered; but in terms of legend, and particularly movie legend, it's a major one. The "classic" gangster films showed gang members betraying each other and viciously murdering the renegade who left to join another gang; the gang-leader hero no sooner got to the top than he was betrayed by someone he had trusted or someone he had double-crossed. In contrast, the Barrow gang represent family-style crime. And Newman and Benton have been acute in emphasizing this—not making them victims of society (they are never that, despite Penn's cloudy efforts along these lines) but making them absurdly



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"just-folks" ordinary. When Bonnie tells Clyde to pull off the road—"I want to talk to you"—they are in a getaway car, leaving the scene of a robbery, with the police right behind them, but they are absorbed in family bickering: the traditional all-American use of the family automobile. In a sense, it is the absence of sadism—it is the violence without sadism—that throws the audience off balance at "Bonnie and Clyde." The brutality that comes out of this innocence is far more shocking than the calculated brutalities of mean killers.

Playfully posing with their guns, the real Bonnie and Clyde mocked the "Bloody Barrows" of the Hearst press. One photograph shows slim, pretty Bonnie, smiling and impeccably dressed, pointing a huge gun at Clyde's chest as he, a dimpled dude with a cigar, smiles back. The famous picture of Bonnie in the same clothes but looking ugly squinting into the sun, with a foot on the car, a gun on her hip, and a cigar in her mouth, is obviously a joke—her caricature of herself as a gun moll. Probably, since they never meant to kill, they thought the "Bloody Barrows" were a joke—a creation of the lying newspapers.

There's something new working for the Bonnie-and-Clyde legend now: our nostalgia for the thirties—the unpredictable, contrary affection of the prosperous for poverty, or at least for the artifacts, the tokens, of poverty, for Pop culture seen in the dreariest rural settings, where it truly seems to belong. Did people in the cities listen to the Eddie Cantor show? No doubt they did, but the sound of his voice, like the sound of Ed Sullivan now, evokes a primordial, pre-urban existence—the childhood of the race. Our comic-melancholic affection for thirties Pop has become sixties Pop, and those who made "Bonnie and Clyde" are smart enough to use it that way. Being knowing is not an artist's highest gift, but it can make a hell of a lot of difference in a movie. In the American experience, the miseries of the Depression are funny in the way that the Army is funny to draftees—a shared catastrophe, a levelling, forming part of our common background. Those too young to remember the Depression have heard about it from their parents. (When I was at college, we used to top each other's stories about how our families had survived: the fathers who had committed suicide so that their wives and children could live off the insurance; the mothers trying to make a game out of the meals of potatoes

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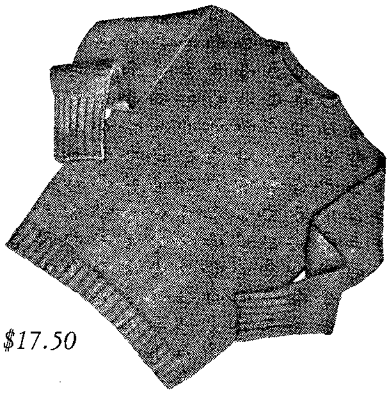

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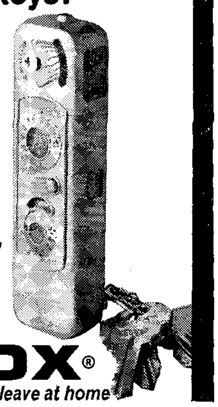

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cooked on an open fire.) Though the American derision of the past has many offensive aspects, it has some good ones, too, because it's a way of making fun not only of our forebears but of ourselves and our pretensions. The toughness about what we've come out of and what we've been through—the honesty to see ourselves as the Yahoo children of yokels—is a good part of American popular art. There is a kind of American poetry in a stickup gang seen chasing across the bedraggled backdrop of the Depression (as true in its way as Nabokov's vision of Humbert Humbert and Lolita in the cross-country world of motels)—as if crime were the only activity in a country stupefied by poverty. But Arthur Penn doesn't quite have the toughness of mind to know it; it's not what he means by poetry. His squatters'-jungle scene is too "eloquent," like a poster making an appeal, and the Parker-family-reunion sequence is poetic in the gauzy mode. He makes the sequence a fancy lyric interlude, like a number in a musical ("Funny Face," to be exact); it's too "imaginative"—a literal dust bowl, as thoroughly becalmed as Sleeping Beauty's garden. The movie becomes dreamy-soft where it should be hard (and hard-edged).

If there is such a thing as an American tragedy, it must be funny. O'Neill undoubtedly felt this when he had James Tyrone get up to turn off the lights in "Long Day's Journey Into Night." We are bumpkins, haunted by the bottle of ketchup on the dining table at San Simeon. We garble our foreign words and phrases and hope that at least we've used them right. Our heroes pick up the wrong fork, and the basic figure of fun in the American theatre and American movies is the man who puts on airs. Children of peddlers and hod carriers don't feel at home in tragedy; we are used to failure. But, because of the quality of American life at the present time, perhaps there can be no real comedy—nothing more than stupidity and "spoof"—without true horror in it. Bonnie and Clyde and their partners in crime are comically bad bank robbers, and the backdrop of poverty makes their holdups seem pathetically tacky, yet they rob banks and kill people; Clyde and his good-natured brother are so shallow they never think much about anything, yet they suffer and die.

If this way of holding more than one attitude toward life is already familiar to us—if we recognize the make-believe robbers whose toy guns produce real blood, and the Keystone cops who

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shoot them dead, from Truffaut's "Shoot the Piano Player" and Godard's gangster pictures, "Breathless" and "Band of Outsiders"—it's because the young French directors discovered the poetry of crime in American life (from our movies) and showed the Americans how to put it on the screen in a new, "existential" way. Melodramas and gangster movies and comedies were always more our speed than "prestigious," "distinguished" pictures; the French directors who grew up on American pictures found poetry in our fast action, laconic speech, plain gestures. And because they understood that you don't express your love of life by denying the comedy or the horror of it, they brought out the poetry in our tawdry subjects. Now Arthur Penn, working with a script heavily influenced—one might almost say inspired—by Truffaut's "Shoot the Piano Player," unfortunately imitates Truffaut's artistry instead of going back to its tough American sources. The French may tenderize their American material, but we shouldn't. That turns into another way of making "prestigious," "distinguished" pictures.

PROBABLY part of the discomfort that people feel about "Bonnie and Clyde" grows out of its compromises and its failures. I wish the script hadn't provided the upbeat of the hero's sexual success as a kind of sop to the audience. I think what makes us not believe in it is that it isn't consistent with the intelligence of the rest of the writing—that it isn't on the same level, because it's too manipulatively clever, too much of a gimmick. (The scene that shows the gnomish gang member called C. W. sleeping in the same room with Bonnie and Clyde suggests other possibilities, perhaps discarded, as does C. W.'s reference to Bonnie's liking his tattoo.) Compromises are not new to the Bonnie-and-Clyde story; "You Only Live Once" had a tacked-on coda featuring a Heavenly choir and William Gargan as a dead priest, patronizing Eddie even in the afterlife, welcoming him to Heaven with "You're free, Eddie!" The kind of people who make a movie like "You Only Live Once" are not the kind who write endings like that, and, by the same sort of internal evidence, I'd guess that Newman and Benton, whose Bonnie seems to owe so much to Catherine in "Jules and Jim," had more interesting ideas originally about Bonnie's and Clyde's (and maybe C. W.'s) sex lives.

But people also feel uncomfortable

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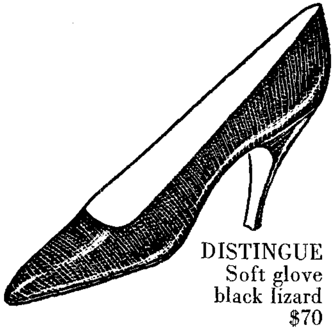

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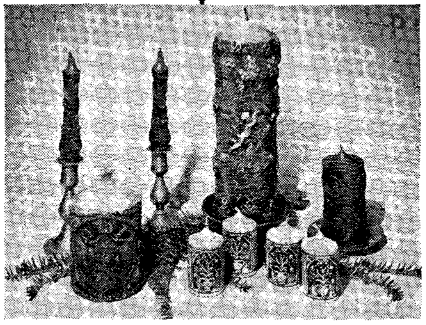

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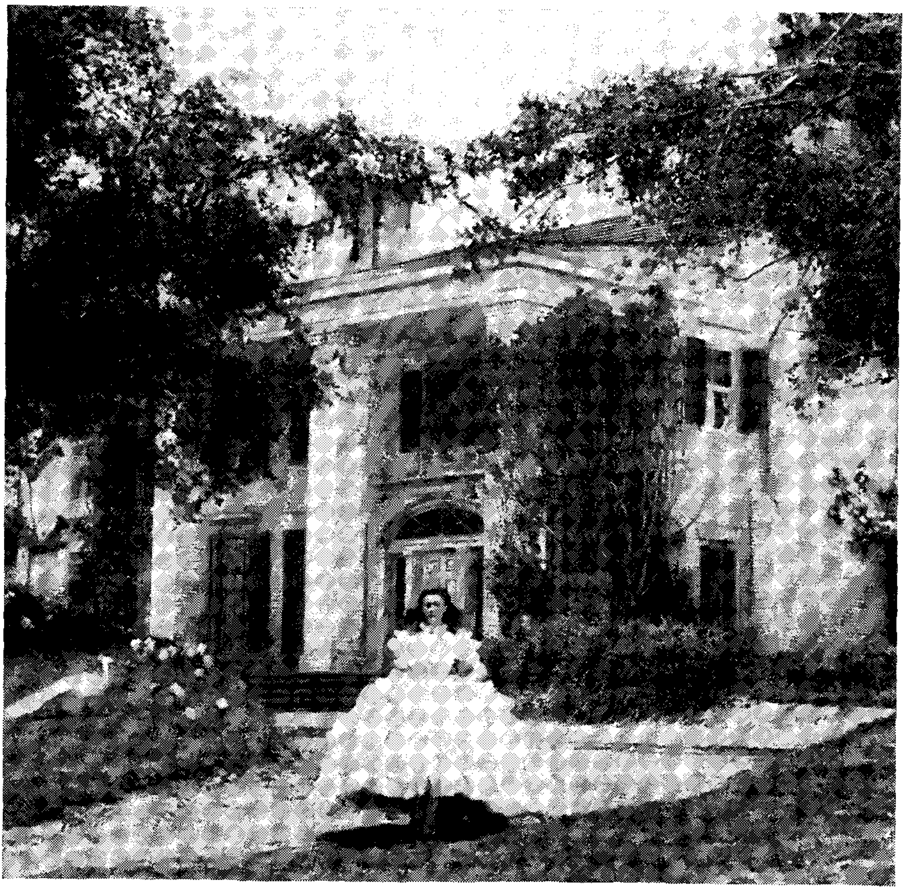
about the violence, and here I think they're wrong. That is to say, they *should* feel uncomfortable, but this isn't an argument *against* the movie. Only a few years ago, a good director would have suggested the violence obliquely, with reaction shots (like the famous one in "The Golden Coach," when we see a whole bullfight reflected in Anna Magnani's face), and death might have been symbolized by a light going out, or stylized, with blood and wounds kept to a minimum. In many ways, this method is more effective; we feel the violence more because so much is left to our imaginations. But the whole point of "Bonnie and Clyde" is to rub our noses in it, to make us pay our dues for laughing. The dirty reality of death—not suggestions but blood and holes—is necessary. Though I generally respect a director's skill and intelligence in inverse ratio to the violence he shows on the screen, and though I questioned even the Annie Sullivan-Helen Keller fight scenes in Arthur Penn's "The Miracle Worker," I think that this time Penn is right. (I think he was also right when he showed violence in his first film, "The Left Handed Gun," in 1958.) Suddenly, in the last few years, our view of the world has gone beyond "good taste." Tasteful suggestions of violence would at this point be a more grotesque form of comedy than "Bonnie and Clyde" attempts. "Bonnie and Clyde" needs violence; violence is its meaning. When, during a comically botched-up getaway, a man is shot in the face, the image is obviously based on one of the most famous sequences in Eisenstein's "Potemkin," and the startled face is used the same way it was in "Potemkin"—to convey in an instant how someone who just happens to be in the wrong place at the wrong time, the irrelevant "innocent" bystander, can get it full in the face. And at that instant the meaning of Clyde Barrow's character changes; he's still a clown, but *we've* become the butt of the joke.

It is a kind of violence that says something to us; it is something that movies must be free to use. And it is just because artists must be free to use violence—a legal right that is beginning to come under attack—that we must also defend the legal rights of those filmmakers who use violence to sell tickets, for it is not the province of the law to decide that one man is an artist and another man a no-talent. The no-talent has as much right to produce works as the artist has, and not only because he has a surprising way of



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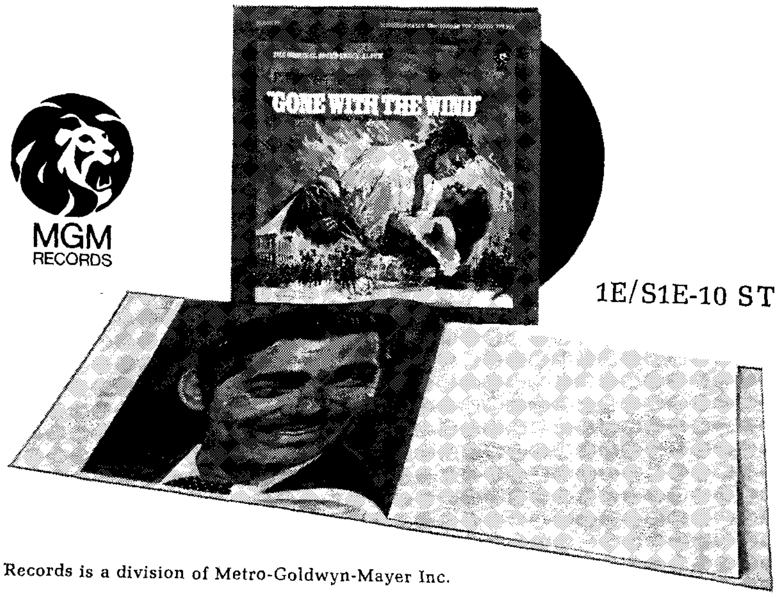

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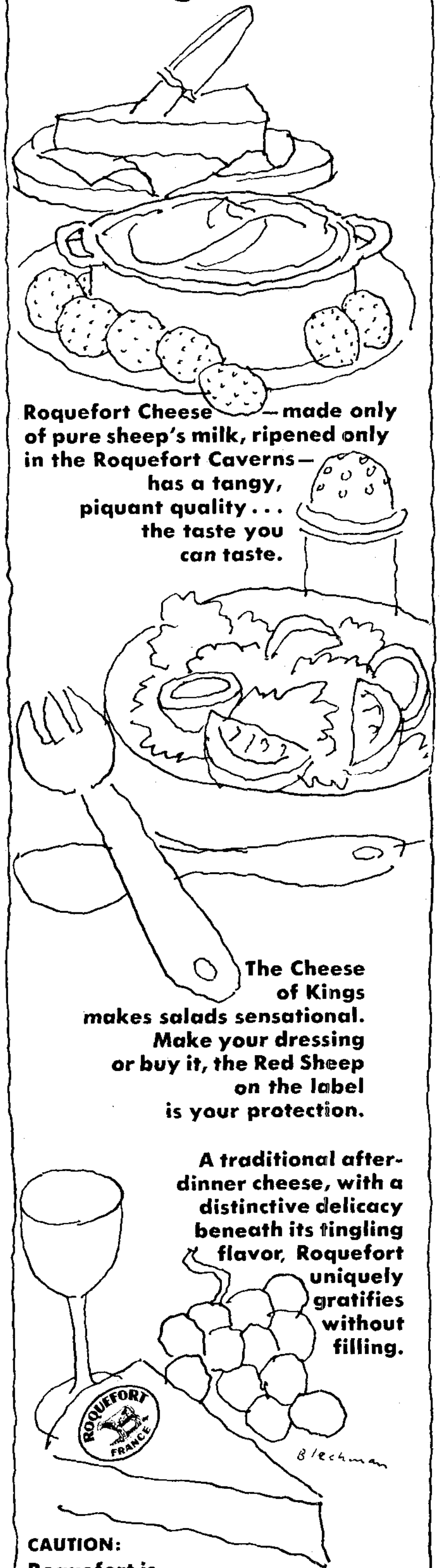

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shifting from one category to the other but also because men have an inalienable right to be untalented, and the law should not discriminate against lousy "artists." I am not saying that the violence in "Bonnie and Clyde" is legally acceptable because the film is a work of art; I think that "Bonnie and Clyde," though flawed, is a work of art, but I think that the violence in "The Dirty Dozen," which isn't a work of art, and whose violence offends me *personally*, should also be legally defensible, however morally questionable. Too many people—including some movie reviewers—want the law to take over the job of movie criticism; perhaps what they really want is for their own criticisms to have the force of law. Such people see "Bonnie and Clyde" as a danger to public morality; they think an audience goes to a play or a movie and takes the actions in it as examples for imitation. They look at the world and blame the movies. But if women who are angry with their husbands take it out on the kids, I don't think we can blame "Medea" for it; if, as has been said, we are a nation of mother-lovers, I don't think we can place the blame on "Oedipus Rex." Part of the power of art lies in showing us what we are *not* capable of. We see that killers are not a different breed but are *us* without the insight or understanding or self-control that works of art strengthen. The tragedy of "Macbeth" is in the fall from nobility to horror; the comic tragedy of "Bonnie and Clyde" is that although you can't fall from the bottom you can reach the same horror. The movies may set styles in dress or lovemaking, they may advertise cars or beverages, but art is not examples for imitation—that is not what a work of art does for us—though that is what guardians of morality *think* art is and what they want it to be and why they think a good movie is one that sets "healthy," "cheerful" examples of behavior, like a giant all-purpose commercial for the American way of life. But people don't "buy" what they see in a movie quite so simply; Louis B. Mayer did not turn us into a nation of Andy Hardys, and if, in a film, we see a frightened man wantonly take the life of another, it does not encourage us to do the same, any more than seeing an ivory hunter shoot an elephant makes us want to shoot one. It may, on the contrary, so sensitize us that we get a pang in the gut if we accidentally step on a moth.

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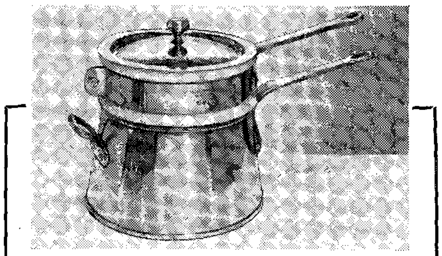
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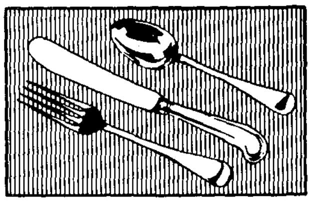

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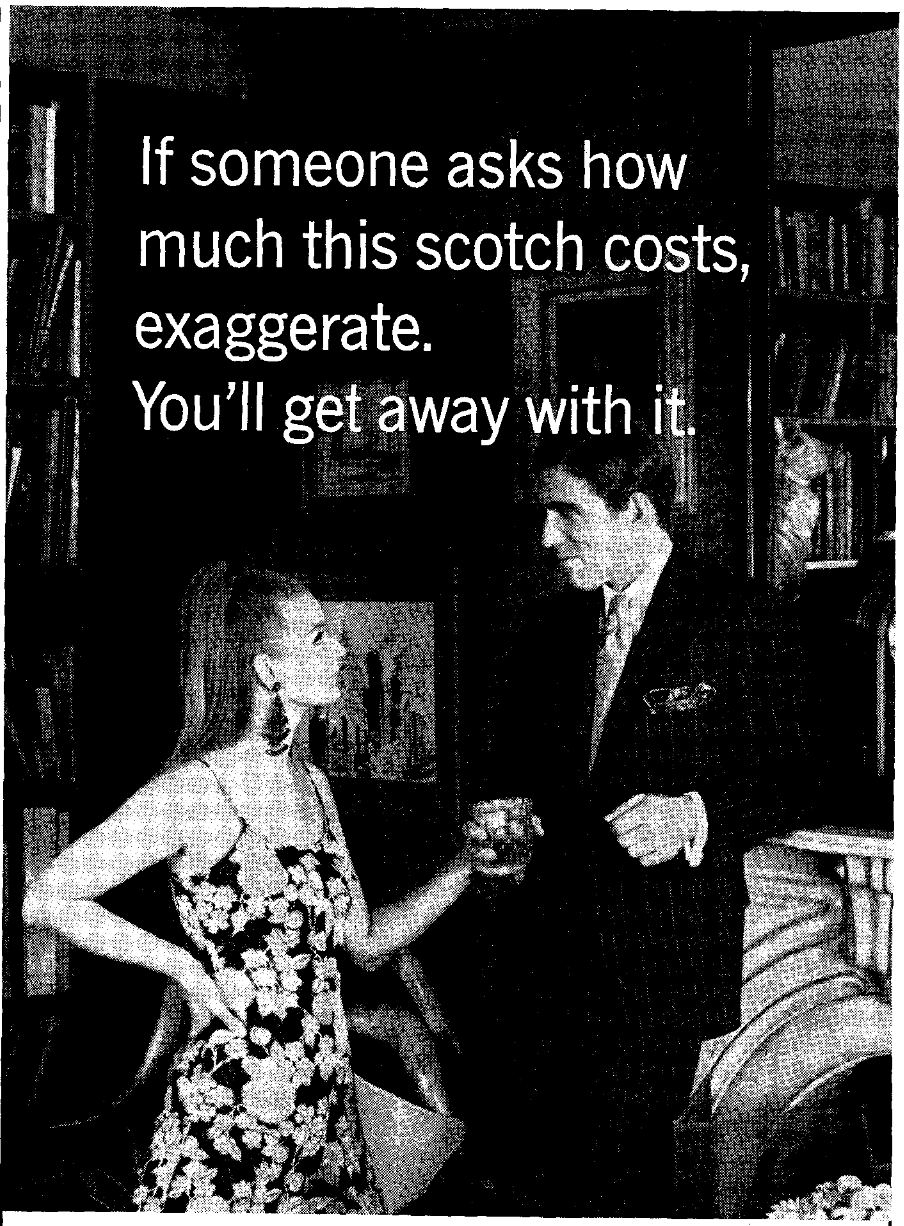
because Warren Beatty and Faye Dunaway are "glamorous"? Do they, as some people have charged, confer glamour on violence? It's difficult to see how, since the characters they play are horrified by it and ultimately destroyed by it. Nobody in the movie gets pleasure from violence. Is the charge based on the notion that simply by their presence in the movie Warren Beatty and Faye Dunaway make crime attractive? If movie stars can't play criminals without our all wanting to be criminals, then maybe the only safe roles for them to play are movie stars—which, in this assumption, everybody wants to be anyway. After all, if they played factory workers, the economy might be dislocated by everybody's trying to become a factory worker. (Would having criminals played by dwarfs or fatties discourage crime? It seems rather doubtful.) The accusation that the beauty of movie stars makes the anti-social acts of their characters dangerously attractive is the kind of contrived argument we get from people who are bothered by something and are clutching at straws. Actors and actresses are *usually* more beautiful than ordinary people. And why not? Garbo's beauty notwithstanding, her "Anna Christie" did not turn us into whores, her "Mata Hari" did not turn us into spies, her "Anna Karenina" did not make us suicides. We did not want her to be ordinary-looking. Why should we be deprived of the pleasure of beauty? Garbo could be all women in love because, being more beautiful than life, she could more beautifully express emotions. It is a supreme asset for actors and actresses to be beautiful; it gives them greater range and greater possibilities for expressiveness. The handsomer they are, the more roles they can play; Olivier can be anything, but who would want to see Ralph Richardson, great as he is, play Antony? Actors and actresses who are beautiful start with an enormous advantage, because we love to look at them. The joke in the glamour charge is that Faye Dunaway has the magazine-illustration look of countless uninterestingly pretty girls, and Warren Beatty has the kind of high-school good looks that are generally lost fast. It's the roles that make *them* seem glamorous. Good roles do that for actors.

THERE is a story told against Beatty in a recent *Esquire*—how during the shooting of "Lilith" he "delayed a scene for three days demanding the line 'I've read "Crime and Punish-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ment" and "The Brothers Karamazov" ' be changed to 'I've read "Crime and Punishment" and *half* of "The Brothers Karamazov." ' " Considerations of professional conduct aside, what is odd is why his adversaries waited three days to give in, because, of course, he was right. That's what the character he played *should* say; the other way, the line has no point at all. But this kind of intuition isn't enough to make an actor, and in a number of roles Beatty, probably because he doesn't have the technique to make the most of his lines in the least possible time, has depended too much on intuitive non-acting—holding the screen far too long as he acted out self-preoccupied characters in a lifelike, boringly self-conscious way. He has a gift for slyness, though, as he showed in "The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone," and in most of his films he could hold the screen—maybe because there seemed to be something going on in his mind, some kind of calculation. There was something smart about him—something shrewdly private in those squeezed-up little non-actor's eyes—that didn't fit the clean-cut juvenile roles. Beatty was the producer of "Bonnie and Clyde," responsible for keeping the company on schedule, and he has been quoted as saying, "There's not a scene that we have done that we couldn't do better by taking another day." This is the hell of the expensive way of making movies, but it probably helps to explain why Beatty is more intense than he has been before and why he has picked up his pace. His business sense may have improved his timing. The role of Clyde Barrow seems to have released something in him. As Clyde, Beatty is good with his eyes and mouth and his hat, but his body is still inexpressive; he doesn't have a trained actor's use of his body, and, watching him move, *one is never for a minute convinced* he's impotent. It is, however, a tribute to his performance that one singles this failure out. His slow timing works perfectly in the sequence in which he offers the dispossessed farmer his gun; there may not be another actor who would have dared to prolong the scene that way, and the prolongation until the final "We rob banks" gives the sequence its comic force. I have suggested elsewhere that one of the reasons that rules are impossible in the arts is that in movies (and in the other arts, too) the new "genius"—the genuine as well as the fraudulent or the dubious—is often the man who has enough audacity, or is simpleminded enough, to

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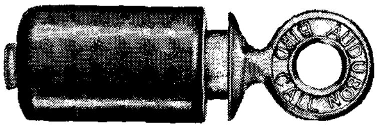

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do what others had the good taste not to do. Actors before Brando did not mumble and scratch and show their sweat; dramatists before Tennessee Williams did not make explicit a particular substratum of American erotic fantasy; movie directors before Orson Welles did not dramatize the techniques of filmmaking; directors before Richard Lester did not lay out the whole movie as cleverly as the opening credits; actresses before Marilyn Monroe did not make an asset of their ineptitude by turning faltering misreadings into an appealing style. Each, in a large way, did something that people had always enjoyed and were often embarrassed or ashamed about enjoying. Their "bad taste" shaped a new accepted taste. Beatty's non-actor's "bad" timing may be this kind of "genius;" we seem to be watching him *think out* his next move.

It's difficult to know how Bonnie should have been played, because the character isn't worked out. Here the script seems weak. She is made too warmly sympathetic—and sympathetic in a style that antedates the style of the movie. Being frustrated and moody, she's not funny enough—neither ordinary, which, in the circumstances, would be comic, nor perverse, which might be rather funny, too. Her attitude toward her mother is too loving. There could be something funny about her wanting to run home to her mama, but, as it has been done, her heading home, running off through the fields, is unconvincing—incompletely motivated. And because the element of the ridiculous that makes the others so individual has been left out of her character she doesn't seem to belong to the period as the others do. Faye Dunaway has a sixties look anyway—not just because her eyes are made up in a sixties way and her hair is wrong but because her personal style and her acting are sixties. (This may help to make her popular; she can seem prettier to those who don't recognize prettiness except in the latest styles.) Furthermore, in some difficult-to-define way, Faye Dunaway as Bonnie doesn't keep her distance—that is to say, an *actor's* distance—either from the role or from the audience. She doesn't hold a characterization; she's in and out of emotions all the time, and though she often hits effective ones, the emotions seem *hers*, not the character's. She has some talent, but she comes on too strong; she makes one conscious that she's a willing worker, but she doesn't seem to know what she's doing—rath-

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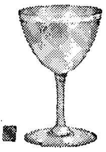

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er like Bonnie in her attempts to overcome Clyde's sexual difficulties.

ALTHOUGH many daily movie reviewers judge a movie in isolation, as if the people who made it had no previous history, more serious critics now commonly attempt to judge a movie as an expressive vehicle of the director, and a working out of his personal themes. Auden has written, "Our judgment of an established author is never simply an aesthetic judgment. In addition to any literary merit it may have, a new book by him has a historic interest for us as the act of a person in whom we have long been interested. He is not only a poet . . . he is also a character in our biography." For a while, people went to the newest Bergman and the newest Fellini that way; these movies were greeted like the latest novels of a favorite author. But Arthur Penn is not a writer-director like Bergman or Fellini, both of whom began as writers, and who (even though Fellini employs several collaborators) compose their spiritual autobiographies step by step on film. Penn is far more dependent on the talents of others, and his primary material—what he starts with—does not come out of his own experience. If the popular audience is generally uninterested in the director (unless he is heavily publicized, like deMille or Hitchcock), the audience that is interested in the art of movies has begun, with many of the critics, to think of movies as a directors' medium to the point where they tend to ignore the contribution of the writers—and the directors may be almost obscenely content to omit mention of the writers. The history of the movies is being rewritten to disregard facts in favor of celebrating the director as the sole "creative" force. One can read Josef von Sternberg's autobiography and the text of the latest books on his movies without ever finding the name of Jules Furthman, the writer who worked on nine of his most famous movies (including "Morocco" and "Shanghai Express"). Yet the appearance of Furthman's name in the credits of such Howard Hawks films as "Only Angels Have Wings," "To Have and Have Not," "The Big Sleep," and "Rio Bravo" suggests the reason for the similar qualities of good-bad-girl glamour in the roles played by Dietrich and Bacall and in other von Sternberg and Hawks heroines, and also in the Jean Harlow and Constance Bennett roles in the movies he wrote for *them*. Furthman, who has written about half of the most entertaining movies to come out of

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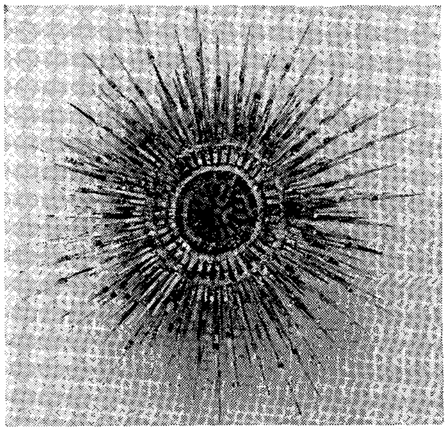

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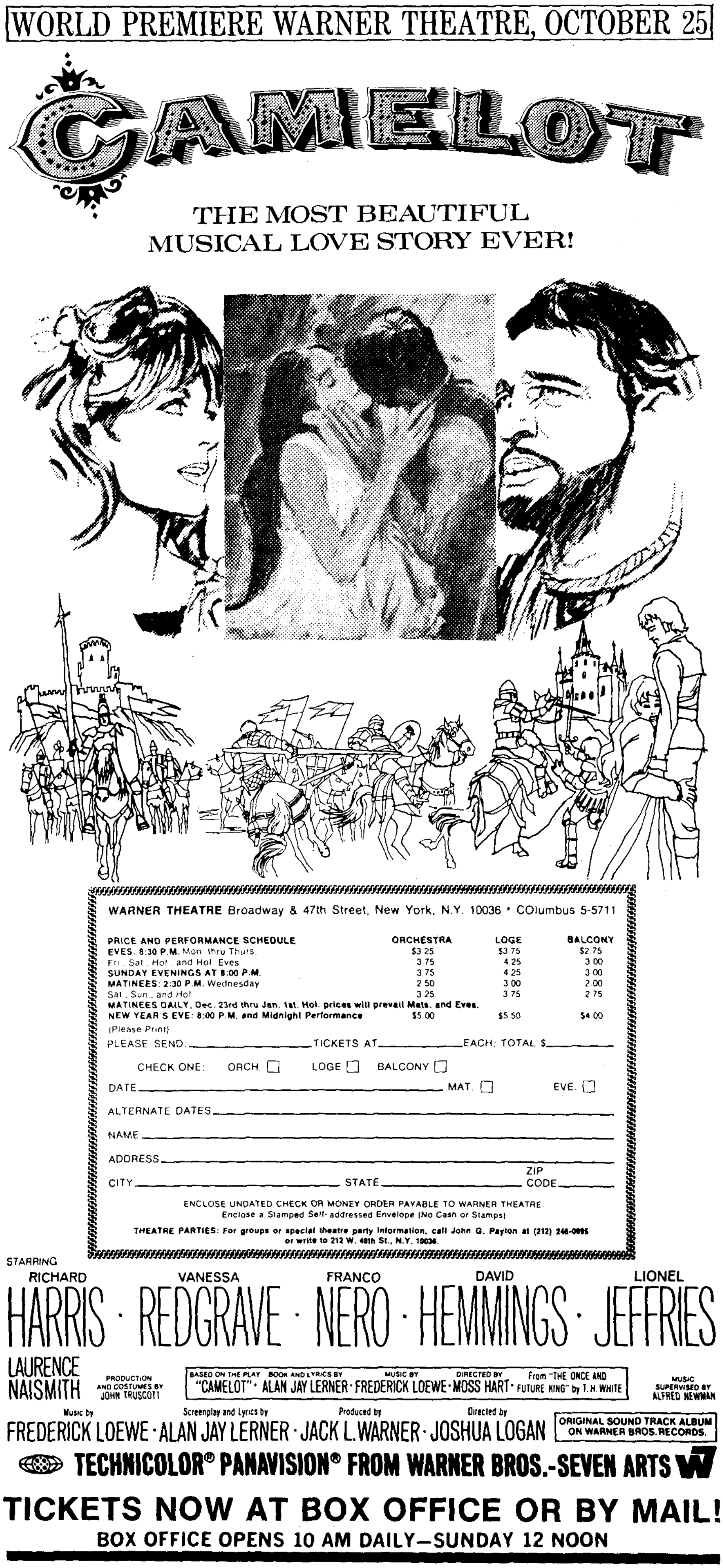
Hollywood (Ben Hecht wrote most of the other half), isn't even listed in new encyclopedias of the film. David Newman and Robert Benton may be good enough to join this category of unmentionable men who do what the directors are glorified for. The Hollywood writer is becoming a ghostwriter. The writers who succeed in the struggle to protect their identity and their material by becoming writer-directors or writer-producers soon become too rich and powerful to bother doing their own writing. And they rarely have the visual sense or the training to make good movie directors.

Anyone who goes to big American movies like "Grand Prix" and "The Sand Pebbles" recognizes that movies with scripts like those don't have a chance to be anything more than exercises in technology, and that this is what is meant by the decadence of American movies. In the past, directors used to say that they were no better than their material. (Sometimes they said it when they weren't even up to their material.) A good director can attempt to camouflage poor writing with craftsmanship and style, but ultimately no amount of director's skill can conceal a writer's failure; a poor script, even well directed, results in a stupid movie—as, unfortunately, does a good script poorly directed. Despite the new notion that the direction is everything, Penn can't redeem bad material, nor, as one may surmise from his "Mickey One," does he necessarily know when it's bad. It is not fair to judge Penn by a film like "The Chase," because he evidently did not have artistic control over the production, but what happens when he does have control and is working with a poor, pretentious mess of a script is painfully apparent in "Mickey One"—an art film in the worst sense of that term. Though one cannot say of "Bonnie and Clyde" to what degree it shows the work of Newman and Benton and to what degree they merely enabled Penn to "express himself," there are ways of making guesses. As we hear the lines, we can detect the intentions even when the intentions are not quite carried out. Penn is a little clumsy and rather too fancy; he's too much interested in being cinematically creative and artistic to know when to trust the script. "Bonnie and Clyde" could be better if it were simpler. Nevertheless, Penn is a remarkable director when he has something to work with. His most interesting previous work was in his first film, "The Left Handed Gun" (and a few bits of "The Miracle Worker," a good movie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version of the William Gibson play, which he had also directed on the stage and on television). "The Left Handed Gun," with Paul Newman as an ignorant Billy the Kid in the sex-starved, male-dominated Old West, has the same kind of violent, legendary, nostalgic material as "Bonnie and Clyde;" its script, a rather startling one, was adapted by Leslie Stevens from a Gore Vidal television play. In interviews, Penn makes high, dull sounds—more like a politician than a movie director. But he has a gift for violence, and, despite all the violence in movies, a gift for it is rare. (Eisenstein had it, and Dovzhenko, and Buñuel, but not many others.) There are few memorable violent moments in American movies, but there is one in Penn's first film: Billy's shotgun blasts a man right out of one of his boots; the man falls in the street, but his boot remains upright; a little girl's giggle at the boot is interrupted by her mother's slapping her. The mother's slap—the seal of the awareness of horror—says that even children must learn that some things that look funny are not only funny. That slap, saying that only idiots would laugh at pain and death, that a child must develop sensibility, is the same slap that "Bonnie and Clyde" delivers to the woman saying "It's a comedy." In "The Left Handed Gun," the slap is itself funny, and yet we suck in our breath; we do not dare to laugh.

Some of the best American movies show the seams of cuts and the confusions of compromises and still hold together, because there is enough energy and spirit to carry the audience over each of the weak episodes to the next good one. The solid intelligence of the writing and Penn's aura of sensitivity help "Bonnie and Clyde" triumph over many poorly directed scenes: Bonnie posing for the photograph with the Texas Ranger, or—the worst sequence—the Ranger getting information out of Blanche Barrow in the hospital. The attempt to make the Texas Ranger an old-time villain doesn't work. He's in the tradition of the mustachioed heavy who foreclosed mortgages and pursued heroines in turn-of-the-century plays, and this one-dimensional villainy belongs, glaringly, to spoof. In some cases, I think, the writing and the conception of the scenes are better (potentially, that is) than the way the scenes have been directed and acted. If Gene Hackman's Buck Barrow is a beautifully controlled performance, the best in the film, several of the other players—though they are very good—

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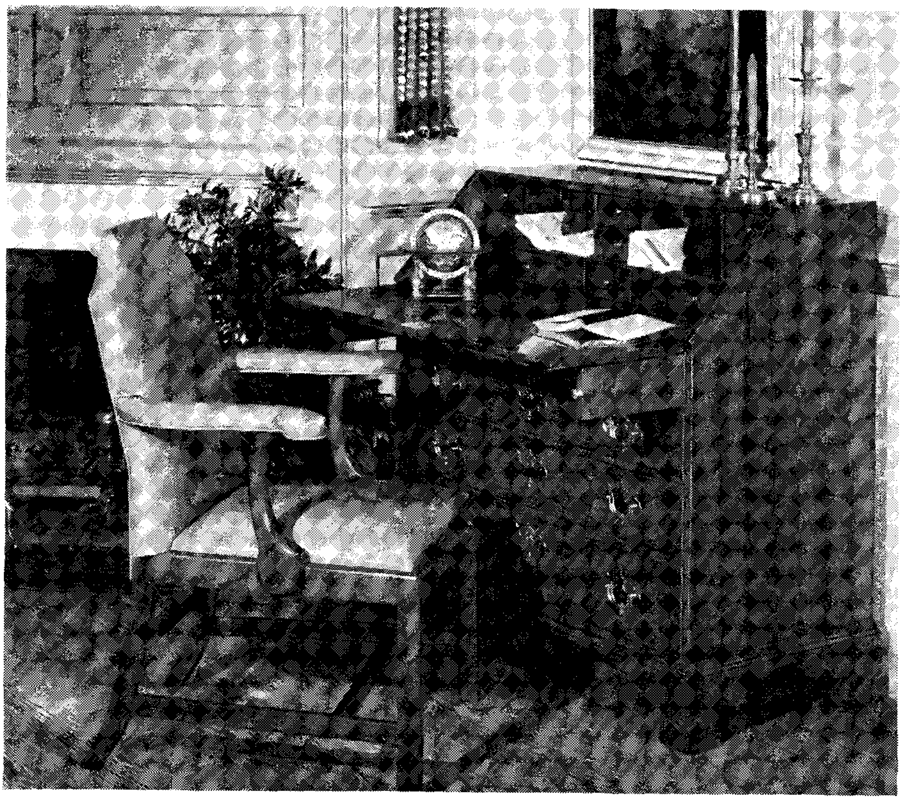
needed a tighter rein. They act too much. But it is in other ways that Penn's limitations show—in his excessive reliance on meaning-laden close-ups, for one. And it's no wonder he wasn't able to bring out the character of Bonnie in scenes like the one showing her appreciation of the fingernails on the figurine, for in other scenes his own sense of beauty appears to be only a few rungs farther up that same cultural ladder.

The showpiece sequence, Bonnie's visit to her mother (which is a bit reminiscent of Humphrey Bogart's confrontation with his mother, Marjorie Main, in the movie version of "Dead End"), aims for an effect of alienation, but that effect is confused by all the other things attempted in the sequence: the poetic echoes of childhood (which also echo the child sliding down the hill in "Jules and Jim") and a general attempt to create a frieze from our national past—a poetry of poverty. Penn isn't quite up to it, though he is at least good enough to communicate what he is trying to do, and it is an attempt that one can respect. In 1939, John Ford attempted a similar poetic evocation of the legendary American past in "Young Mr. Lincoln;" this kind of evocation, by getting at how we *feel* about the past, moves us far more than attempts at historical re-creation. When Ford's Western evocations fail, they become languorous; when they succeed, they are the West of our dreams, and his Lincoln, the man so humane and so smart that he can outwit the unjust and save the innocent, is the Lincoln of our dreams, as the Depression of "Bonnie and Clyde" is the Depression of our dreams—the nation in a kind of trance, as in a dim memory. In this sense, the effect of blur is justified, is "right." Our memories *have* become hazy; this is what the Depression has faded into. But we are too conscious of the technical means used to achieve this blur, of the *attempt* at poetry. We are aware that the filtered effects already include our responses, and it's too easy; the lines are good enough so that the stylization wouldn't have been necessary if the scene had been played right. A simple frozen frame might have been more appropriate.

The editing of this movie is, however, the best editing in an American movie in a long time, and one may assume that Penn deserves credit for it along with the editor, Dede Allen. It's particularly inventive in the robberies and in the comedy sequence of Blanche running through the police barricades with her kitchen spatula in



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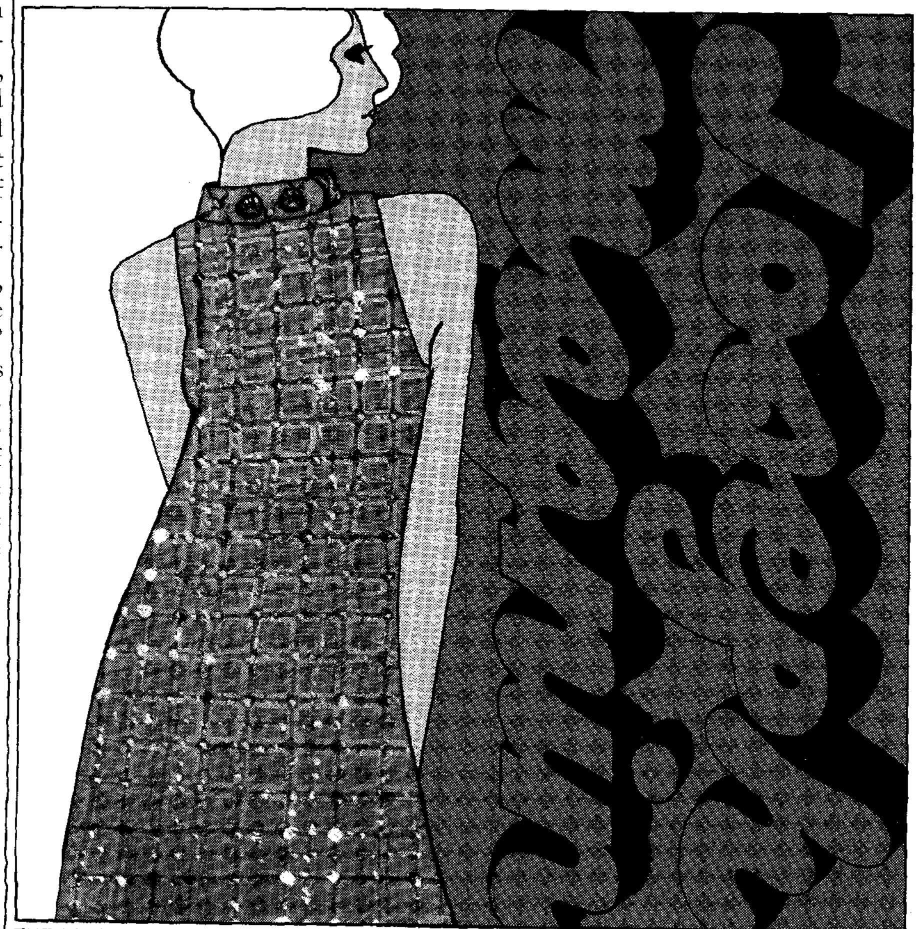

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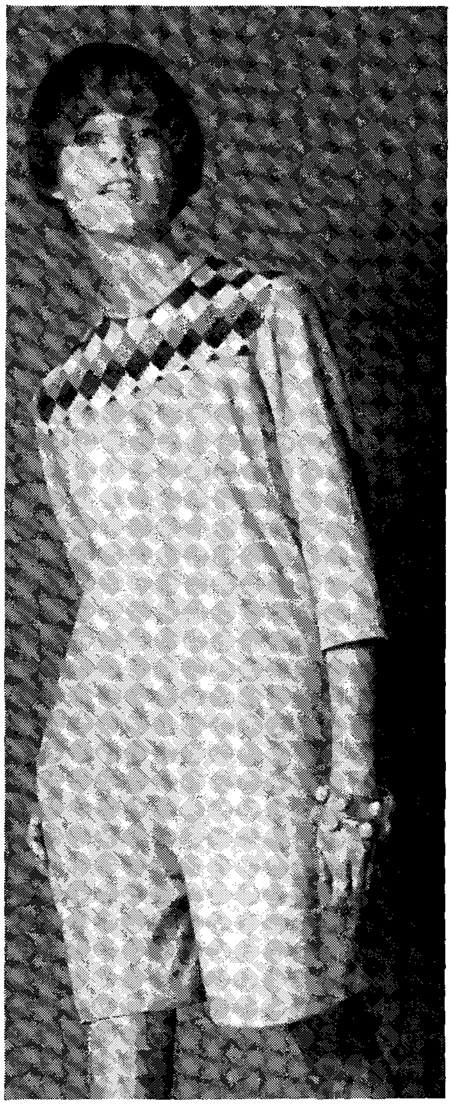

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her hand. (There is, however, one bad bit of editing: the end of the hospital scene, when Blanche's voice makes an emotional shift without a corresponding change in her facial position.) The quick panic of Bonnie and Clyde looking at each other's face for the last time is a stunning example of the art of editing.

The end of the picture, the rag-doll dance of death as the gun blasts keep the bodies of Bonnie and Clyde in motion, is brilliant. It is a horror that seems to go on for eternity, and yet it doesn't last a second beyond what it should. The audience leaving the theatre is the quietest audience imaginable.

STILL, that woman near me was saying "It's a comedy" for a little too long, and although this could have been, and probably was, a demonstration of plain old-fashioned insensitivity, it suggests that those who have attuned themselves to the "total" comedy of the last few years may not know when to stop laughing. Movie audiences have been getting a steady diet of "black" comedy since 1964 and "Dr. Strangelove, Or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb." Spoof and satire have been entertaining audiences since the two-reelers; because it is so easy to do on film things that are difficult or impossible in nature, movies are ideally suited to exaggerations of heroic prowess and to the kind of lighthearted nonsense we used to get when even the newsreels couldn't resist the kidding finish of the speeded-up athletic competition or the diver flying up from the water. The targets have usually been social and political fads and abuses, together with the heroes and the clichés of the just preceding period of filmmaking. "Dr. Strangelove" opened a new movie era. It ridiculed *everything* and *everybody* it showed, but concealed its own liberal pieties, thus protecting itself from ridicule. A professor who had told me that "The Manchurian Candidate" was "irresponsible," adding, "I didn't like it—I can suspend disbelief only so far," was overwhelmed by "Dr. Strangelove": "I've never been so involved. I had to keep reminding myself it was only a movie." "Dr. Strangelove" was clearly intended as a cautionary movie; it meant to jolt us awake to the dangers of the bomb by showing us the insanity of the course we were pursuing. But artists' warnings about war and the dangers of total annihilation never tell us how we are supposed to regain control, and "Dr. Strangelove," chortling

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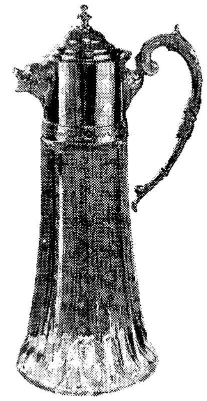

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over madness, did not indicate any possibilities for sanity. It was experienced not as satire but as a confirmation of fears. Total laughter carried the day. A new generation enjoyed seeing the world as insane; they *literally* learned to stop worrying and love the bomb. Conceptually, we had already been living with the bomb; now the mass audience of the movies—which is the youth of America—grasped the idea that the threat of extinction can be used to devaluate everything, to turn it all into a joke. And the members of this audience do love the bomb; they love feeling that the worst has happened and the irrational are the sane, because there is the bomb as the proof that the rational are insane. They love the bomb because it intensifies their feelings of hopelessness and powerlessness and innocence. It's only three years since Lewis Mumford was widely acclaimed for saying about "Dr. Strangelove" that "unless the spectator was purged by laughter he would be paralyzed by the unendurable anxiety this policy, once it were honestly appraised, would produce." Far from being purged, the spectators are paralyzed, but they're still laughing. And how odd it is now to read, " 'Dr. Strangelove' would be a silly, ineffective picture if its purpose were to ridicule the characters of our military and political leaders by showing them as clownish monsters—stupid, psychotic, obsessed." From "Dr. Strangelove" it's a quick leap to "MacBird" and to a belief in exactly what it was said we weren't meant to find in "Dr. Strangelove." It is not war that has been laughed to scorn but the possibility of sane action.

Once something enters mass culture, it travels fast. In the spoofs of the last few years, everything is gross, ridiculous, insane; to make sense would be to risk being square. A brutal new melodrama is called "Point Blank," and it is. So are most of the new movies. This is the context in which "Bonnie and Clyde," an entertaining movie that has some feeling in it, upsets people—people who didn't get upset even by "Mondo Cane." Maybe it's because "Bonnie and Clyde," by making us care about the robber lovers, has put the sting back into death.—PAULINE KAEL

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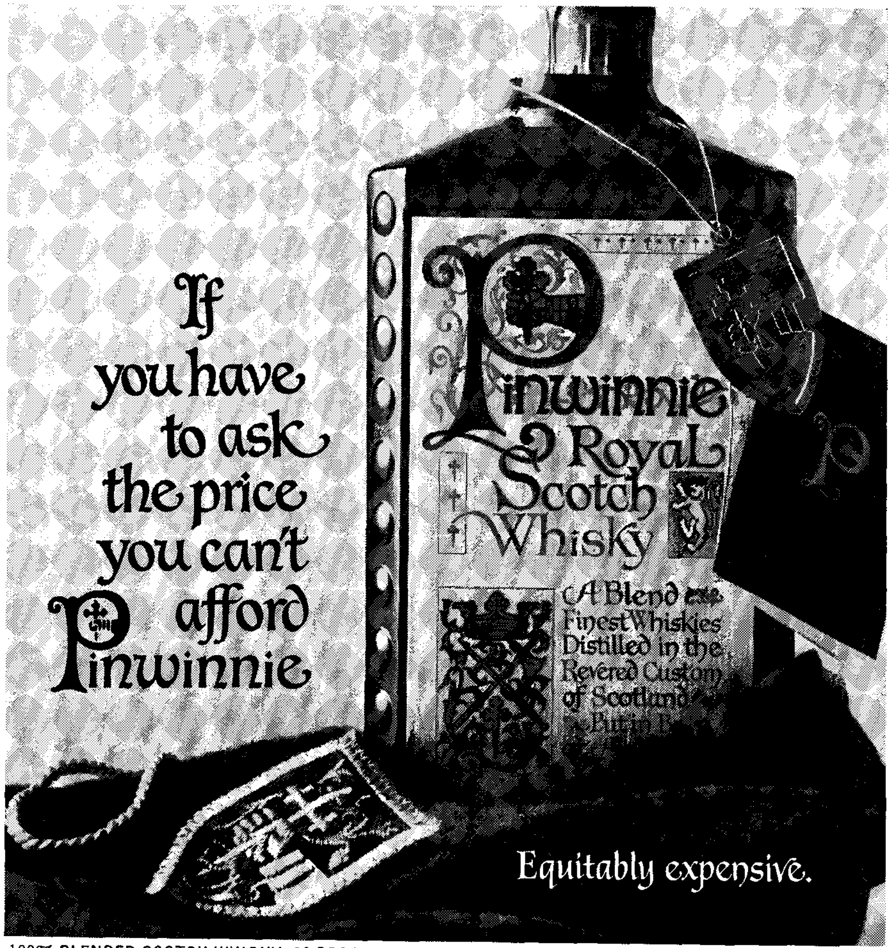
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Television and the Press in Vietnam; or, Yes, I Can Hear You Very Well—Just What Was It You Were Saying?

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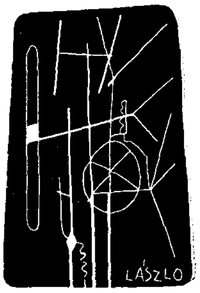
THERE'S still rubber, of course—the rubber that finds its way from the large French plantations in the south and in the Central Highlands into Michelin and other Free World tires—but, aside from that, probably the largest and most valued single export item from South Vietnam these days is American journalism. The stuff pours out of Saigon each day in a torrent of television film, still photographs, and words—the film and the photographs heading east toward relay stations in Tokyo or San Francisco on the now daily jet flights out of Tan Son Nhut Airport, and the words rushing along the new cable that links Saigon, Guam, Honolulu, and the West Coast and that makes a phone conversation between Saigon and Chicago infinitely clearer than anything that can usually be managed between one Saigon hotel room and another. General William Westmoreland has a telephone in his quarters that enables him to speak instantly with the Commander-in-Chief in Washington. Simmons Fentress, of *Time-Life*, has a telephone that enables *him* to communicate instantly with the *Time-Life* news bureau in Rockefeller Center. Most bureaus are not quite that up-to-the-minute; in fact, many bureaus, the *Times* among them, borrow the Reuters lease line, the *Times* men trudging up to their small office on Tu-Do Street after dinner in order to file their three or four daily stories by one or two in the morning, which is one or two in the afternoon (the previous afternoon) in New York, and thus get them there in time for the next morning's edition. All the same, there is a staggering amount of communication going on in Vietnam: the military, with all its field radios and private telephones and teletype machines, communicating within the military; the Embassy and the C.I.A. and U.S.A.I.D. and so forth communicating within "the mission;" all of them communicating, when they choose to, with the journalists; the journalists communicating with their editors, and the editors with the public—hundreds of teletypes and Telexes clackety-clacking away all over the bloody country, roughly five hundred working journalists (and working pretty hard for the most part, too), and where it all ends up, where it all ends up is Fred leans forward in his chair at eleven-thirty in the evening, stares briefly and intensely at the floor, sticks his chin out a bit, adopts a thoughtful look, and, speaking somewhere in the direction of his left shoe, declares, "Well, it's certainly, um, you have to say, ah . . . a very . . . *complex* situation."



After even a little time in Vietnam, a couple of things seem fairly clear. One is that although in a certain sense one can hardly avoid calling the situation in Vietnam "complex" (for that matter, the cell structure of the Arizona tree frog is complex), on a number of possibly more useful levels (for instance, the level of operable communication, of what can be sent out and what can be received) it isn't so complex after all. (The word "complex" tends to be one of our contemporary talismans; whatever you touch with it becomes somehow embalmed and unreachable, and the "complexity" itself is likely to become more interesting or important than the subject it is supposed to enfold.) The situation in Vietnam is obviously composed of many different parts—parts involving such seemingly disparate elements as power politics, South Vietnamese peasant life, the United States Congress, military firepower and tactics, local politics, and corruption—but the parts themselves are relatively simple, or, at any rate, relatively comprehensible. One will never know everything there is to know about politics in the United States. One will never know everything there is to know about politics in Vietnam. Still, if one had the time, or took the trouble, to get in touch with a certain number of reliable Vietnamese political authorities and ask them what was actually happening as a result of such-and-such a power alignment, or what might happen if such-and-such a Cabinet change was effected, they could probably tell one enough so that one could put together a fairly concrete, useful analysis of the subject, so that, for example, in the aftermath of the recent Vietnamese elections, with the Buddhists marching and the students getting beaten up and the Assembly threatening to throw out the vote, one wouldn't get stuck, as most of the American television stations and newspapers got stuck, with trying hastily to explain to the public at the end of September what it was that had been going on for more than a month and had been pointing in the direction of such an outburst (and for the most part not even trying to explain, just giving the bare facts or running around trying to illustrate them), and with the public, responding to yet another overquick, undercooked explanation, once again nodding its head and muttering, "I told you so. Another mixed-up South American republic."

Vietnam may be the No. 1 story, but journalists don't have that smooth a time covering it. Virtually none of them speak Vietnamese. Most newspapermen and TV men are here nowadays on only six-month tours of duty, which is hardly enough time to find out the name of the province chief in Binh Dinh, let alone ask him how the corruption situation is coming along—and, in any case, most of the six months is usually spent in chasing Vietnamese fire engines for the New York desk. When somebody gets on to a story, as C.B.S. did with Con Thien early in September, then everyone goes chasing after it—wire services, newspapers, rival networks—the Saigon bureau chiefs receiving "rockets" from New York to get competitive (not really much different from the way the papers and TV cover a fast-breaking news event back home). The trouble is, Vietnam isn't a fast-breaking news event most of the time. The papers back home have their deadlines; the TV stations have their scheduled news broadcasts. The journalists here try to feed the stuff back—there's usually some kind of stuff to feed back, some of it technically useful, and now and then it's good (R. W. Apple had a fine long piece in the *Times* this August on the "stalemate" in the war); sometimes it's ridiculous (as are the solemn transmissions of enemy casualty figures that are often obtained by a pilot looking down from a spotter plane a couple of thousand feet in the air)—and a lot of chatter comes out of the newspapers and picture tubes, but sometimes nothing really happens. Or, when it does happen, it happens in a time and space that often isn't very meaningfully evoked in terms of standard hard-news copy. People have this feeling that they're not getting the "true picture" of Vietnam from daily journalism. (Just about the first thing anyone asks a returning visitor from Vietnam is "What's *really* going on there?") People are, on the whole, right, and what makes the failure of

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the press to communicate the reality of the Vietnam war something well worth looking into is that the Vietnam war isn't such an isolated phenomenon as many people seem to think it is. "Not like the Second World War," people say. Indeed it isn't: no formal front lines, no supportive religious illusions about a Holy War, no happy embrace of propaganda ("We're all in this together, Fred. Hang the Kaiser. Down with Tojo. Here's a toast to Winnie, Uncle Joe, and Madame Chiang"). A different world now, a different war. The Detroit riots of 1967 are qualitatively, not just chronologically, different from the Detroit riots of 1943. The waves of energy emanating from the hippies in California are qualitatively different from those that emanated from the Lindy Hoppers that short while ago. It isn't, perhaps, that the world is deeper in chaos than it used to be but that the element of chaos which has always been there in life, which really *is* life (after all, there were minority groups and emerging nations in the eleventh century, too), is now coming more and more out from under wraps: Father has left the house, and the children have some new toys and are threatening to knock the house to pieces, and that would be all right, it would be manageable, if we could somehow get inside the house and really find out what was going on, could sit down and try to understand the children, listen to them, at any rate if we could confront what it was that they were doing (let alone thinking about), but, as things are, we make this big thing about how we know everything that's going on—*nothing* escapes us, because we, too, have new toys, which tell us things—but what really happens is that we sit outside the house and every now and then a maid comes out onto the porch and stamps one foot lightly for attention and then reads us a brief announcement, and we sit there looking thoughtful or impatient and listening to the sounds of breaking furniture from somewhere on the second story. We have this great arrogance about communications. We've given up much of our capacity for first-hand experience—certainly for first-hand sensory experience—cheerfully sitting at home shrouded in plastic, film, magnetic tape, peering out at the world through lenses, electronic tubes, photographs, lines of type. And we've also, at a time when the ability of a people to order and enhance its existence depends increasingly on its ability to know what is really going on (no more just getting the word from Father or the King; no more milling around in front of Whitehall to find out what really gives with Kitchener in the Sudan)—we've also given up the ideal of knowing first hand about ourselves and the world in favor of receiving sometimes arbitrary and often nearly stenographic reports through a machine system we call "communications," which for the most part neither recognizes the element of chaos in the world for what it is nor is able to make contact with it except on a single narrow-beam wavelength.

It's ironic, maybe, that, among the methods men have devised for usefully reflecting the world back to themselves, only those methods that the population at large doesn't really take very seriously—one thinks especially of the novel and the film—have made any significant attempt to cope with the evolving human experience. Not so long ago, in the nineteenth century, when the world was held in place by nuts and bolts, when the doors to all the upstairs rooms were locked up tight, when Father was home and brooked no nonsense—in those days, because it seemed relevant and interesting to find out about the things in people's lives, what work they did, what trolley car they took from where to where, and whom they married, novelists wrote book after book after book that covered these things in an orderly way, and that often appeared to describe the universe largely in terms of stationary articles of furniture. Nowadays, it seems more relevant to write about the inside of people's heads (or at least the writers' heads) and about how they really live—about how life doesn't always go in a straight line from here to there but moves forward, backward, upside down, inside the head, and outside. The nervier writers—the Mailers, the Pyncheons, the Updikes—go reaching out and grabbing at how things seem to be right now. A book by Mailer, or a film by Antonioni, may not define the world, and you may not like it, but, taken all in all, the novels and films being turned out today seem to attempt to reflect more of the shifting dynamism of present-day life than does even the best of daily journalism (both press and television), which we take *very* seriously and defer to for most of our public and private impressions of the world and, one imagines, of ourselves. Daily journalism, in fact, seems to have changed very little over the last few decades—as if nobody quite knew what to do with it (except for adding more white space, syndicating Clayton Fritchey, and "livening up" the women's page), as if its conventions were somehow eternal. The *Times*, which has editors and reporters with sufficient imagination and sense of history to recognize that there is more to be reflected upon in our evolving experience in Vietnam than the daily bombing reports, continues for the most part to treat the war as an accounting exercise—and "treat" is right, for the hurly-burly of the world emerges in the pages of the *Times* somehow ordered and dignified, a bit the way a man's ridiculous life emerges as so splendidly established (all those "estate"s and "issue"s and so forth) when he listens to the lawyer read him out his will. Television, with all its technical resources, with all the possibilities of film and film editing for revealing fluid motion, continues for the most part to report the war as a long, long narrative broken into two-minute, three-minute, or four-minute stretches of visual incident. Now, it's obvious that there are plenty of events in the war, or anywhere, that ought to be treated in an accountant's manner, and also that there are plenty of incidents that are inherently visual and can most accurately be revealed on film. If there's an important battle, it ought to be put down, covered—just that. The thing is, though, that it doesn't take one very long in Vietnam to realize—perhaps "feel" would be closer than "realize"—that there is a crucial difference between what seems to be *here* and what is reflected of it back home on television and in newspapers. It isn't so much a matter of the press distorting the picture (one of the favorite themes of our Embassy in Saigon), because, although there's a certain amount of that—a certain amount of deferring to official pronouncements that one knows are biassed, a certain amount of translating battles in which we lost a cruel number of men into gallant actions that were "gallant" because we took so many losses—somehow the concept of press distortion implies a demonology that for the most part just doesn't exist. What really seems to be standing in the way of an accurate reflection of Vietnam right now isn't that the press is "lying" or not telling all it knows. It's partly that much of the press, especially the wire services

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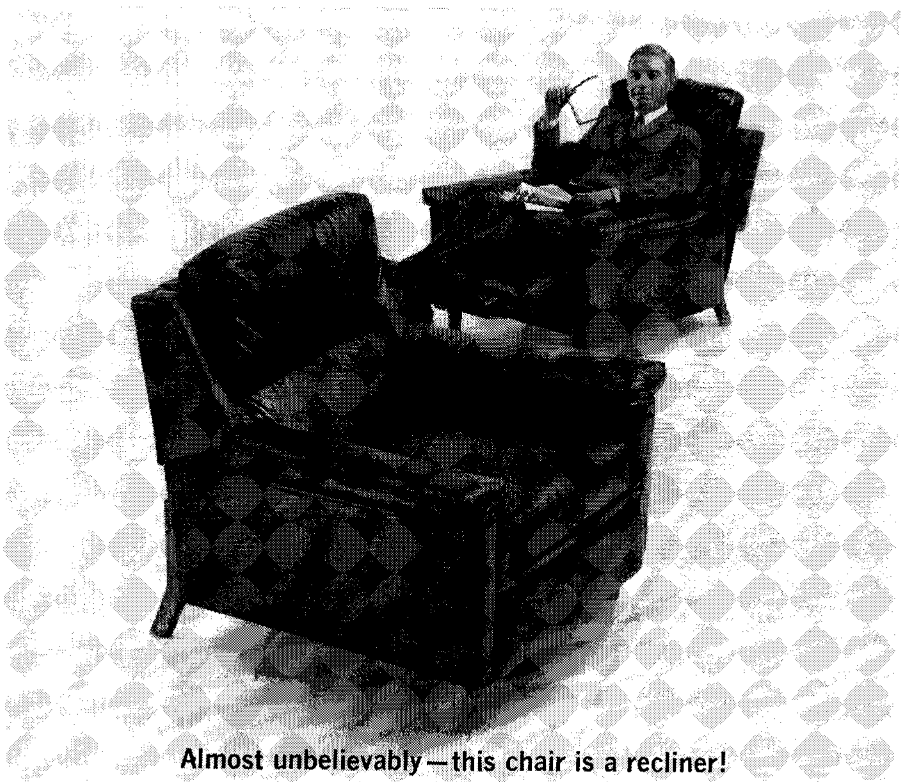

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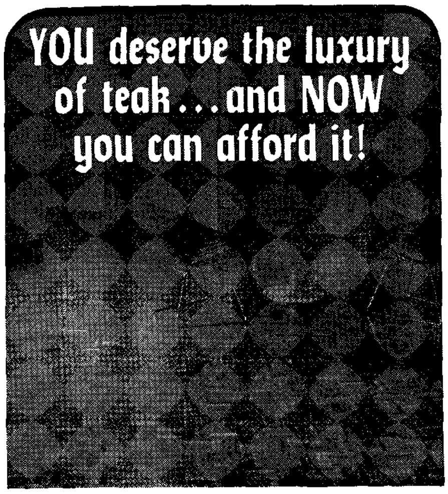
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and television, just doesn't have either the time or the inclination to investigate the various parts of the Vietnam picture—what's the true military situation, what's being done with new technology, what can't be done, how solid is the government's hold on the villages, how solid is the government, how good or bad is the ARVN, and so on. And, more important, when they do get hold of one of these parts, neither most of the newspapers nor most of television seems to be able to do anything more with it than to treat it as an isolated piece of detail—maybe an important piece of detail, maybe unimportant, but isolated in any case, cut off by the rigors and conventions of journalism from the events and forces that brought it into being, cut off, too, from the events and forces that it will in turn animate. The other week, as a small example, a crew from A.B.C. flew in here to do an interview with Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker. The Ambassador sat behind his desk and, in response to questions gently shoved at him by A.B.C.'s John Scali, discoursed at length on such matters as the "new stability" that would, he said, result from the Thieu-Ky election, and on the fine prospects for Thieu and Ky to work well together in the new government ("They have worked together very well in the last two years"). The program was presented a few days later in the United States—presented, naturally, at face value. At the end of the next week, Buddhists were marching in the streets here, students were getting clubbed by the police, reporters and TV crews (including A.B.C.'s) were tearing around Saigon trying to cover a situation that was, after all, a fairly predictable result of the unpopularity of the recent elections, of the fact that the "new stability" we are so hopefully committed to in many instances seems to depend largely on the ability of General Loan to hold down the lid on the kettle, even of the fact that Thieu and Ky have trouble staying in the same room with each other, let alone in the same government. The point isn't that Mr. Bunker shouldn't have said what he said, or that journalists shouldn't have been chasing after riot coverage, but that in life, after all, events don't sit stiffly, separately upon a page, don't take place in terms of three-minute narrative slices of film; they push and jostle and flow and mix against one another, and the process of this mixing is often a more important and revelatory part of what is really going on (this continuing reality that we so

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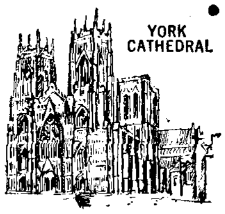

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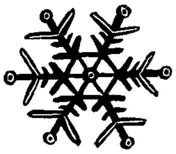
proudly call history when it has gone past us) than the isolated announcements that we usually have to make do with. It's obviously not fair—or, at any rate, not realistic—to expect a consistent resourcefulness in writing, political analysis, and so forth from a profession (journalism) that has traditionally been longer on energy than on anything else. But it seems true to say that most journalists here convey a more firmly realized picture of Vietnam in a couple of hours of conversation in the evening (with all those elisions made, the separate parts connected) than they've achieved sometimes (in complicity with their editors and their public) in six months of filing detached, hard-news reports. And it seems even truer to say that one of the notable results of all this has been the almost tangible inability of people back home to pay any very rigorous attention to Vietnam. It obsesses people, certainly, but more as a neurosis (which it's become, it often seems, largely as a result of this inability to confront it) than as a very real, evolving attempt of a large, important nation to relate outward to a large, important sector of the world, which, whether one finds the attempt good or bad, moral or immoral, useful or useless, is what it's all about.



PEOPLE often refer to television's coverage of Vietnam as "television's war" (as one could probably describe television's coverage of civil rights as "television's civil war"), and although it seems fair to say that in general television has done very well strictly in terms of what it has set out to report about Vietnam—in terms of those usually combat-oriented film clips that appear on the morning and evening news programs—it also seems fair to say that for the most part television in Vietnam has operated on a level not much more perceptive than that of a sort of illustrated wire service, with the television crews racketing around the countryside seeking to illustrate the various stories that are chalked on the assignment boards in Saigon ("4th Div. Opn.," "Chopper story," "Hobo Woods Opn.," "Buddhist march"), constantly under pressure to feed the New York news programs new stories (ideally, combat stories), moving in here, moving out, moving in there the next day. Recently, the major effort of the military war has been taking place up north in the I Corps area, and, as a result, many of the television and newspaper correspondents are now working out of the Danang press center. Ordinarily, though, much of the work is done almost in bankerish fashion from Saigon, and one says "bankerish" not to disparage the factor of risk-taking in their covering of various operations (a factor that ranges from slight to very considerable) but as an indication of how difficult it is to get close to a strange war in an unfamiliar country by a process that more often than not consists in your having breakfast at the Hotel Caravelle at seven-thirty, driving out to a helicopter base, going by chopper to where some military operation is occurring (say, a search of an area where a Vietcong ammunition dump supposedly exists, the possible picture value being in the blowing up of the ammo dump), wandering around in the woods taking pictures until three-thirty, maybe getting shot at a bit and maybe not, then taking the chopper back, doing all your paperwork and film-shipment arrangements, and meeting friends in the Continental bar at seven o'clock. The correspondents tend to have mixed feelings about all this themselves. Many of them, to be sure, are older men with families and are not crazy about spending more time than necessary out in the field, and, doubtless like journalists everywhere, they complain of not having enough time to cover the "right stories," and of the pressure from New York to provide combat coverage. Of the newspapermen and magazine correspondents, in fact, except for a couple of people like Peter Arnett and Henri Huet, of the A.P., and David Greenway, of *Time*, and Dana Stone, of U.P.I., virtually none are doing the combat work that television is now doing almost on a routine basis (a seemingly routine basis, anyway). And although it's true that the Vietnam story is more than the story of men shooting at one another (the television people themselves refer to it as "bang-bang" coverage, and have a healthy respect for what goes into the getting of it), it's also true that American men (and Vietnamese men) are indeed getting shot and killed, and are shooting and killing others, and one would have to be a pretty self-indulgent pacifist to say that it wasn't somebody's job to record and witness something of that. The trouble is that television doesn't do much more than that. It doesn't try. There are the highly structured news programs, with correspondents from around the world coming on for a

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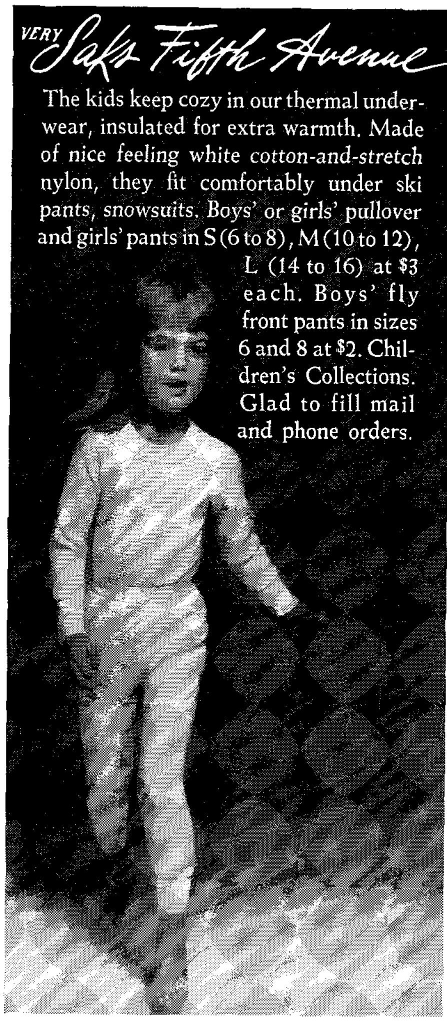
few minutes at a time. And then, as a way of circumventing this limitation, there are the "news specials," which up to now have generally been done with the same hasty, unfeeling, technically skillful professionalism that (more justifiably) characterizes the shorter film clips. For the most part, "television's war" is a prisoner of its own structure, a prisoner of such facts as that although television is the chief source of news and information for the majority of the people, the News & Information act is still just another aspect of the world's greatest continuous floating variety show, that the scope and cost of television news require an immense weight of administrative-managing from above, that for TV the newsworthiness of daily events is still so restrictively determined by visual criteria. For example, people watching an evening news show about an ammo dump being blown up in the Hobo Woods might reasonably conclude, on a day, say, when a nationwide strike was averted in San Diego, when a rebel army was captured in Nigeria, when the Pope fell sick, and when Indonesia broke relations with Red China, that there was some special significance to the blowing up of this particular ammo dump, or not even anything special about it, just some significance—that its presentation on the screen in front of one said something useful about the war. In all too many cases, though, what the blowing up of the ammo dump says is that when you blow up an ammo dump it goes *boom-boom-boom* and there is a lot of smoke, and that is about it. Daily journalism in general seems to be virtually rooted in its traditional single-minded way of presenting the actuality of daily life, as if some invisible sacred bond existed between the conventional structures of daily journalism and the conventional attitudes of so many of the people whom daily journalism serves. This has been increasingly noticeable in journalism's severely conventional covering of most of the major matters of our time—covering civil rights, for instance, with its technically proficient battle-action accounts of rioting, and its distracted, uncomprehending, essentially uninterested sliding over of the dark silences that fill the empty spaces in between the riots. It is now especially evident, and damaging, in Vietnam, where, for the most part, American journalism has practically surrendered itself to a consecutive, activist, piecemeal, the-next-day-the-First-Army-forged-onward-toward-Aachen approach to a war that



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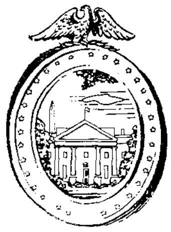

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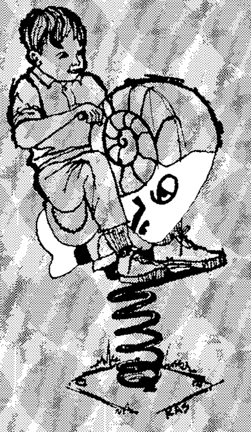

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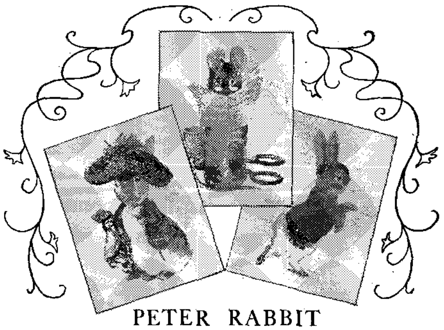

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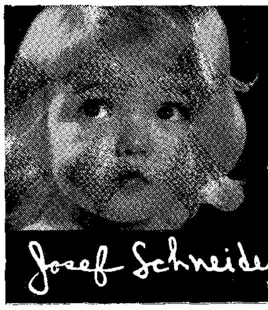

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even the journalists covering it know to be non-consecutive, non-activist, a war of silences, strange motions, where a bang on the table gets you nothing and an inadvertent blink causes things to happen in rooms you haven't even looked into yet, where there is no Aachen, and "onward" is a word that doesn't seem to translate very well into the local language. The journalists reorder the actuality of Vietnam into these isolated hard-news incidents for the benefit of their editors. The editors say that that's what the public wants, and, to a great extent, the editors are right about that. The public does indeed want and need hard news, something concrete amid the chaos, something you can reach out to over the morning coffee and almost touch—a hill number, for example. Hill 63. Hill 881. It's a truism, especially among wire-service reporters in Vietnam, that if you can somehow get a hill number attached to a military operation (most operations start at one latitude-longitude point and move to another), regardless of the number of casualties, regardless, especially, of the relevance of this operation to the rest of the war, the story will run on for days, particularly in the pages of the small-to-medium-circulation newspapers that buy most of the wire-service copy. The public also presumably wants and needs a sense of progress, and since this is a public that tends to measure progress numerically—so many yards gained rushing, so many villages pacified, earnings per share up, body counts down, carloadings steady—there is a tendency on the part of the dispensers of information, the military and the government, to scour Vietnam for positive statistics and dole them out to newsmen, who are always under pressure to supply copy, and who know that there is nearly always a market back home for these firm-sounding stories that seem to be about numbers, which seem to mean something but in fact are often just about the numbers. One of the better "Catch-22" effects over here is to pick up the daily *Stars & Stripes* and read the wire-service lead, datelined Saigon—"Hurtling out of an overcast sky, warplanes of the United States Seventh Fleet delivered another massive air strike against the port city of Haiphong," and so on—and try to recall the atmosphere and the phrasing when the source information was delivered in the course of the daily briefing, the famous "five-o'clock follies" held each day at the Mission Press Center. A couple of dozen correspondents are slouched in chairs in the briefing

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room, a bored Air Force major is reading aloud in a flat, uninflected voice the summary of the various air strikes conducted that morning and earlier that afternoon: "Airplanes of the United States Seventh Fleet flew 267 missions against targets in the south. . . . Airplanes of the 12th Tactical Fighter Wing flew 245 missions and 62 sorties against selected targets, including the warehouse system outside Hanoi and bridges in the Loc Binh area. . . ." Everybody has been dozing along, except that now someone asks, "Say, Major, isn't that Loc Binh just five miles from the Chinese border?" The major will acknowledge that it is. "Say, Major, isn't that the closest we've yet come to the Chinese border?" The major will acknowledge that it is. "Major," another voice will ask, "wouldn't you say that was a 'first'—I mean in proximity terms?" The major looks thoughtful for a moment. "In proximity terms," he will reply, "I would say 'affirmative.' "

Television correspondents try to get around the limitations, not of their medium but of what they are structurally required to cover (at least, the more political and thoughtful among them do), by inserting some sort of verbal point of view in the taped narrative they send off with their brief film reports, as though to say, O.K., fellows, here's your bang-bang footage, but if I put a little edge in my voice maybe it will come out a bit closer to the way things were. Morley Safer used to do this with a vengeance on C.B.S., and C.B.S.'s David Schoumacher and N.B.C.'s Dean Brelis do it to a certain degree now, and in some ways it's effective—it sharpens a point of view, if there should be one to begin with, and it allows for a slight intrusion of irony into a war that most news organizations are attempting to report without irony. (Trying to report a war without irony is a bit like trying to keep sex out of a discussion of the relations between men and women.) The fact is, though, that if you show some film of, say, half a dozen helicopters whirring in onto the ground, our men rushing out with rifles at the ready amid sounds of gunfire here and there, a platoon commander on the radio, men running by with stretchers amid more gunfire, what you are really doing is adding another centimetre or millimetre to what is often no more than an illusion of American-military progress (our boys rushing forward, those roaring helicopters, the authoritative voice of the captain). And to stand up there afterward, microphone in hand, and say, with all the edge in your voice you can muster, as Safer used to do, "Another typical engagement in Vietnam. . . . A couple of battalions of the Army went into these woods looking for the enemy. The enemy was gone. There was a little sniper fire at one moment; three of our men were hit, but not seriously. It was pretty much the way it usually goes" doesn't pull the picture back quite straight—or perhaps, to be a bit more accurate, it focusses one's eyes on a picture that may not really have any useful connection with the situation it claims to be communicating about. Communications. One is so terribly serious about some things. One has a direct circuit installed between Rockefeller Center and the Hotel Caravelle. One can whoosh eight cans of 16-mm. film two-thirds of the way around the world in less than twenty hours. For around seventy-five hundred bucks, one can buy thirty minutes' worth of satellite time and relay the film in from Tokyo. The television people work like hell in Vietnam—Saturdays, Sundays, all the time, really. Many of the journalists there work like hell—able men, responsible men, pasting detail upon detail into some sort of continuing scrapbook of stories about bombing raids, and pacification programs, and bombing raids, and about the Buddhist march, and the new infrared searchlight, and bombing raids, and about the fact that forty thousand Vietcong defected in the last six months. And the detail accretes, day in, day out; paragraphs clatter out over the cable, film by the bagload heads home for processing, detail, detail, detail, and people back home, who have been fed more words and pictures on Vietnam than on any other event in the last twenty years, have the vague, unhappy feeling that they still haven't been told it straight. And, of course, it's true. When President Johnson stands behind the podium in the East Room, looks into the cameras, and declares that he has "read all the reports" and that the reports tell him "progress is being made," it isn't that he's lying. He doesn't need to lie for the situation to be potentially disastrous; all he needs to do is defer to the authority of a reportorial system (one is thinking especially of the govern-

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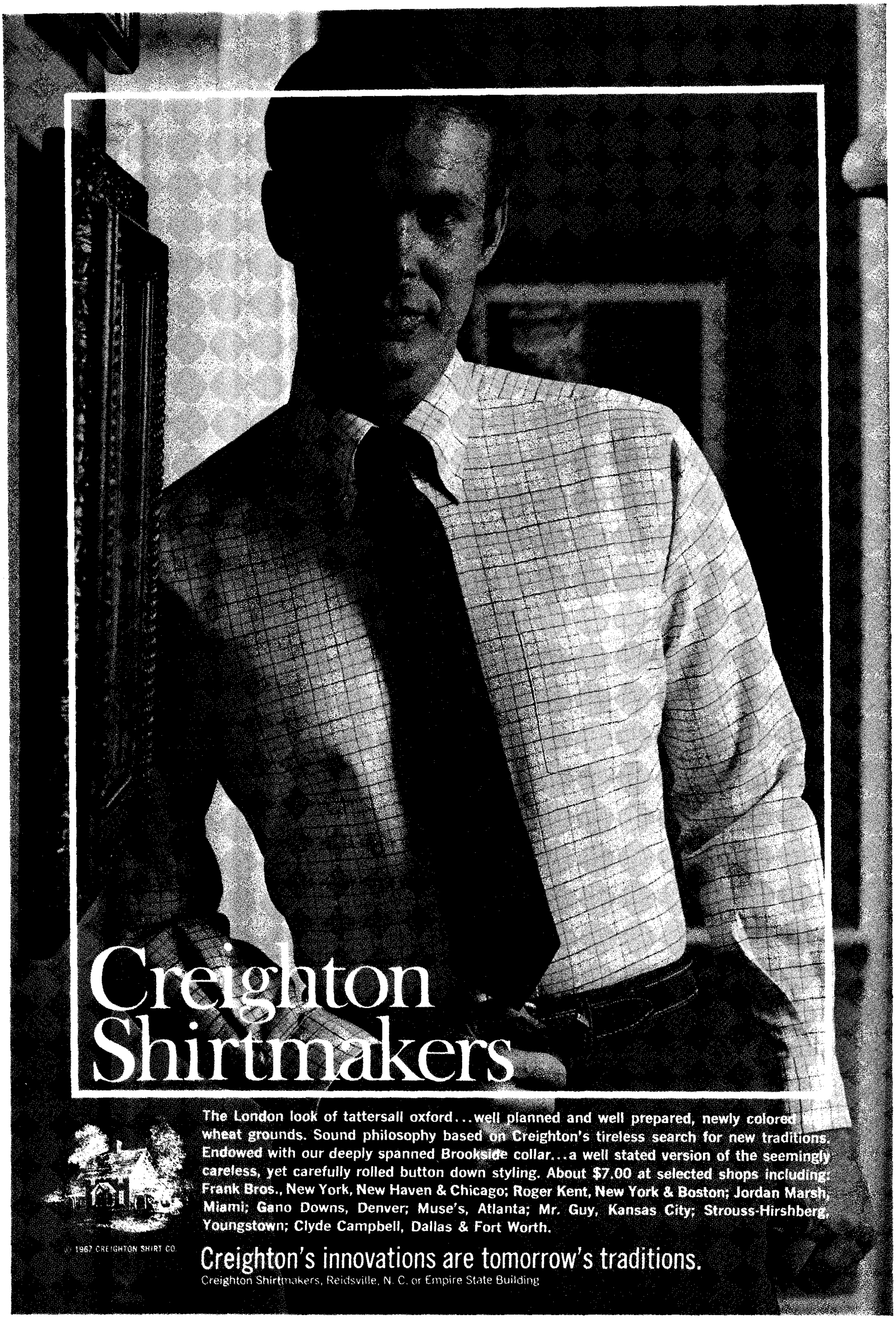

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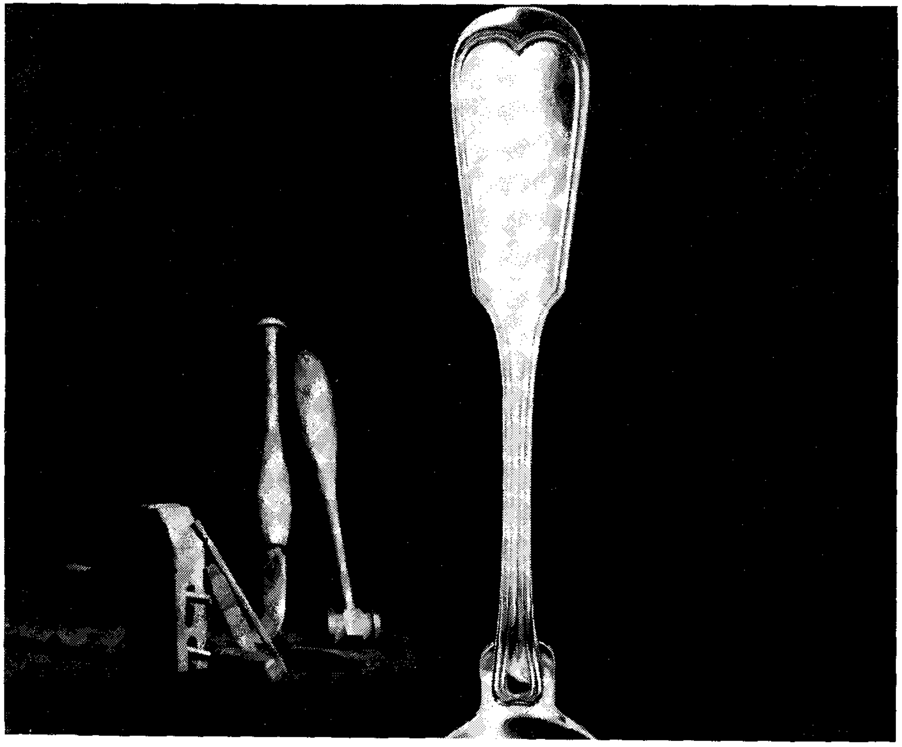
THERE are a couple of things one could probably do to improve the situation. In television, the most likely would be to loosen up and expand the evening news programs so that the correspondents could handle larger themes, and then be less restrictively visual about the assignments. (The networks might also get some correspondents whose interest in daily events wasn't entirely confined to hustling four hundred and fifty feet of film into a can.) In newspapers (the best of which are far less limited, obviously, than television), one might conceivably do the same sort of thing—loosen the paper up, get some new writers, encourage them to at least allow themselves the possibility of breaking through the barriers of the orthodox good-newspaper-writing declarative sentence ("McCormick Place, the huge exposition center that draws more than a million visitors a year to Chicago, was ravaged by fire today. Damage was estimated at $100 million" is the way the New York *Times* sings it). In television, again—although this, admittedly, isn't very likely, at least in this Golden Age—it might even happen that a network official would someday have the nerve and imagination to call on a few of the really inventive movie-makers, like Godard, Antonioni, and Richardson, or, since they might be a bit hard to get, on some of the young inventive movie-makers like Stan Vanderbeek, Shirley Clarke, Donn Pennebaker, and say, "How about you and you and you going in there for a while, to Vietnam, Harlem, Texas, and bringing back some film of what you think is going on?" After all, there *are* these really inventive movie-makers, and one of the reasons they're in movies, and not TV, is that TV tends to remain so consistently nerveless and conventional in its use of film. And both the papers and TV could stand being a great deal more investigative, because if the Emperor doesn't have any clothes on you're surely not doing the empire much of a favor by saying he

Once you had to inherit it



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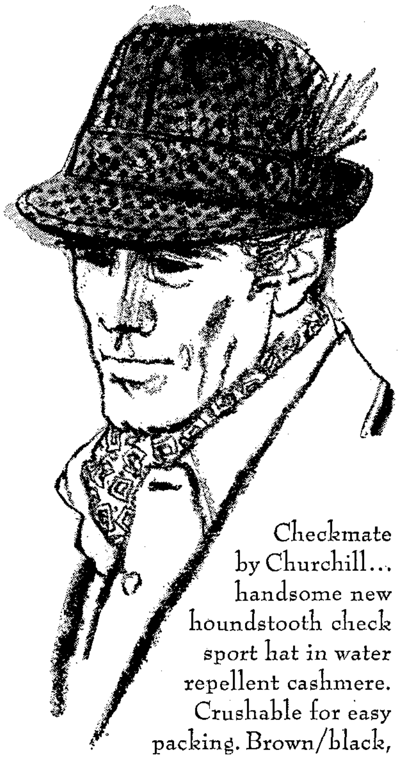
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does. Right now, for example, there's a big public-relations push going on among the military and the Embassy people here to get across the idea that the ARVN is a fine, competent, reliable modern army, which it certainly isn't—partly because we spent three years (between 1959 and 1961) training it to be an old-fashioned army, and partly for reasons having to do with corruption and such matters. With the exception of Peter Arnett, of the A.P., and Merton Perry, of *Newsweek*, and a very few others, however, nobody has really gone into the ARVN story, which isn't to say that everyone has been praising the ARVN; even *Time* qualifies its statements about it to the extent of acknowledging that the ARVN hasn't yet fully found itself. Still, it's an important story to do (many of the things you find out about the ARVN are inextricably connected with the rest of Vietnamese life), and it's here, it's here all the time (maybe a bit the way Negro slums are there all the time back home), and nobody really looks into it until something happens—a victory, a defeat, a campaign. Or, when somebody does, he does it the way A.B.C. did the ARVN the other day, which was to run a three-minute film clip on one of its few decent battalions receiving a Presidential citation from General Westmoreland, concluding with a few well-chosen words from the General on the great improvement he had lately detected in the South Vietnamese Army—all presented absolutely straight. The thing is, one takes note of these various deficiencies, inabilities, disinclinations; one dutifully nudges forward one's little "constructive suggestions"—but they're no more than that. We're all prisoners of the same landscape, and it hardly seems realistic to expect that we'll ever derive a truly intelligent, accurate, sensitive reflection of actuality from a free-market communications system that is manned and operated by people like us, and that will, inevitably, tell us for the most part what we want to know. In Vietnam recently, the war has shifted—superficially, maybe, but shifted anyway—up into the I Corps area, where, just below the D.M.Z., we have some batteries of Marine artillery, which were placed there last February in an aggressive move to fire upon the enemy infiltration routes, and which have now become exposed, potentially isolated, and subjected to extremely heavy shelling from the enemy's guns, these being in the main well camouflaged, dug in behind the hills within the D.M.Z.,

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and hard to hit. The other day, after a month-long period in which Con Thien in particular had taken as many as a thousand rounds of artillery fire in a single day, the military headquarters in Saigon (four hundred miles to the south) suddenly announced that the enemy had pulled back from his positions, that we had in fact won at Con Thien, had punished him too severely with our artillery and bombers, and instantly there was a great outpouring of cables and messages back home. "U.S. GUNS BATTER REDS AT CON THIEN," headlined the New York *Post*. "REDS FLEE GUN POSTS; CON THIEN SIEGE ENDS," said the Denver *Post*. The A.P. put a big story on the wire which began, "Massive American firepower has broken the back of the Communists' month-long artillery siege of Con Thien," and went on to quote General Westmoreland as having said, "We made it a Dien Bien Phu in reverse." One of the few exceptions was Charles Mohr, of the *Times*, who had recently been up there and who filed a long piece to his paper two days later to the effect that Con Thien was still extremely exposed, that "aerial photos confirmed a limited withdrawal but did *not necessarily* prove that the bulk of the gun pits—most of which have never been located—were hit by B-52 bombing raids and United States artillery," and that "few sources believe that more than a respite has been gained." There is disagreement among journalists here as to the real likelihood of our suffering a military defeat in I Corps, at a place, say, such as Con Thien. There are those who point out that two weeks ago eighteen inches of rain fell on Con Thien in two days, that air strikes could not get in, that trucks could not supply the base with ammunition, or even with water, that it is not totally implausible, considering the fact that the enemy has superior forces in the area, for a combination of circumstances to occur in which the enemy might indeed overrun Con Thien, destroy the guns, raise hell, get out—and then you really would have a sort of mini-Dien Bien Phu disaster. There are also those—the majority—who regard a successful enemy attack on Con Thien as very unlikely, who think that Con Thien could never get that exposed, and who cite as evidence the fact that the enemy is as impeded by monsoon weather as we are. The majority view is probably right. ("The United States Command disclosed today that about 4000 men of the First Air Cavalry Division had been moved

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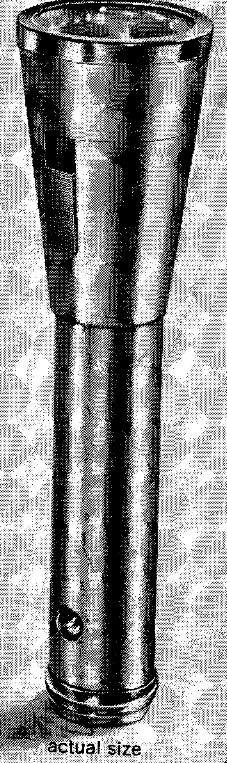

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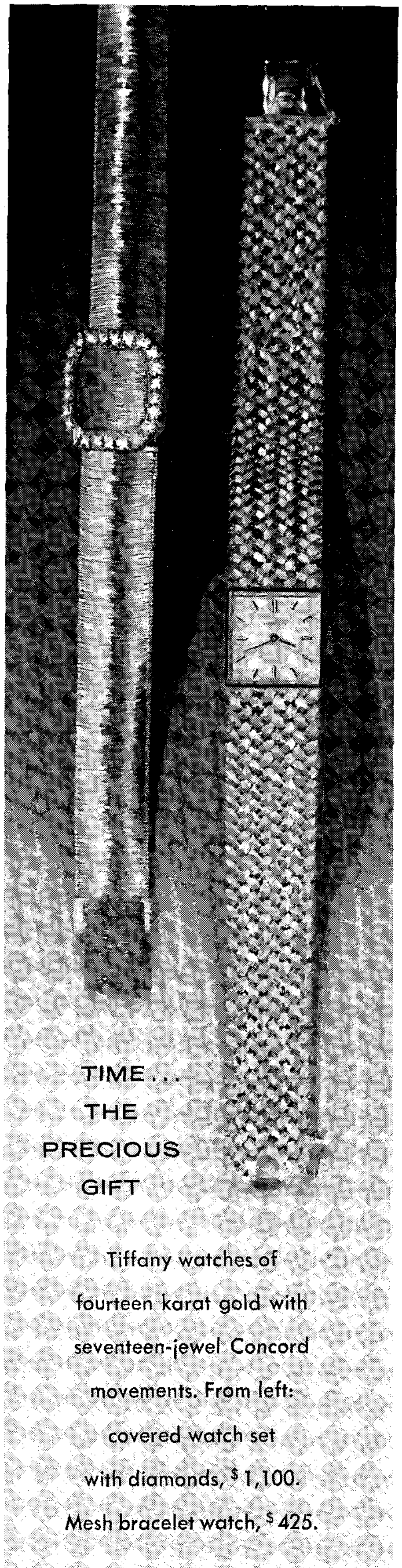

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north to within 20 miles of Danang," the A.P. filed a few days later, forgetting perhaps to disclose that Danang is the central staging area for I Corps and the outposts near the D.M.Z., or that the reinforcement of the Marine Corps by the Army is not yet an everyday occurrence in Vietnam or anywhere else.) But, in either case, most journalists who have been up north (some of the same men, indeed, who seem to have so blithely passed along those "Victory at Con Thien" announcements) recognize that the shifting situation in I Corps, and notably around Con Thien (where for the first time Vietnam has turned into a conventional war; in fact, not just a conventional war—a small-scale replica of the First World War), not only says a great deal about the military possibilities in Vietnam right now but, even more important, raises a good many questions about the limits of technology as a cure-all in every modern military situation, about the hazards of trying to fight what appears increasingly to be a ground war with insufficient troops, about the possibilities of negotiating a peace settlement with an enemy who seems to be able to effectively increase his infantry capabilities more than we can. ("Long-range Communist artillery and Red mortars opened up again yesterday and today on U.S. Marine positions south of the Demilitarized Zone," the A.P. dispatch began on October 11th, as if the previous ones had never existed.) Con Thien—lately, anyway—raises these sorts of questions, but, with few exceptions, such as Mohr, and Lee Lescaze, of the Washington *Post*, nobody seems to even hear the questions, let alone try to pass them on. (Television, it should be pointed out, first broke the Con Thien story, first took note of the fact that the situation had shifted from an aggressive gun emplacement last February to a defensive battery holding on for dear life in the fall, but, in terms of the three-minute film clips on the evening news, it hasn't done much beyond showing what the place is like—no mean trick itself.) Back home now, one gathers, the tide of impatience and unhappiness with the war keeps growing. Governor Reagan, one reads, advises that we should use the "full technological resources of the United States" to win the war. An eminent Midwestern senator visiting Saigon the other day slammed his thick hand upon the table and declared in anguish and frustration (the special anguish and frustration of eminent people) that he could see "no alternatives remaining" except that we "step up the bombing" or "pack up and leave." A journalist was talking here recently, a young man who works for television and who has been up to Con Thien. "The real hazard about Con Thien," he was saying, "is that we'll get so frustrated trying to win a ground war without enough troops that we'll indeed step up the technology, whatever that means. I hate to think what that means." There are so many real and possible tragedies connected with Vietnam—the tragedies of men and women dead, of men and women dying, of nations dying. (Perhaps there's no worse tragedy than people dying.) But sometimes, listening to the note of anger and impatience that rises above the towns and cities in our country, that hovers over daily life, feeling the growing swell of semi-automatic hawkishness and doveishness that pushes so many people nowadays and seems to say less for what they rigorously, intelligently believe is right than for the inability of many persons to stand in uncertainty much longer when there are firm choices to be seen on either side, sometimes one has the sense that maybe as great a tragedy as any other will be that we will indeed *do* something shortly (this nation of men and women that always has to be doing something to keep sane)—distracted, numbed, isolated by detail that seemed to have been information but was only detail, isolated by a journalism that too often told us only what we thought we wanted to hear, isolated, in fact, by communications—expressing pieties, firmness, regrets, what you will, citizens patting each other on the back ("We did the right thing, Fred"), and not know what we did. Or why. And, once again, will have learned nothing.

—MICHAEL J. ARLEN

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THE ART WORLD

Lights! Lights!

AMONG the first offerings of the new art season was, not unexpectedly, an Environment; that is (to attempt a definition), a work that encompasses the spectator, or gives him the feeling of being encompassed, instead of confronting him with an object or image. At the Architectural League of New York, a collaboration between an architect (John Lobell) and a sculptor (Michael Steiner) brought into being a labyrinth of tall panels painted red on one side, yellow on the other, and set in slanting rows of L-shaped pairs; as the spectators passed through the corridors thus formed, their movements turned sounds on and off. What these sounds, composed by the sculptor, were like, how they related to the colors and dimensions of the painted slats, and how they affected one's sense of being surrounded by and made part of the operating mechanism of the construction, I am unfortunately unable to report, for when I visited the exhibit the sound apparatus was out of order. This, too, was not completely surprising. Environments, in art as in actuality, have a way of breaking down, and people who have been frequenting such combinations of stage setting and mechanical activity have learned to take partial, and even total, collapse in their stride. Since the early Happenings, one of the chief sources of Environmental art, foul-ups have been accepted as aspects of the production. Robert Whitman, an old Happenings hand, whose lights steeplechase is now on view at the Pace Gallery, is described in Michael Kirby's "Happenings" as considering accidents to be "an integral element of the Happening." Complacency about nonfunctioning and malfunctioning was encouraged by the Buddhist-derived aesthetics of resignation that was promoted by John Cage, who in planning his concerts welcomed street noises, radio static, and the errors of instrumentalists as contributions (divine?) to the total musical occurrence. Another legitimation of mishap comes from the practice of the Action painters of leaving drips, blots, and fingerprints in evidence on the canvas and inducing accidents as a way of stimulating com-

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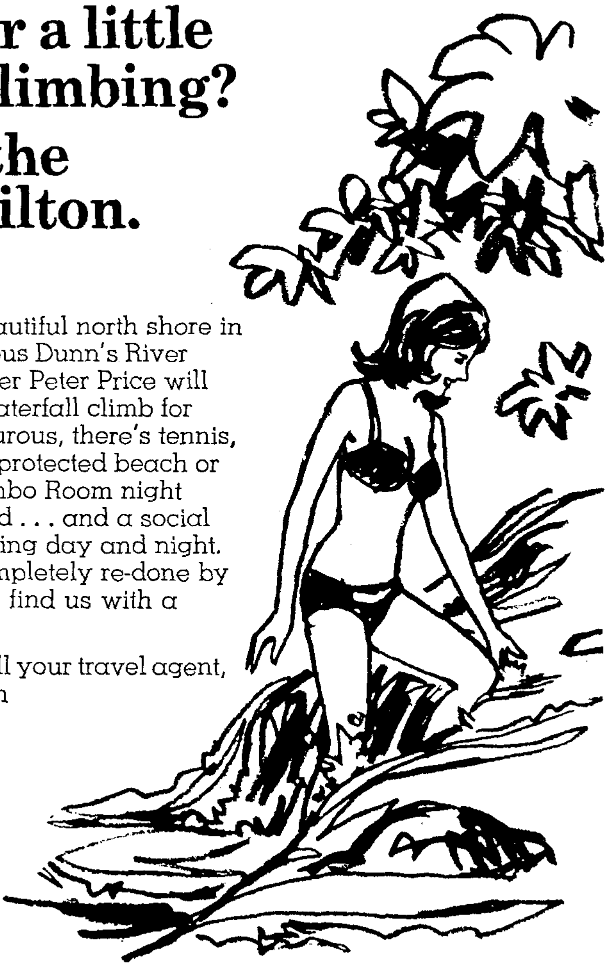

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positional ideas. Art history aside, however, an Environment, even when it stops "working," is an Environment still; its temporary impotence may even evoke a new sensation—that of relief. It has also been argued, notably in connection with the mostly unachieved Armory spectacles last fall, that mechanical failure adds creative authenticity to the event; after all, the outstanding feature of the conveyor-belt products of the entertainment business is that they do work.

In any case, Environments, whatever happens in them or fails to happen, have made people aware that one is always somewhere and in a state of more or less conscious sensitivity to what is around. This insight seems sufficient to have made "Environment" the most pervasive word in the art world today; to label a project an Environment qualifies it as significant and avant-garde. Pop Art novelties designed for the mass market—such as inflated plastic chairs, slogan-bearing buttons, comical dishes—command notice in art sections of the press as Environmental creations that embody the style of our surroundings (which, of course, they in fact do not). The American exhibit at the current São Paulo Bienal is called "Environment U.S.A. 1957-1967," and the large sculptures set in parks and plazas around New York City as part of the Cultural Showcase Festival bear the collective title of "Sculpture in Environment." "Environment" has translated that recondite term "space," which aesthetics shares with physics and mathematics, into the homey, everyday idea of place; in its present use, "Environment" is a Pop word. To praise a work, a critic will now speak of "the power of its presence on the environment," whether that power is exercised by a gray box silently posed in an empty hall or by a blinking, squawking contraption as hard to evade as a nagging nerve. To James Harithas, assistant director of the Corcoran Gallery, a wedge-shaped construction of sheets of plastic by Rockne Krebs, currently at the Byron Gallery, makes the room "lose its boundaries. The lines of the room . . . find a symbolic end-point in the sculpture; this turns the room in on the sculpture and makes it part of the sculpture. By absorbing the lines of the room, the sculpture becomes a tension-filled object, energizing the whole room." Apparently, the sculpture swallows the room, blowing itself up like Aesop's bullfrog and making the room jump inside it. This may be difficult to grasp, but it indicates the new need to

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think of art Environmentally, even if the "energizing" has to be done by the critic's prose.

Anything, naturally, put down in a given area changes that area. How an object transforms its environment and turns it into a work of art was thoroughly investigated by Wallace Stevens in his "Anecdote of the Jar" ("Collected Poems," Knopf):

> I placed a jar in Tennessee,
> And round it was, upon a hill.
> It made the slovenly wilderness
> Surround that hill.
>
> The wilderness rose up to it,
> And sprawled around, no longer
> wild.
> The jar was round upon the
> ground,
> And tall and of a port in air.
>
> It took dominion everywhere.
> The jar was gray and bare. . . .

In teaching drawing and composition, Hans Hofmann urged his students to see the model as being situated in an all-active space. Objects, too, no matter how immobile, can be conceived of as quivering with an inner *élan;* I think of Arshile Gorky discovering that rocks were in motion inside, and of Jules Romains describing the currents of vitality streaming through the streets of Paris in "Death of a Nobody" and the bursting colors of vegetables in a grocer's bin in "The Body's Rapture." The notion of an active universe extends across a wide range of sensibilities, from the mystical to the scientific; it is on this basis that writers have found resemblances between the spottings and errant lines of Pollock's paintings and the diagrams of electronic phenomena in physics manuals.

Still, there is an enormous qualitative difference between an intuition of living things in a living envelope and the conception of an Environment designed to shoot stimuli into those who enter it. In the main, current Environmental art leans toward an "energizing" of enclosures that immerses the spectator in a Turkish bath of sensations. A statement issued by the Architectural League for an exhibit last January—"Environment II: Prisms, Lenses, Water, Light"—declares, "Here the spectator actually becomes a part of the environment, seeing and being seen through lenses, unable to avoid the effects of pulsing lights, falling water, and colors and forms reflected onto the walls." The key phrase in this is "unable to avoid;" the capture of the spectator by the work and his subjection by it to controlled effects is the radical principle introduced by Environmental art. This sub-

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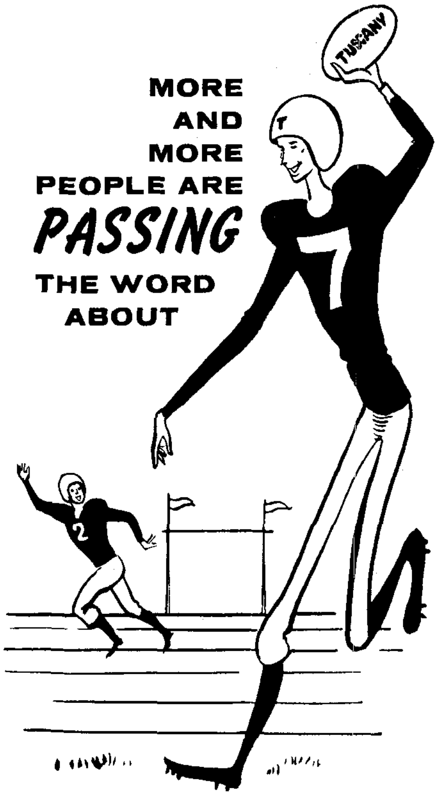

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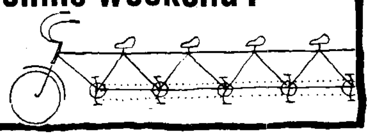

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jection fundamentally alters the relation between the artist's creation and its intended public. On this ground alone, Environmental art is without doubt the most avant-garde art mode of the nineteen-sixties—if we take *avant-garde* to mean the type of art that, regardless of art values, makes all other kinds of art seem a thing of the past. The Environmental concept spontaneously associates itself with the all-out wherever it appears—whether as the be-ins of the hippies or Artaud's audience-enveloping "theatre of cruelty." The unavoidable reflex controlled by a "programmer" is recognized to be the condition indicated by McLuhan's now unavoidable slogan "The medium is the message." An amusing version of the overpowered spectator playing his part in Environmental art is presented in a photograph in the current *Arts Magazine*, taken at the exhibition in the Paris Museum of Modern Art entitled "Light and Movement." It shows the Israeli Op artist Agam and an unidentified companion gazing upward in awe at a spot of light on the ceiling, and the caption is "Light Responding to Verbal Commands." There is an overtone of Moses and the Burning Bush—a reference reinforced for New Yorkers by the circumstance that the Electric Circus, on St. Marks Place, requires visitors to enter without shoes (an Old Testament injunction regarding sacred places) or pay a larger admission fee.

In Europe, the art of lights and movement has for several years taken the lead in pointing toward the future of painting and sculpture. The novelty lies less in illuminated entertainment and mechanized art as such than in the motives and outlook of the artists. Historians like to recall fireworks displays in the royal court of medieval China and mobiles in festivals at Versailles; at Mexican folk fiestas, pinwheel fireworks constructions called *castillos*, some of them thirty feet in height, howl and whistle as they burn themselves up. In more recent art history, Environments look back to geometric abstraction in painting and sculpture and to the functionalist aesthetics of the Bauhaus and the Constructivists, but they draw also on Happenings and mixed-media performances. Fun-house props and new-design products belong to the Pop element in the Environmental scheme. More important, however, is the attempt, as in other avant-garde developments, to relate art, for better or worse, to new social and psychological conditions. What separates the current art from Bauhaus constructions is the rise of Environments in a

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THE STORY OF L'HEURE BLEUE

Or how a certain time of day led to Guerlain's creation of, perhaps, the most tenderly beautiful perfume in the world.

Twilight on the Seine: 1911.

The art of the perfumer, like the art of the musician, is elusive and mysterious.

But even the musician has certain laws of harmony and the eight notes of the scale to rely upon, while the perfumer is faced with an infinite range of fragrances, and only his intuition to guide him.

Common to all great art, however, is that moment, or event, which compels the artist to attempt to preserve it forever. (Who amongst us has led such a shallow existence that he was never moved to say "I wish I could paint that," or at least, "I wish I had a camera with me"?)

A moment such as this is the story of L'Heure Bleue.

A man pauses to reflect on his walk home from work. The year is 1911. It is summer. There is nothing spectacular about the scene. No vivid sunset. No heavenly rays penetrating dark clouds.

To the contrary. The air is dark blue. The sky has lost the sun but not yet found the stars. And yet it is as if all the elements were conspiring to say something.

Something infinite. Something . . . tender. Something that simply cannot be translated into words.

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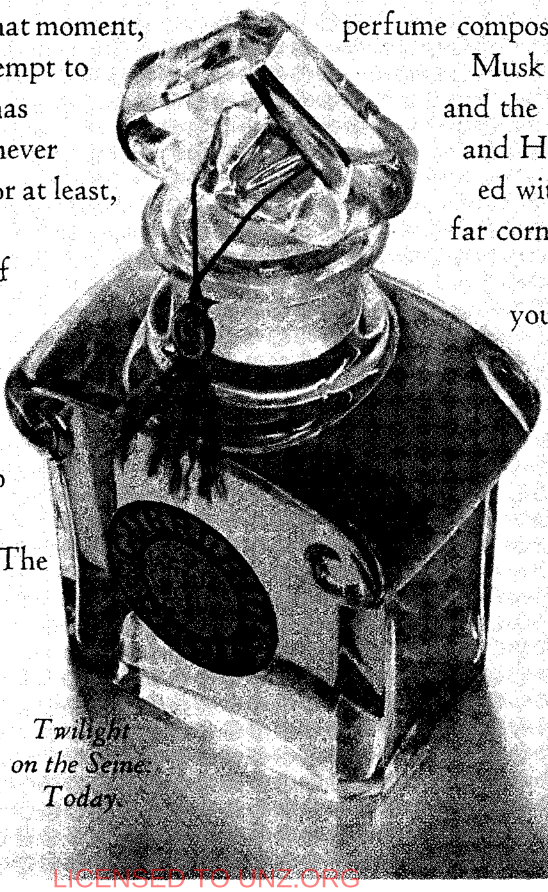

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period when managed, or programmed, living space, from dwellings to metropolitan "cores," is envisaged by architects, engineers, and community planners as dominating the movements, the sensations, and, ultimately, the decisions of human masses. Space travel, too, has brought the necessity for a completely controlled environment, both within the vehicle of transportation and at the point of arrival. To Buckminster Fuller, the living conditions of the astronaut are the first instance in human history of totally regulated space occupancy, and to him the astronaut's cabin provides the ultimate model for planned utilization of the world's resources. (Fuller seems to neglect the dungeon as an earlier organization of space to control living.)

Responding to phenomena of this order, Environmental painters and sculptors carry their medium into the domain of architects and engineers by conceiving within the general Environment another, more intimate physical context to which the human being must respond—one that underlines, for example, what light, noise, and motion can do to his nervous system. European Environmentalists especially have engaged in renewed questioning of the viability of art and of the position of the artist as creator in the technological epoch; hope has been revived that art will fade into activities more consonant with the structure and pace of the modern city. Vasarely, the outstanding practitioner of Op painting, is now quoted as wishing the art object to disappear entirely and to be revealed only in its effects. Throughout the Continent, artists have formed groups, many calling themselves anonymous, that approach art as "research." One such group, the Centre for Advanced Creative Study, with headquarters in London, a few years ago quoted Mondrian's call for "the end of art as a thing separate from our surrounding environment, which is the actual plastic reality," together with his prophecy that "by the unification of architecture, sculpture, and painting . . . a new plastic reality will be created. Painting and sculpture will not manifest themselves as separate objects . . . but . . . will aid the creation of a surrounding environment not merely utilitarian and rational, but also pure and complete in its beauty."

The impulse to get rid of the art object is supported by several lines of argument, some deriving from traditional avant-garde attitudes, others newly discovered in the apparent incompatibility of the art "thing" with

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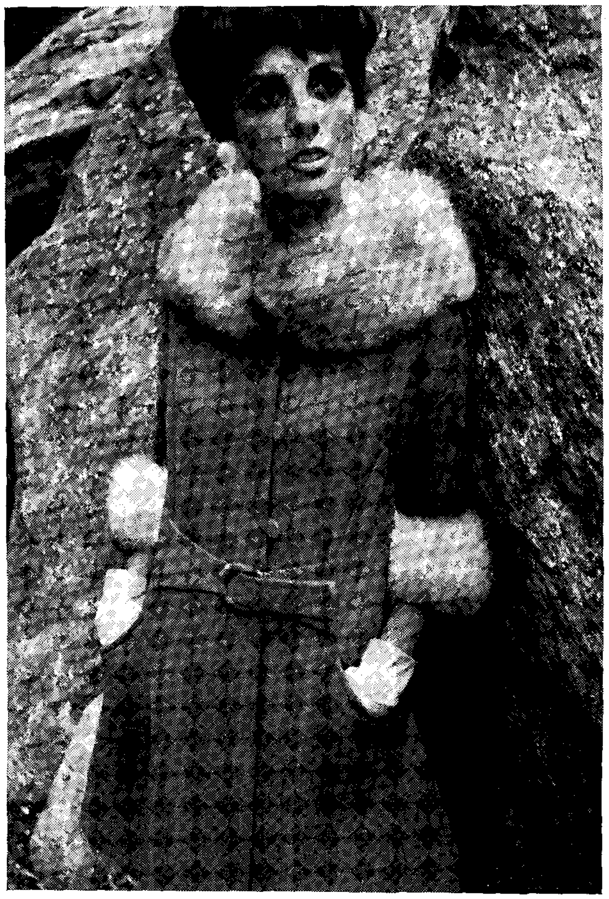

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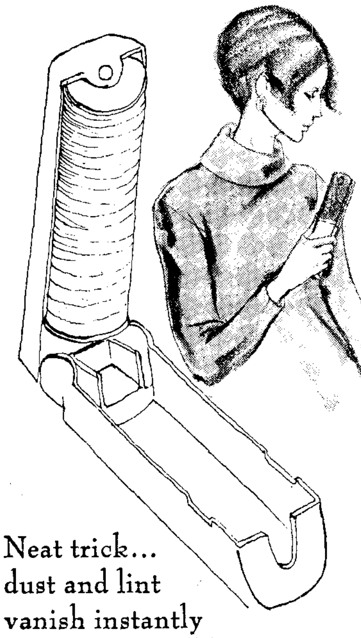

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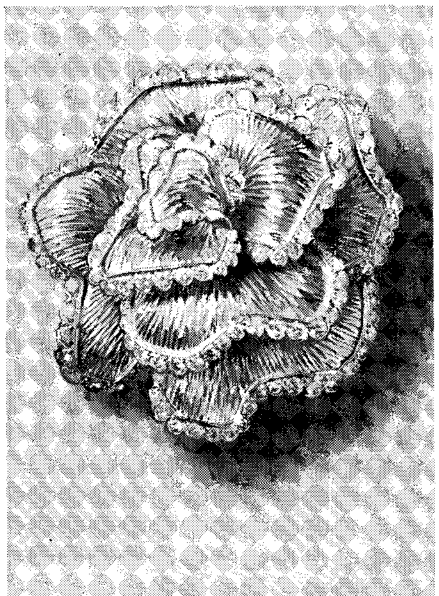

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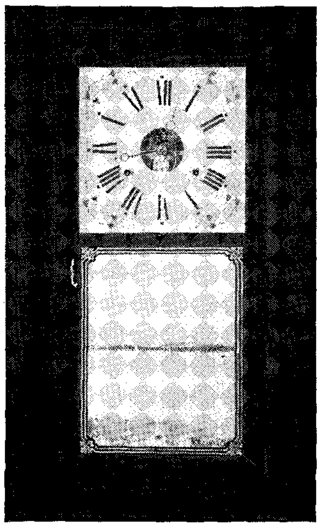
the dynamics of industrial mass society. Artists of the Catholic nations of Europe and from Latin America demand the "desacralization" of art and condemn the worship of the art object by museums, collectors, dealers, and art lovers. A related antipathy is to the continued restriction of art to a cultural and financial élite and its denial to the population as a whole. There is impatience, too, with the art object, on the ground that it tends to overstress the significance of the unique personality, and with the romantic egotism of the artist as creative genius. All these objections, essentially well founded, contain echoes of the avant-garde of the twenties, but the criticism is pointed at concrete conditions of today.

Some alternatives to the accepted ideals of the art world were proposed in a statement of principle by the French Groupe de Recherche d'Art Visuel, printed in the catalogue of an exhibition by the Argentine Optical and light-movement artist Julio LeParc, a cofounder of the Groupe, at the Howard Wise Gallery last season. The primary concern of the Groupe, said the statement, is "the divorce between art and the general public." To overcome this "contradiction," the Groupe has developed audience-participation activities through works installed in labyrinths (evidently a surefire Environment), in game rooms, and on the street. LeParc's catalogue contains photographs of people, including the young, having a good time looking at themselves in ingeniously distorted hand mirrors, wearing eye-tricking spectacles, trying to sit on springs, and watching forms twisting about on screens, all of which, obviously, dispenses with the requirement of an élite culture; as simple entertainment, however, it is quite cold compared to clowns, animal acts, or puppets. Like other functionalists, the Groupe dissociates itself from the self-engrossed individualist artist, with his mystique of the inspired creative act; it looks forward to seeing him replaced by "seekers, imaginers of elements, assemblers and animators" working together. ("Seekers" and "imaginers" sound romantic, too, but perhaps they are cured by working together.) To "desanctify" the art object, the statement advocates the production of art in editions of a hundred copies, to reduce the obsession with ownership. But increasing the number of art objects, the Groupe concedes, is not an ultimate solution; what is needed is to change the basic relationship between the artist and the public, and this requires completely doing away with the



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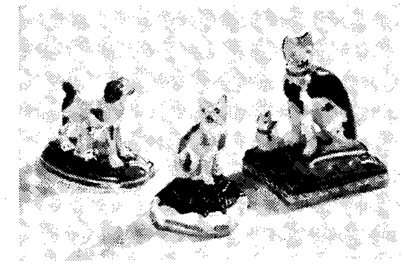

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art object. Instead of making and acquiring (or looking), artist and audience would meet in "activity centers" in which "participation would become collective and temporary." Thus the program of the Groupe draws the theoretical line that connects opposition to the art object and to subjectivist aesthetics with optical experimentation, the use of new devices and new materials, wide popular appeal, and Environmental constructions and group performances.

Symbolic of the anti-object feeling are inventions in the kind of art that destroys itself. A manifesto by Gustav Metzger relates auto-destructive sculptures to auto-destructive tendencies in contemporary society: "Auto-destructive art is the transformation of technology into public art." Tinguely has associated art that blows itself up with suicide and the end of the world—a logical step, one might say, from the elimination of the artist's ego and the art object. The strobe lights at the Architectural League exhibit and at other light performances have the effect of disintegrating the contours of individual bodies and dissolving their identities in a stream of visual stutters. At a theatre on Second Avenue, Yayoi Kusama wrapped up the whole Environmental obliteration inventory—artist, art object, audience, the world—in a single package entitled "Self-Obliteration, an Audio-Visual-Light Performance," the handbill for which invited ticket buyers to "Become one with eternity. Obliterate your personality. Become part of your environment. . . . Self-destruction is the only way out! On your trip, take along one of our live bikini models." To help out with the lighting effects, spectators were urged to wear polka dots. To what extent Kusama was being satirical, or about what, it is hard to say, as it was about her "food reliefs" and "aggregation furniture" of a few years ago. Art that proclaims the end of art always has something comical about it, as well as a suspicion of bad faith, and if the world is ending, too, that is too much for one person to take advantage of to put on a show. Yet for all one knows, Kusama may have meant something else. One value of Environmental performances lies in their testing how far the public can be enlisted in mocking itself. Environments have raised the long-cherished issue of art for everyone. Under present conditions, this raises the spectre of audiences willingly making themselves "part of the Environment" by reacting to its dictation.

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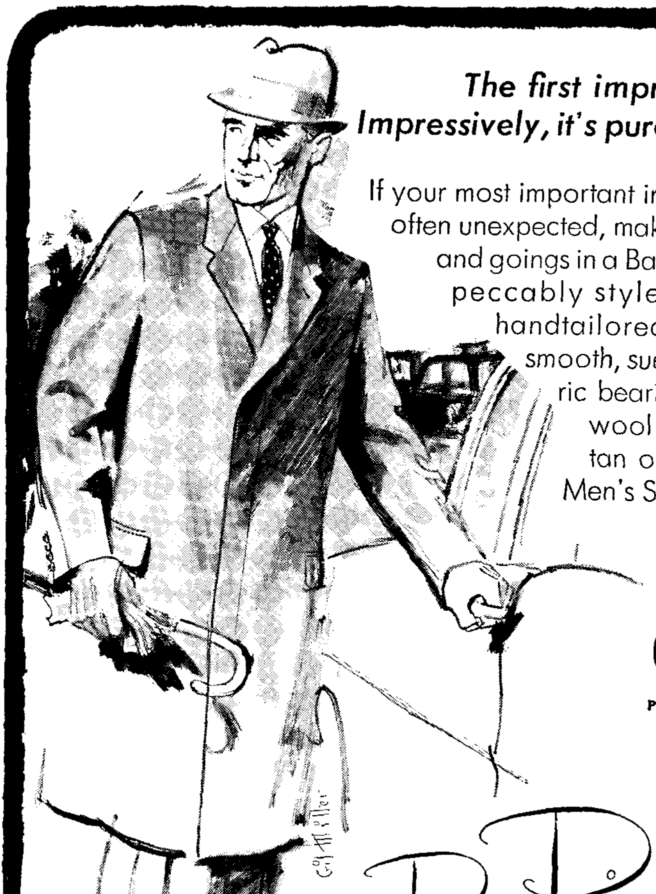

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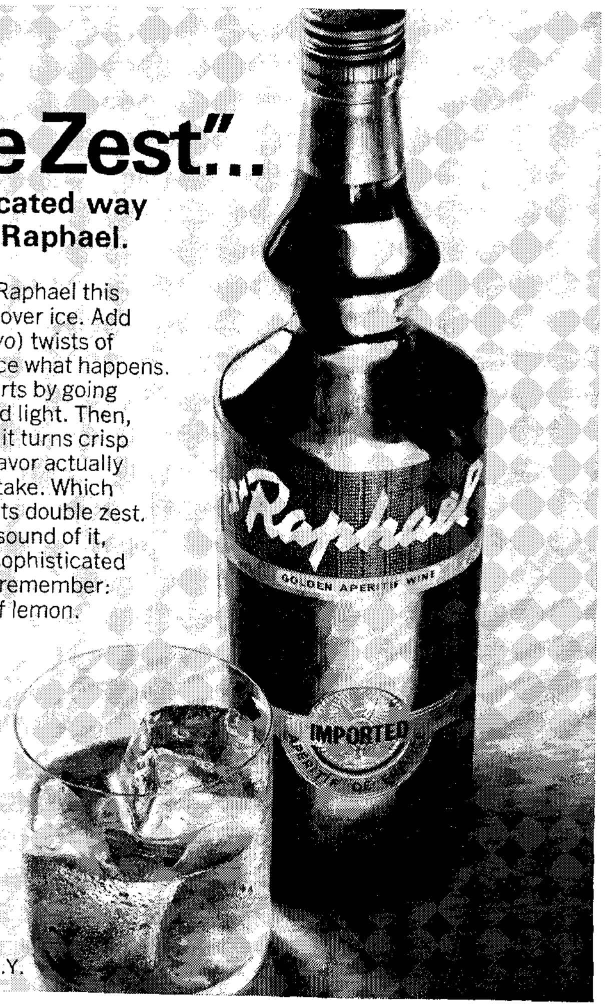

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flexes is expected by some to become the basis of grand fiestas in the "global village" of tomorrow. It can lead also to an intolerable passivity. Environments are of our time—not a very reassuring time. The audience-encompassing idea confronts art with real issues, but there are issues that this idea itself has not confronted. A painter is a product of painting; supply him with prisms, transistors, projectors and he becomes not a sense-expanded painter but something else—a technician, with the outlook of a technician, perhaps a showman of Obliteration. The Environmental artist today is more than halfway inside films, electronics, plastics, amateur theatricals; his advantage over the professionals is that he is in them with ideas derived from an art—painting, sculpture, theatre, the dance. But where will the distinctive and transforming ideas come from when painting and the drama have disappeared into the multiple-media picnic? Mondrian had no basis for assuming that without the separate arts there would still be the artist, or that the term "art" would still signify what it signified to him—something "pure and complete in its beauty." It is one thing to "defetishize" the art object and to visualize it in terms of the processes, mental and physical, that brought it into being. It is a quite different thing to eliminate art itself and yet continue to count on the presence of artists. The "seekers and imaginers of elements" invoked by the Groupe de Recherche can come into being only through the experience of a more profound reality than that conceived by current technology and the mass public. Their orientation would have to be toward the actual living environment rather than toward a décor constructed of lights, double images, goofy sounds, and other twentieth-century artifacts.

—HAROLD ROSENBERG

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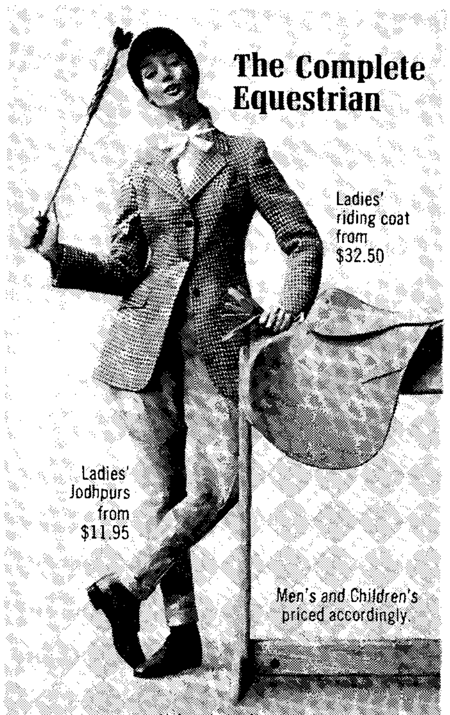
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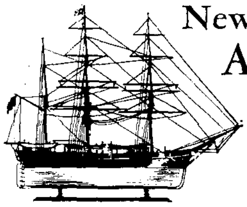

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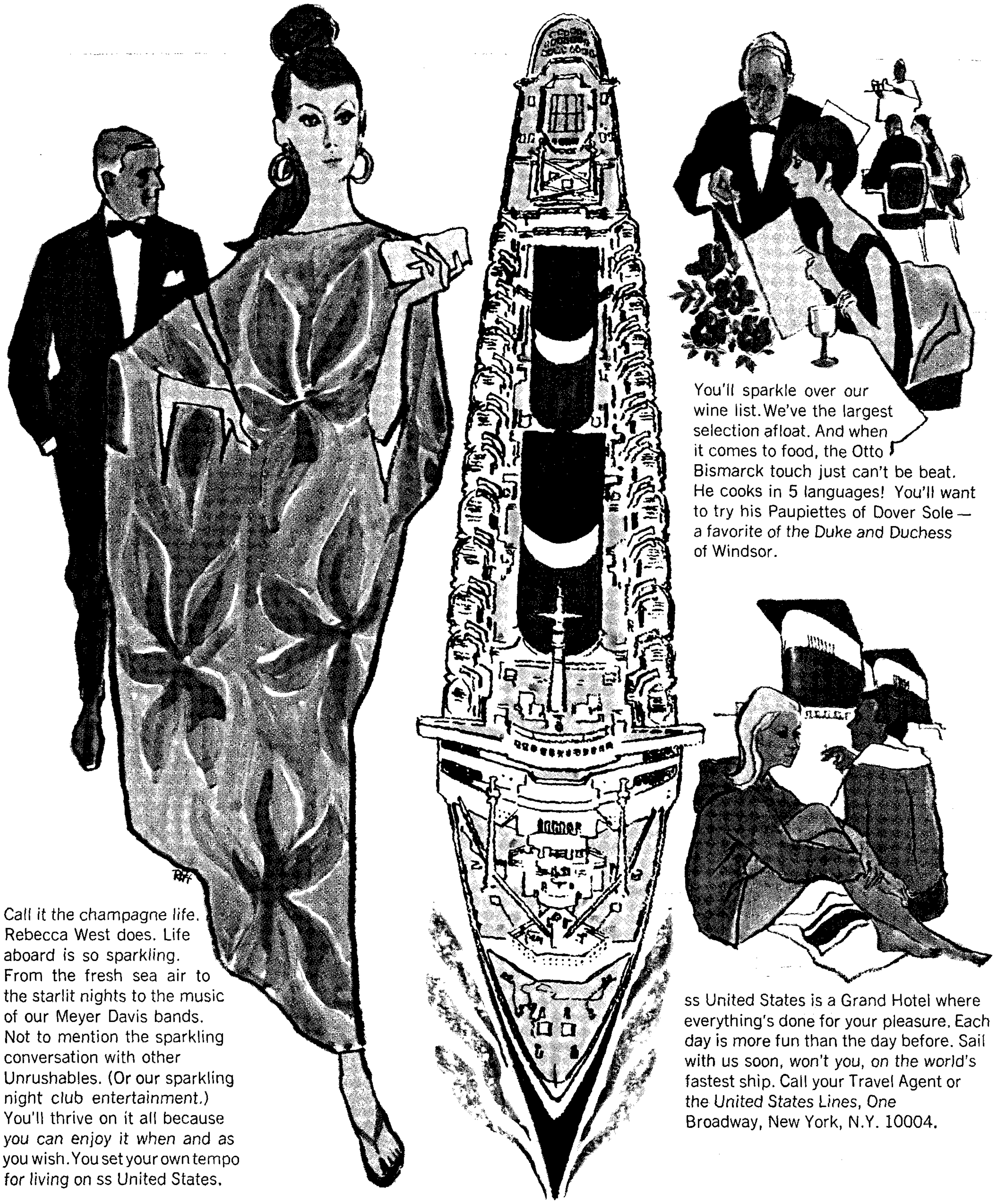

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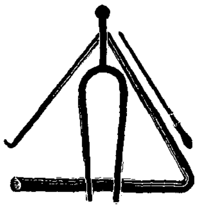
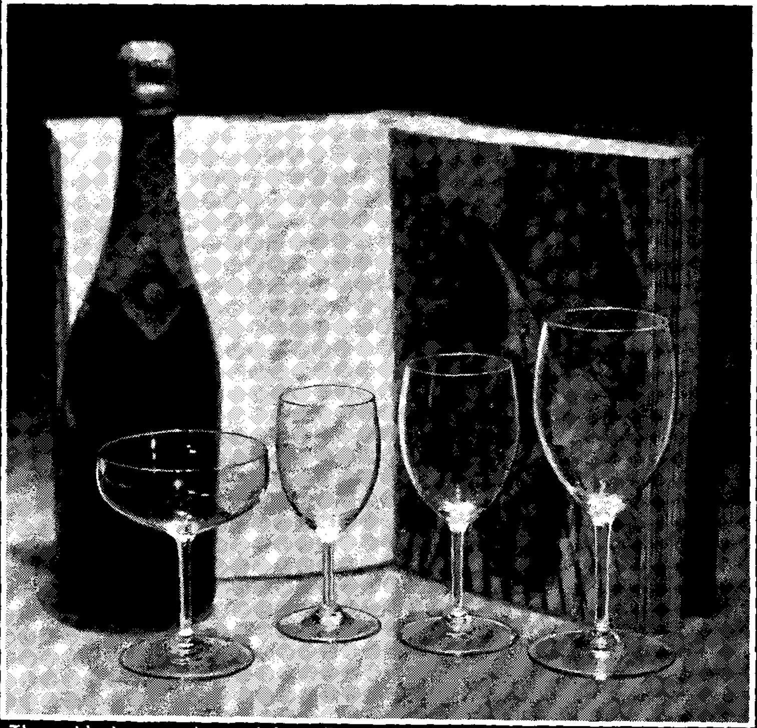


ON Tuesday evening of last week in Philharmonic Hall, Thomas Scherman continued his valuable function of presenting the unfamiliar and neglected. This time it was Ferruccio Busoni's opera "Turandot," written nine years before Puccini's opera of the same title. The opera is so rarely performed that this was its American première—at least, as far as anybody knows. For its libretto, Busoni went back to the original comedy by the Venetian Carlo Gozzi instead of using Schiller's adaptation of Gozzi, and the result is a far more lighthearted affair than Puccini's. There are the same beheadings of various princes in the first act, but they are not taken as seriously as they are in Puccini's opera, and consequently do not start things off with Puccini's atmosphere of horror. Ping, Pang, and Pong are absent, their places being taken by the *commedia-dell'arte* characters Truffaldino, Pantalone, and Tartaglia. Liu is not to be found. That old Turko-Mongolian character Barak, who was borrowed a couple of years later by von Hofmannsthal for "Die Frau ohne Schatten," appears here as an old and long-lost servant of the hero, Kalaf, instead of as the dyer of the Strauss opera. Another figure unknown to the Puccini work is Adelma, a confidante and, as it turns out, a slave of Princess Turandot, as well as a onetime girl friend of the hero. The plot proceeds lightly. There are the three questions, which the hero answers to perfection. The Emperor and the *commedia-dell'arte* characters do a lot of worrying; Barak is particularly worried, because of his affection for his onetime master, but everything comes out beautifully. Kalaf keeps his head, in the literal, though not in the figurative, sense, and the Princess Turandot's heart is eventually won.

Unfortunately, the music that Busoni has written for this pastiche is uninspired. The old Gozzi play calls for a sort of Gilbert-and-Sullivan treatment, and what goes on on the stage has this kind of tone. But Busoni's score is, in general, heavy with Germanic contrapuntal machinery and awfully dull. It is also highly eclectic. The program notes referred to "Orien-



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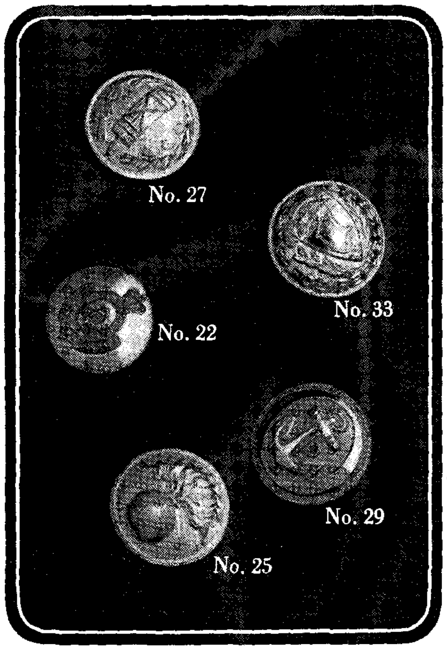

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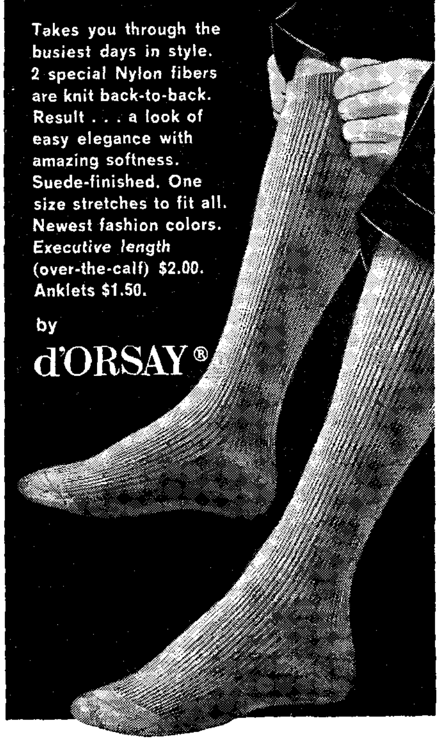

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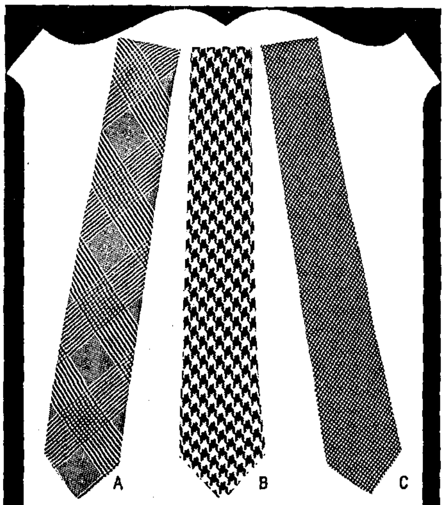
tal" elements in this music. The setting of the opera is Peking, and one would expect these Oriental elements to be Chinese, but they are, if anything, Near Eastern. The score is said to contain a great deal of satire, but it is practically undetectable to the ear except for a few Wagnerisms and "Greensleeves," which is sung at one point, for no evident reason. It has a certain shocking simplicity compared with the rest of the music.

Those involved in the proceedings the other night strove bravely to attain the fairy-tale atmosphere that Busoni undoubtedly had in mind but failed to achieve. The Princess Turandot was the East German soprano Hanne-Lore Kuhse, a singer with a voice of some power. William Brown, a last-minute substitute for Placido Domingo, sang the role of Kalaf with a pleasant tenor voice that lacked the force to compete with Miss Kuhse. Jean Sanders sang well as Adelma, John Lankston managed the difficult high tessitura demanded of Truffaldino (*who is a eunuch*) quite ably, and Richard Allen made a good Barak. Perhaps the best performance of the evening was provided by Guus Hoekman, whom I remember from the New York City Opera's performances of Strauss's "Capriccio." He was the Emperor—a man considerably distressed by his daughter's bizarre habits of courtship—and since he is a fine bass and an expressive actor, he made the role into something more than a cardboard figure. The usual gestures at costuming and scenery were made—in this case, I thought, without much effect. It was interesting to hear this "Turandot" once, but I was filled with no intense hunger for a second go. It was preceded on the program by Richard Strauss's "Four Last Songs," sung with sentiment, but without any overwhelming nicety of style, by Miss Kuhse.

LAST Wednesday night, the Czech Philharmonic visited Carnegie Hall. It is, as most of us know by now, a superb group, slightly resembling the Cleveland Orchestra in the dry crispness of its playing, and containing some of the finest and most beautifully integrated woodwind and brass players in the world. It was conducted on this occasion by Ladislav Slovak, who seemed rather stolid and stiff during the first half of the evening but loosened up later on while conducting Dvořák's delightful Seventh Symphony. The most remarkable feature of the



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evening, however, was the New York début of a young Argentine-born pianist named Bruno Leonardo Gelber. Mr. Gelber played the solo part of Brahms' Second Concerto for Piano and Orchestra. He is a potential spellbinder. His technical command of the instrument is already complete. He has a sensitive way with nuances of tone, phrases well, and uses rubato in an educated manner. Occasionally, I found his fortes a little on the hard side. But he has the instinctive dash of a true virtuoso. He is a young man to watch.

AT last Thursday night's Philharmonic concert in Philharmonic Hall, the podium was shared by Karl Böhm and Leonard Bernstein. Mr. Böhm started things off with a wonderfully gentle performance of Mozart's very familiar "Haffner" Symphony (K. 385), in which the Philharmonic mysteriously took on the Böhm sound—all velvety and rounded. Then came Mr. Bernstein, and the Bernstein sound appeared, just as mysteriously. The Bernstein sound is angular, much more vigorous, and sometimes a bit edgy except in the passages in which he is digging sentiment out of the strings. I shall never cease to marvel at the way a given conductor's personality and method of conducting can alter the tone of an orchestra. There are, of course, many orchestras that continually reflect the personalities of their dominant conductors in the way they sound—the Philadelphia Orchestra's distinctive Ormandy sound, the Cleveland Orchestra's distinctive Szell sound. Most people attribute these distinctive sounds to long rehearsal and performance under a given maestro. Actually, as was proved the other night, this difference in sound is not a matter of long association between maestro and orchestra at all but something that occurs instantaneously in response to a different temperament, a different system of demands, and a difference in the way the beat of the baton appears to the players. Ultimately, the difference is unanalyzable, just as personality is ultimately unanalyzable. But it is there for everyone to hear. Mr. Böhm's performance of the Mozart work—done with a full ensemble of players, in the manner of Bruno Walter or Thomas Beecham—was unself-conscious, almost self-effacing. Mr. Bernstein's performances of the later works all had those elements of self-consciousness that are characteristic of his conducting. Not that the works were in any way faultily

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done. Indeed, in some respects—particularly as a rhythmist—Mr. Bernstein is the superior of Mr. Böhm. But with Mr. Böhm one can forget that a conductor is present, and this is something one can never do with Mr. Bernstein.

The works Mr. Bernstein conducted were a series of songs from Gustav Mahler's cycle "Des Knaben Wunderhorn," in which Christa Ludwig and Walter Berry were the soloists, and Tchaikovsky's Second, or "Little Russian," Symphony. "Des Knaben Wunderhorn" occupies in German literature somewhat the place "Mother Goose" does in English, though it contains less nonsense and more poetry. It was always a source of enchantment to Mahler—as, indeed, it was to many a German literary man—and he never quite lost sight of it. Early in life, he started composing songs to its texts, and these songs worked their way into several of his symphonies. One of those on the other night's program—"Des Antonius von Padua Fischpredigt," or "Saint Anthony's Sermon to the Fishes"—appears note for note, except for the vocal text, as one of the movements of his Second Symphony. The songs are all charming. Miss Ludwig sang her portion of them in a manner that was altogether memorable. Mr. Berry was not quite so lucky. A couple of his songs ("Der Schildwache Nachtlied," for example) lie too low for his baritone voice. He was better in the concluding numbers, the almost exaggeratedly Mahleresque "Revelge," and "Verlorene Müh," the latter of which was performed by both singers with exemplary taste. I have never been able to work up much enthusiasm over Tchaikovsky's Second Symphony. It was done well by Mr. Bernstein the other night. It contains all the mannerisms—and they are quite distinctive—of the Tchaikovsky style. But it does not contain the rich flow of melodic inspiration that filled out these mannerisms in his last three symphonies, and its general effect is of a dry husk, identifiable everywhere as Tchaikovsky's work yet curiously lacking in expressive power.
—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

PREDICTED—Rep. Paul Findley, R.-Ill., predicted Congress will become "just a tourist attraction" if the Johnson administration "gets away" with selling Yugoslavia. Findley claimed in Washington, D.C., that an amendment he succeeded in attaching to surplus food legislation prohibits such a transaction.—*Minneapolis Tribune*.

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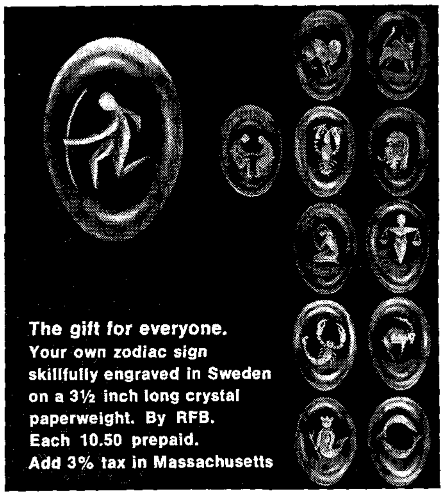

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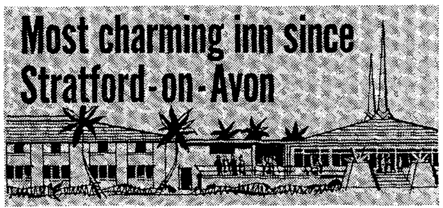

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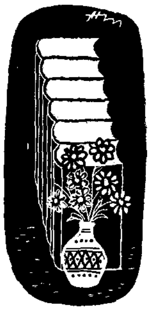


A PREREQUISITE of the enjoyment of reading books about "quantity," or mass, feeding is probably a clinical and conditioned detachment. Otherwise, head on, such manuals risk inducing gastric melancholia. There is something intrinsically dismal about gallons and pounds, even if they deal with liquids like turtle soup and solids like truffles instead of water and flour. The recipe for tapioca pudding for two hundred new soldiers in a boot camp is hardly less of a gastronomical affront, in the reading, than one for a *Diplomate au kirsch* to be served to the same number of diplomats at a world conference. There are countless professional manuals for mass feeding of the helpless and the captive. The usual recommendation on their dust jackets is for "restaurants, hotels, schools and colleges, hospitals, churches, and other institutions," leaving it up to the reader to understand that the last category includes asylums, orphanages, prisons, poorhouses, and even the armed forces. The books continue to be published, and studied, and this study I find to be a sobering one. Perhaps an antidote would be to translate the ingredients of some elegant trifle into the proportions given in anything from "Quantity Cookery" (by Nola Treat and Lenore Richards, published by Little, Brown, 1922-39-51-66) to the Department of Agriculture's Home Economics Research Report No. 5, "Recipes for Quantity Service." Such a trick borders on whimsey, but it may serve a purpose:

MOUSSE OF FOIE GRAS
for 100
(Adapted from "Modern French Culinary Art," Henri-Paul Pellaprat, World, 1966)

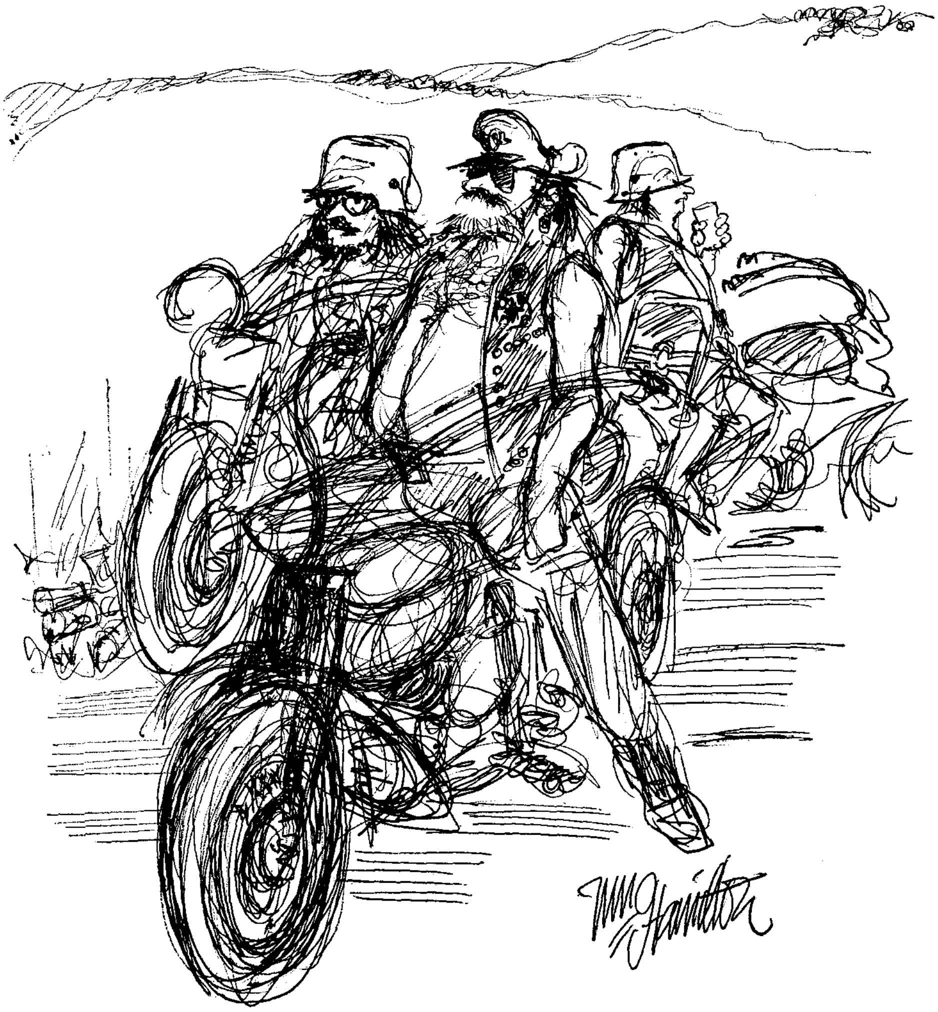
25 pints chicken aspic
14 large truffles
14 envelopes unflavored gelatin
6 cups water
21 cups purée of foie gras
2 quarts heavy cream, whipped

No. The liver boggles (human, that is). It is wiser to go directly to the sensible directives of an avowedly technical cooking guide. But are they always sensible? Here is a recipe I found in a book that a soldier risked court-martial to smuggle to me from a camp in Florida during the Second World War. It is "The Army Cook," Technical Manual, April 24, 1942, War Department, and on page 229 it gives the ingredients for an apple-and-celery salad for a hundred men which, even at first glance, contains an element of classic nonsense:

9 pounds apples
8 pounds celery
3 pints mayonnaise dressing
1 head lettuce

The directions are clear enough for peeling and coring the apples, cutting them and the celery into bits, and mixing them with the mayonnaise, but the optimistic detail of heaping this mixture on one hundred leaves torn from the single head of lettuce demands mental callipers. The second suggestion in the recipe—to serve the mishmash in individual vegetable dishes "garnished with lettuce leaves"—is more realistic; I have myself eaten many things called salads in school cafeterias and such places, trimmed thus with a ragged snippet of greenery no bigger than my thumb.

Exposure to this type of nourishment, over which home economists spend years of research in order to provide their captive audiences with well-rounded diets, happens early in the lives of many of us, and is accepted as one of the more monotonous hazards of modern existence. Curiosity about it is perhaps best left dormant, which my own stayed until 1942, the year the War Department published its "Army Cook." Since then I have thought often, and sombrely, upon mass feeding, and often, too, upon the strange admiration that prompted that young lieutenant to smuggle a copy of his workbook to me. He was a mess officer, or whatever the military title is for one man who is patsy for a group of his superiors at table. He did not know how or why he was chosen, since he had never planned a meal, even on a Scout cookout. Somebody provided him with a book I had written about how to achieve non-starvation with ration cards, and, thanks partly to a rather blurry picture of me on the jacket and



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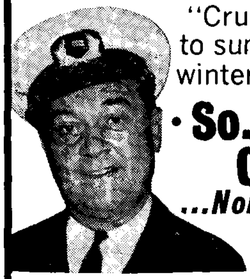
largely to his general ennui, he became a fan. One thing led to another, and it culminated in his risking real trouble by sending me my still treasured copy of the technical manual he was supposed to consult at camp.

I read it with a growing comprehension of what mass cooks must face, from the London Savoy to Camp Pendleton, and it has made me a wiser person. Thank you, dear lost Lieutenant Harold M! Never again will I cringe at one tattered shred of lettuce peeking from under a tiny mound of cottage cheese at the Church Supper where three hundred were expected and five hundred and sixty-eight came. Always will I relish with a special understanding the immortal cartoon of one Army cook, before a background of thousands of tents stretching away to the horizon, saying to the other, "And then I add just a *pinch* of marjoram."

Marjoram, as a matter of fact, is not a common seasoning for the War Department's mess-makers. On page 87 of my "Manual," it is included with "sages . . . cloves, etc.," as a spice increasing in strength as the food is cooked and therefore potentially alarming, like leftover curry. My fond familiarity with the book accounts for only one further mention. Salt and pepper are omnipresent, naturally, and much reliance is put on such things as a slab of bacon to give tone and zest to the cuisine. Any military man will agree that beans, like the poor themselves, are always with us, and in the seven recipes for fresh and dried and lima and "snap" the routine salted or smoked pork varies in amount (from two to four pounds) but is never omitted. Otherwise, the beans would be inedible, according to tradition. Another culinary treasure of the armed forces is tapioca pudding, often referred to in camp as Frog-Eyes or Fish-Eyes. It is hard to believe that it is still being served in the swamps south of Saigon, for I find it rather pesky to make, especially the old-fashioned "pearl" kind, but several other manuals I have subjected to my clinical curiosity make it clear that it still follows its old glutinous path through our mess halls and even our diplomatic enclaves in far countries.

On the tip of another young correspondent—a news correspondent this time, and not a lieutenant, a nephew and not a fan, and in the Belgian Congo and not Florida—I sent to the Department of Agriculture for a copy of "Recipes for Quantity Service," Report No. 5. I wanted to make comparisons with a few things like Frog-



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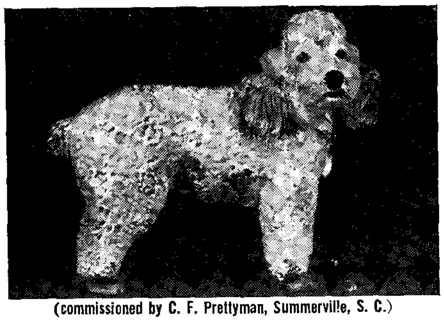

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Eyes. The young man recommended the section on canapés and hors d'oeuvres, which I fell for, having heard of Congo sundowners and so on. He was chuckling, I found out, and I chuckled, too, for I could not find any such frivolities in the big, ungainly publication. (It is printed sidewise.) It gives proportions for twenty-five, fifty, and a hundred people, and it advises an optional addition of one teaspoon of "gravy seasoning sauce" to perk up a beef stew for the hundred-man feast, which in itself is enough to discourage *me.* Now and then, though, whole cloves and bay leaves are permitted—probably an improvement on "The Army Cook," to which I still remain loyal. The nearest thing to a canapé mixture in the book is made of pounds and pounds, or quarts and quarts, of dried prunes, unpeeled apples, and raisins, *all* ground together and then mixed, or bound, or married, with peanut butter and some lemon juice and, for 100 ¼-cup portions, 1⅓ cups mayonnaise. To me, accustomed to the unconfined hungers expressed by an average of six or thereabouts at table, this is pure fantasy. It may be true that an experienced cook can taste a written recipe, just as a good musician can hear a score he reads, but I must confess that I could not taste this so-called sandwich filling even if I could waive my basic dislike of ground dried fruits *and* peanut butter. That poor lost futile dab of mayonnaise, confronting such a sticky muck! In an effort toward fairness, I must concede six recipes on beans to the newer manual, since only four of them ask for pork sausage, sliced or chopped salt pork, and ham and bone. This is a culinary advance—perhaps. As for tapioca pudding, which I seem to have set as a private criterion of mass cooking, Report No. 5 is chicken (scaredy-cat, that is, and not fowl); it simply suggests that the quick-cooking type of tapioca be used instead of cornstarch, for a really repulsive dessert, to be served in ½-cup portions to hapless and probably mutinous diners trying to keep up their strength. The recipe in "The Army Cook" is much more merciful. It starts out with 4 pounds of the pearl tapioca and 4 gallons of water, and then gradually adds sugar, chopped dried fruit, 18 beaten eggs, and—thank God—1 ounce of "flavoring extract." The result is still, of course, Frog-Eyes, and nobody should bother to surmise the terms used for the small floating bits of chopped prune and raisin by our defenders-of-democracy! Even so, I think the Army does better than

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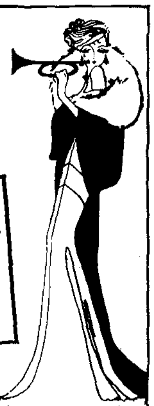

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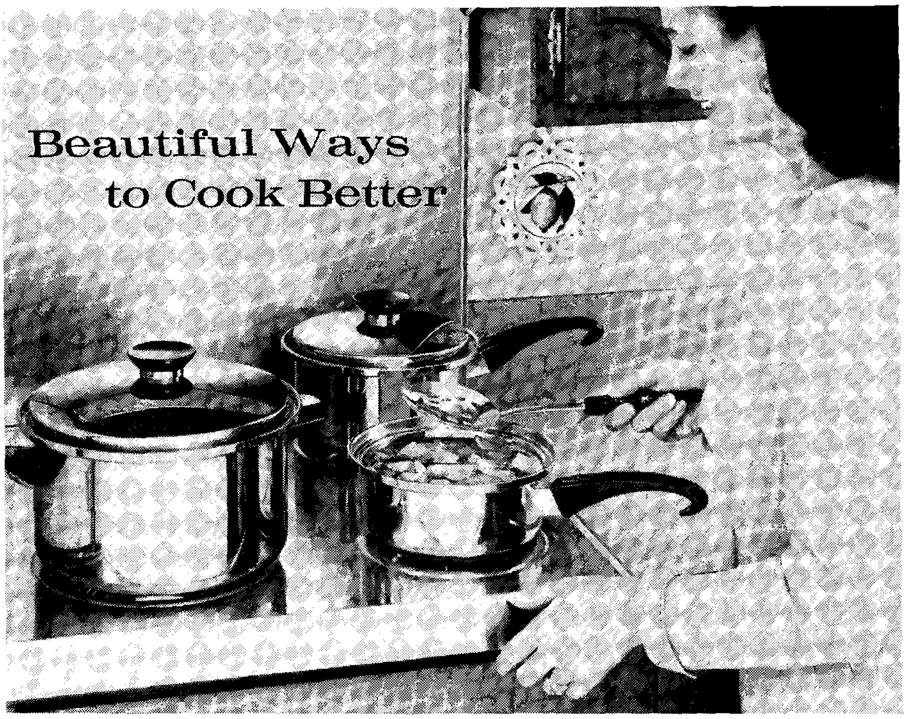
the Department of Agriculture on that one.

Many technical cooking manuals are not in general circulation, and, like my "Army Cook," *should* not be, but a thoroughly professional book like the Richards-Treat "Quantity Cookery" is not only available for six dollars and ninety-five cents but is apparently a permanent and steady seller. It sounds dependable. In fact, it sounds like what the jacket calls it—"the time-proven standard guide to menu planning, recipes, and food preparation for restaurants, hotels, schools and colleges, hospitals, churches, and other institutions [*sic!*] where good food must be served to large numbers efficiently and within a budget." It sounds, in other words, like the kind of book I would study if I were running the local school cafeteria while Mrs. Gimball's broken hip knitted. It even *smells* like it (Today's Hot Lunch: carrot sticks, macaroni with frankfurters, whole wheat bread and butter, prune whip). This useful book, now in its revised fourth edition, was written by two women who have taught, and cooked, and managed a university dining hall, and even established, in Minneapolis, "the nationally famous Richards-Treat Cafeteria and Food Shop." It lapses into an interesting occupational lingo when it discusses synthetics and microwave heating and so on, but it usually stays clear-cut, as when it says, "The best food today is found in homes and the home is the chief competitor of the restaurant. It must never be sold short," or, in discussing the research techniques, such as mass spectroscopy, ionization detection, and nuclear resonance, that are used to study the components of food, "They will replace to a degree the human nose and palate, [but] even food scientists are fallible and suffer from occupational fatigue." Reassurances of that sort are a solace. Gas chromatography is not yet in complete control—at least, where I live—and as for infrared spectroscopy, I have all my plans made to *sell it short.*

The recipes in "Quantity Cookery" smack more of the sorority house and the Food Shoppe than they do of the boot camp. They read well. Most of them are for fifty servings: Fresh Fruit Cocktail Deluxe, New England Chicken Pot Pie. Out of five recipes for beans, fresh or dry, only two require salt pork or bacon fat, and this may be a good indication of one vegetable's social climb. As for tapioca pudding, there are basic recipes for cooking the pearl and the "instant" types, and then sixteen variations on this theme, among them



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Peanut Butterscotch, and Tapioca Cream with Marmalade. (Perhaps the Army is right: Keep it clean. Or, as Escoffier said, "*Fais simple.*")

According to "Quantity Cookery," there are three major categories in institutional feeding, which means, very simply, eating away from home. There is commercial feeding for a profit—in hotels, motels, restaurants, clubs, cafeterias, and the like. There is semi-commercial feeding, such as is done, at cost or close to it, in schools and colleges, logging camps, private hospitals, Y.M.C.A.s, Y.W.C.A.s. And then there is charitable feeding—meals provided at cost or below to all kinds of "homes" for the blind and the old, the orphaned, the people handicapped mentally and physically, the addicts and alcoholics, to convents and seminaries, presumably supported by religious groups, and prisons, and units of the Red Cross and the Salvation Army and countless other hostels, and—although they are not on the authors' list of institutions—the armed forces, which, as far as anyone knows, do not make a profit on the food they provide for their uniformed charges. The first two of these divisions of mass feeding require high costs for labor and inventory and a wide-to-unlimited choice of foods to please their clients—at least in the hotels, motels, and restaurants. Naturally, one would not order fresh Beluga caviar at even a first-class drive-in, but it would almost surely be forthcoming at The Four Seasons and the Paris Ritz. In the third category, there is a limited choice of menu, as any rookie or schoolchild or in-patient at Napa State Hospital will testify. It involves what is called a controlled (and even captive) demand; no soldier or pupil or psychopath *I* know is going to ask for smoked trout on toast in place of the Friday creamed tuna. This perforce makes for lower inventory costs, and there is the further advantage—at any rate, to the budget—of almost free labor supplied by inmates, volunteers, and other K.P. participants. It is prettier to speak of "residents" than of inmates, and no more than fair, for it is thanks to them that the third kind of institutional feeding can continue as it has for centuries. One of the simple-minded protégés of my grandfather wrote enthusiastically to him from the local asylum, "This is a fine place. We have a lot of fun all the time. We play games. We play Rake, and then we play Hoe, and if we are good like me we play Lawnmower." In the same jolly way, people are playing Peel, and Chop, even Stir—

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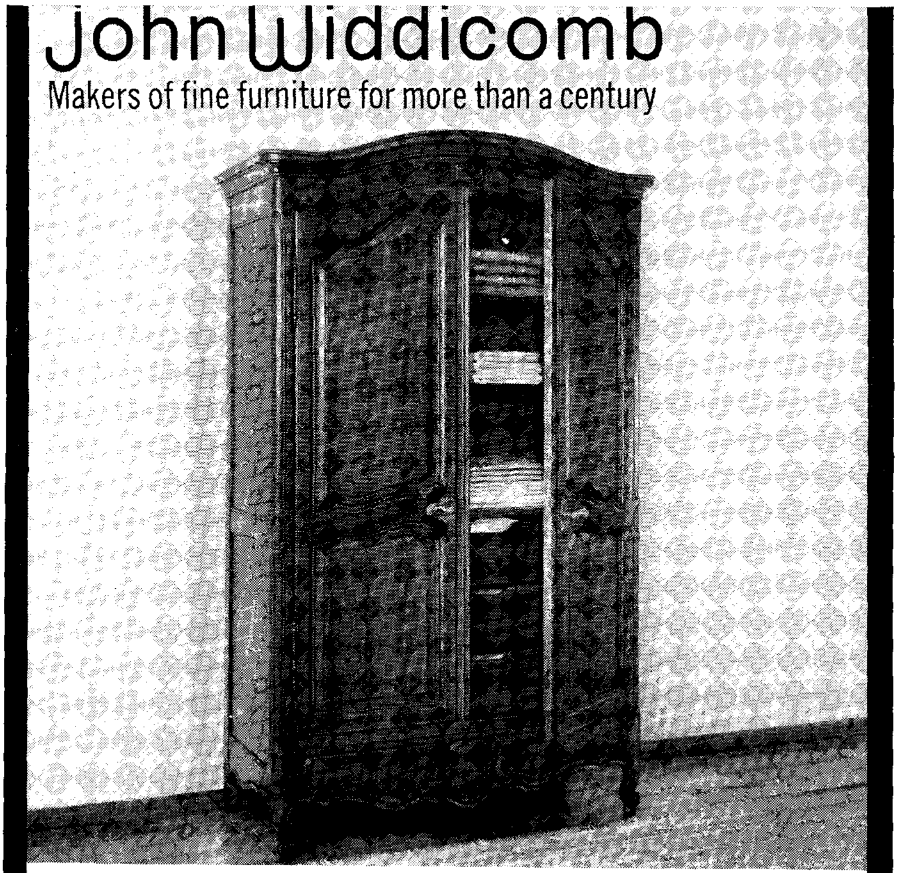
sometimes with good results but with small room for the niceties—in enormous kitchens all over the world.

The book discusses kitchens of the future more than the present ones, which in its world are already well organized and well furnished with everything needed to produce savory meals for multiples of fifty people at least twice a day. Some of the sanitation problems will soon be taken care of by irradiation, it feels, just as freeze drying, foam-mat drying, and explosive puffing will solve other old-fashioned problems, such as providing fresh coffee and vegetables and soups from live material for live people. Dry mixes and fabricated foods will be available—as if, like monosodium glutamate and calcium cyclamates, they were not already omnipresent! "The wonderful world of chemistry can do wonders," it says cheerily, and as it steers us toward synthetic and computered nutrition it looks back almost furtively at the sparkling gas ranges and the rows of gleaming pots and skillets of yesterday and even today—ruled by Cookie or a chef, not "a food operator." It manages to imply that no matter how skilled the food technicians may become as they push the irradiation buttons and turn off the microwaves, a certain human element still is onerously indicated. "In so many cases," it cries, "how [a public feeding establishment] needs that personal touch."

A direct and terse agreement with this can be found in the diagrams for field equipment in my 1942 "Army Cook." They show splendidly simple ranges, set up or in pieces, and with the very first picture it is plain that *men* must know how to fit the parts together, and dig the pits and trenches under and around them, and stoke them knowingly with wood or regulate them safely for burning gasoline. *Men* must know that an Army Field Range No. 1, with Alamo attachments to extend its capacity, will weigh two hundred and sixty-four pounds with its utensils and will cook for a hundred and fifty men, while a No. 2 Range will weigh a hundred and fifty pounds and will cook for fifty-five men, but without Alamos. Pancakes are not recommended in either the open field or railroad cars, since they should be served straightaway to the soldiers and will waste time. Hot Biscuits are better, and it takes a human cook to cope with them, not a computer. And what machine could pack a No. 1 when camp breaks up? "Place the bakepan No. 52 on the ground. Set boiler No. 50 inside of bakepan No. 52, and boiler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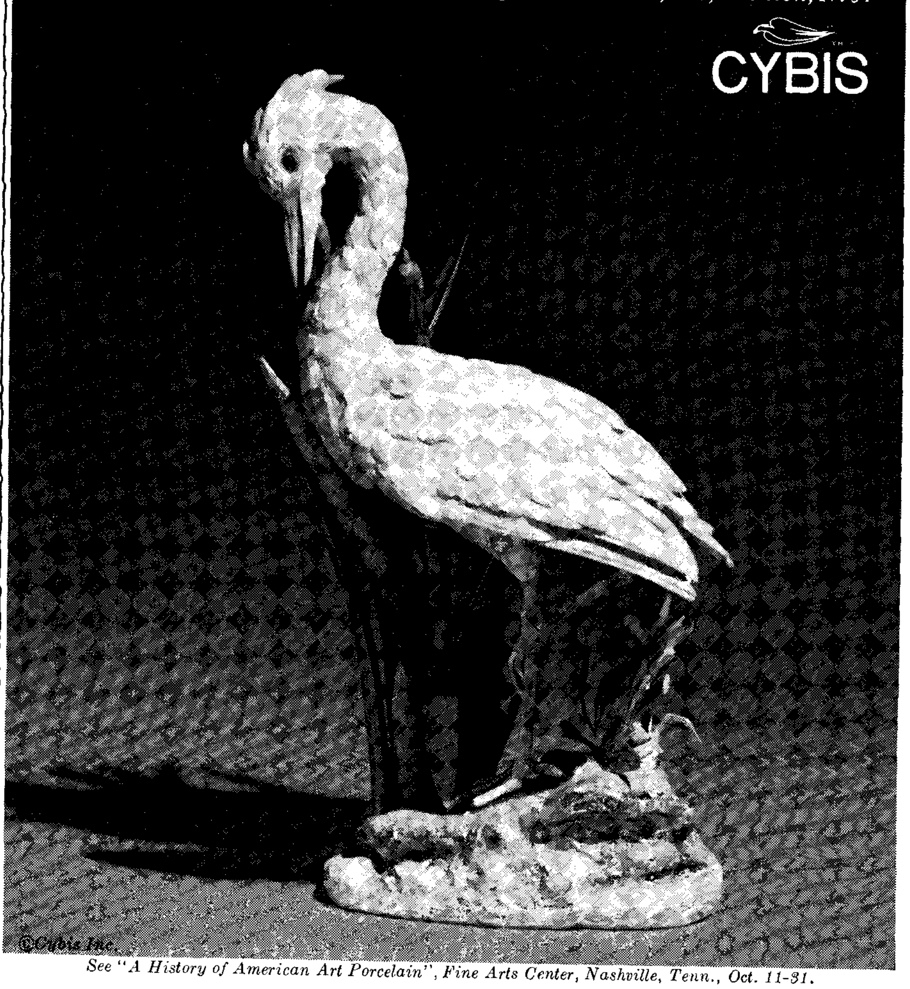
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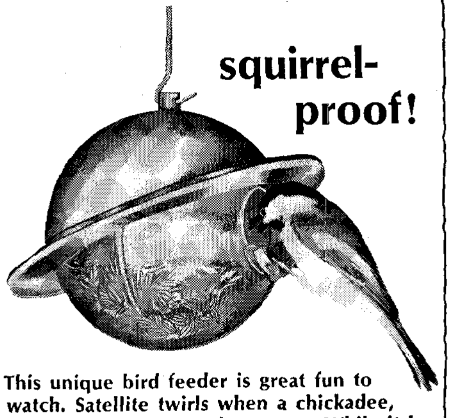

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Both of these stoves are stepchildren of Alexis Soyer's great invention for the camps and hospitals of the Crimean War—a light, inexpensively fuelled portable device still being used, though in modified form, wherever in the world British soldiers have to be fed, which is almost everywhere. Soyer, a really remarkable Victorian (1809-58) and one of the most attractive men I have ever read about, was a legendary cook who interested himself as passionately in feeding the poor as in feeding the very rich, and who worked as jubilantly with Florence Nightingale in the Scutari hospital in 1855 as he did in ducal kitchens and the Reform Club. He was a near genius at practical invention, or inventive practicality. "Pour the meat broth over the meat," he suggested to hospital and Army cooks, "and then the broth tastes better and the meat stays hotter." He was a Lady from Philadelphia, although he was born in France and for the last twenty-seven years of his life was an Englishman. He devised everything from a teapot that improved the infusion in the great urns needed for mass tea drinking (this was the *British* Army!) to a monstrous but economical coal range that could roast six large joints at once. He invented tiny portable table stoves, and soup kitchens able to serve hot food to thousands at a time. He concocted sauces, mustards, and punches, and designed the bottles to hold them. He perfected a special "miniature marine kitchen," capable of feeding a hundred people on a steamboat—a space seventeen feet by eight,

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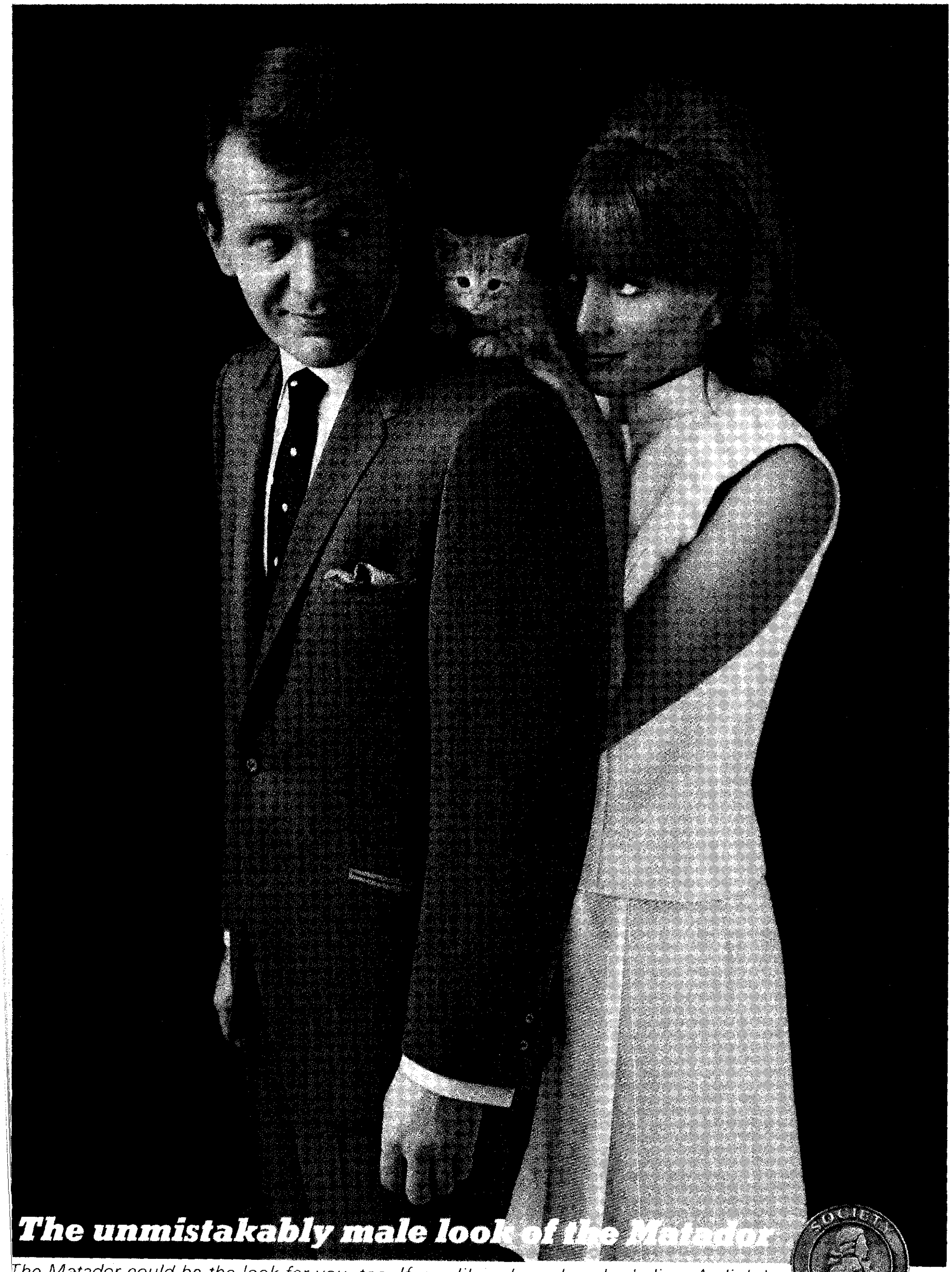
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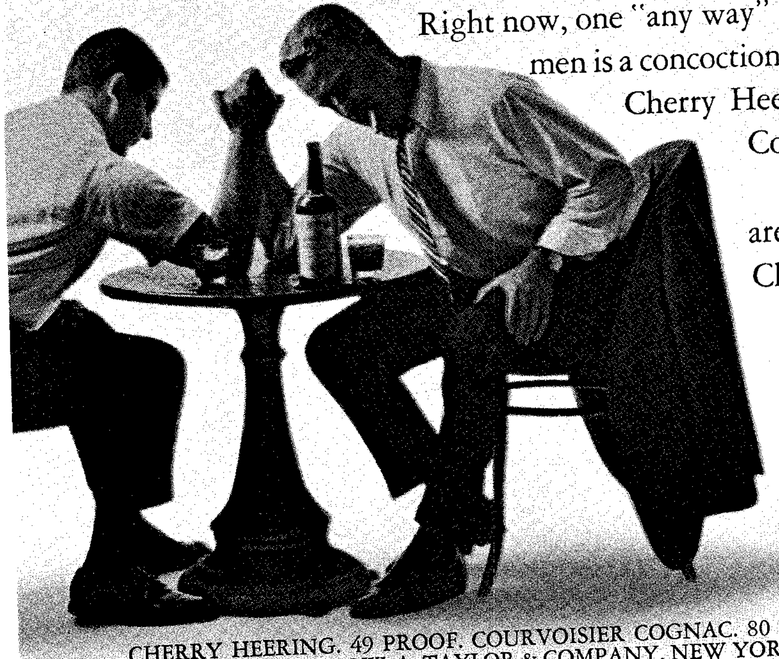

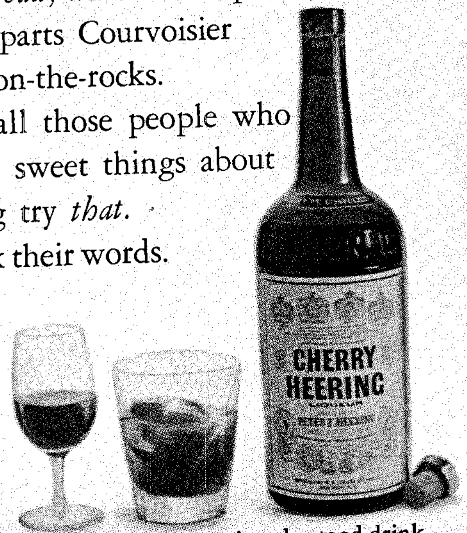

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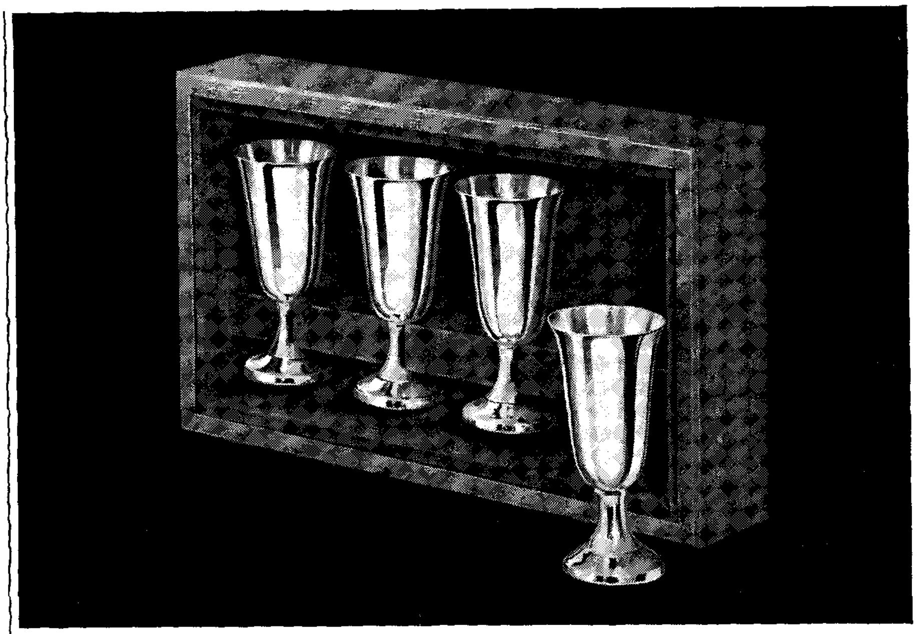
with a movable, self-balancing grating to keep pans from spilling no matter how the vessel rolled. In a lively biography, which is still delightful to read thirty years later ("Portrait of a Chef," by Helen Morris; Cambridge University Press, 1938), a few *minor* inventions are also listed: "His Baking-Stewing Pan, his Cooking Clock, his Improved Baking Dish, his Magic Coffee Pot, his patent Egg-Cooking Machine, his Vegetable Drainer, his Chimney Screw-Jack, and dozens more." On a larger scale were his Gas Stove (a great novelty), his Detached Kitchen Range, and his Cottagers' Stove, the last capable of "baking, boiling, roasting, washing, ironing, drying linen, and warming rooms of any size."

Soyer's own favorite was his Magic Stove. He felt it would be useful "in the parlor of the wealthy, the office of the merchant, the studio of the artist, or the attic of the humble." With it a gentleman was supposed to be able to cook his steak on his study table, or a lady to keep it tucked in with her needlework for a quick hot tidbit. It was perfect for sickrooms, outdoor meals, and railway carriages. One newspaper welcomed it because it would "emancipate the bachelor living in chambers from the thralldom of his laundress," who in those dim days apparently "did" for her lodgers. This little device was a far cry indeed from the Reform Club's gigantic oven, and even farther from the stoves on which Soyer prepared his mass meals for the indigent, usually with the backing of important commercial companies and social groups. He was prepared—in the highest tradition of taste and skill—to make an edible broth for hundreds and even thousands of poor people and soldiers; after all, his first big job when he went to the Reform Club was to provide elegant nourishment for its members and more than eight hundred guests at a kind of prolonged lawn party in celebration of Queen Victoria's coronation. He served "a very splendid *déjeuner à la Fourchette*," the *Morning Chronicle* reported on June 29, 1838, and from then on he supervised gastronomical routs of the sort wherever he was daring (and generous) enough to travel, always carrying many of his inventions with him. Not all of his banquets were for lordly mayors and potentates of the Church and the Rialto. In 1847, he went to Dublin to try with a new device, his semi-portable soup kitchen, to feed the starving Irish. The British government helped him to really test an invention that it needed almost as badly, for while hundreds



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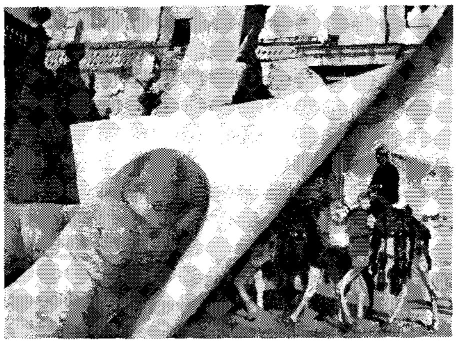

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of thousands of Irishmen had already died in the famine and three million more were subsisting on organized handouts, things were nearly as dreadful in England and were worsening. Soyer was convinced that he could feed five thousand people a day from his one monstrous invention, and between April 6th and August 14th he did indeed supply well over a million rations, an average of nearly nine thousand a day. People were admitted a hundred at a time to one end of his long wooden shelter, to eat from bowls set into a table with spoons chained to it. As they left, they were given bread and biscuits to take away. Heated carts trundled soup to other dispensing points in the sad city. It was not pretty, but it was life, and Soyer held sternly to his belief that a sustaining, palatable, and enjoyable broth could be made at a cost of about three farthings a quart, given the art to do so. He used only his own recipes, and they had an important and good influence on other mass cookery in that painful period of industrial development and urbanization, thanks largely to the schools he conducted for genteel and Christianly ladies and to a pamphlet he wrote in order to raise money for more soup: "Charitable Cookery, or the Poor Man's Regenerator."

One of the best-remembered of such stopgaps is in Mrs. Isabella Beeton's "Book of Household Management," first published in 1861. Mrs. Beeton distributed the broth herself to the poor during the hard winters of the eighteen-fifties, in cans that the grateful or at least hungry wretches brought with them. She listed it under "Useful Soup for Benevolent Purposes" and wrote that it was "very much liked and gave . . . a dish of warm, comforting food." Its principal ingredients were ox cheek, meat bones, celery, leeks, turnips, and beer! In my "Army Cook" there is no mention of this last ingredient, but a good soup stock is considered part of any well-conducted mess, where "an inspector never finds a raw bone in the garbage can." American soldiers prefer thick soups to consommés and bouillons, on the ground that they are easier to spoon, but my manual of military feeding, agreeing with Soyer, states that "every healthy man is highly pleased with a dish prepared by a master hand and is quick to praise the man who made it." Perhaps the simplest broth Soyer himself ever concocted was one of his first radical innovations at Scutari. It was based on ground and baked dried peas, "which on the addition of boiling water became a thick, comfort-

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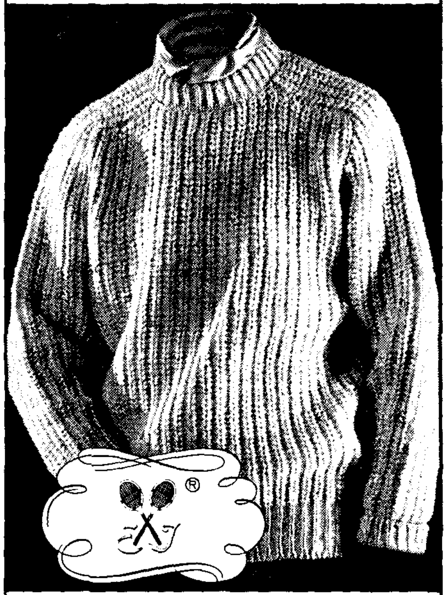

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ing soup, quickly made in an emergency." This sounds surprisingly like the soup and stew mixes we use now—easy to transport and to store, easy to prepare, and, if decently presented, easy and even "comforting" to swallow on a cold night. Myself, I would settle for the plain powder used by Soyer rather than the ingredients of our convenient packages—M.S.G. (or monosodium glutamate), of course, and such modern culinary whatsits as bromelin, papain, sucrose, mono- and di-glycerides, sodium pyrophosphate and sulphite, butylated hydroxyanisole, toluene, and even plain old vegetable *gum*, whatever that may be, despite the reassuring simplicity of its name.

We do save time and space and effort with our envelopes and tubes and cartons of increasingly synthetic nourishment, and according to news reports the future holds unlimited gastronomical delights for us. "By 2000 A.D., as men try to avoid a catastrophic collision with famine," predicted *Newsweek* on February 27th of this year, "restaurant customers may routinely order dishes from a menu that their grandparents would regard as an exotic adventure indeed: algae soufflé flavored with seed-meal bacon chips, single-cell 'steak' that comes from a petroleum refinery instead of the side of a steer, 'butter' that contains fat that never existed in nature, or lobster Newburg made with fish protein concentrate (F.P.C.), the protein residue of ground-up, ungutted fish." And so on. One weapon against this type of nourishment is birth control, since, if we don't watch out, more than six billion people will be jostling for position in those restaurants by the end of the century. While such a delaying action gets under way, however, experiments are being tried out, with apparent success, in famine-stricken regions. In 1966, in the twentieth-anniverary newsletter of Meals for Millions, which dispenses M.P.F. (multi-purpose food), it was reported that this ortified product was being distributed as a sweet-flavored beverage to Brazilian and Mexican schoolchildren, to babies and new mothers in Ecuador for formula feeding, to Iranian cooks as an additive to bread. M.P.F. is described as a precooked fifty-per-cent-protein powder with a mild, nutlike flavor, virtually mperishable, and not requiring refrigration. One four-pound can, hermetially sealed, can be ordered for two ollars and fifty cents through Meals or Millions, Box 1666, Santa Monica, California 90406, and it is said (by the eople who distribute it throughout the

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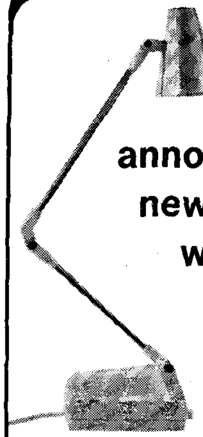

Morrow announces four new novels that will keep you awake into the early a.m.

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"A volatile mixture that bubbles with life. The effect of this sparkling book is to convey what it is like to be alive, imperfect, Jewish and hopeful."—N.Y. Times Book Review $4.95

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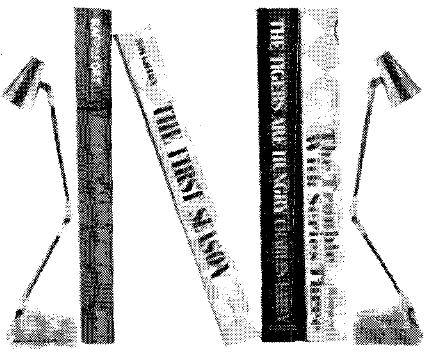
A chilling novel of espionage which builds with mounting suspense as two men—an American and a Russian— engage in a struggle that can end only in the survival of one. $4.50

THE TROUBLE WITH SERIES THREE
by Michael Kenyon
"Blends an Illinois college campus, a British hero and spies into a masterpiece of excitement and sly humor."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch. (British title: The Whole Hog.) $4.50



MORROW

world) that it can be eaten plain, or with cream or sugar or fruits or jams or jellies, and that it passes unnoticed in soups, salads, and cereals. I should think this would apply as well to gravies and sauces, but if there is enough food to indulge in *such* things M.P.F. would not really be necessary to add to them! Dr. Henry Borsook, of the California Institute of Technology, evolved the M.P.F. formula to "provide protein of superior quality at minimum cost, in minimum bulk, fortified with essential minerals and vitamins." He is not alone in his biochemical battle against starvation. In France, petroleum is being made into S.C.P. (single-cell protein), which is already being tested in a (I certainly hope) secret location in this country. At M.I.T. and Johns Hopkins, in Hamburg, in Maryland and the Philippines, scientists are working with everything from plankton to rice and corn, not to mention genes. And it is possible that the more overt ways of mass feeding in the third, or non-profit, category of this increasing business are providing better food than does many a home, in spite of the Richards-Treat dictum that we must not sell Mom's cooking short. Budgeted institutional fare is boring, whether in Miss Partridge's School for Girls, Okiedoola County Hospital, or Camp Bert, but as far as proteins and vitamins go, it is probably more physically sustaining than TV dinners. And, of course, in schools and asylums and even in the armed forces, there are holidays! At Thanksgiving and Christmas, turkey and cranberry sauce and all that will be flown to the farthest Asian rice paddy to bring moral strength to Our Men, and at Easter there will be little paper cups filled with egg-shaped gumdrops on the trays of No. 2 Ward (Controllable) at Okiedoola. When the picture looks dour, or even dire, one can read Alexis Soyer's menu for the Christmas dinner he gave in London in the early eighteen-fifties, when *hungry* people walked aimlessly or simply fell down everywhere. He gave some big posh parties first, to finance his scheme, for he was an insatiable enthusiast as well as a compassionate man, and he needed cash for the poor and support for his pet idea of cooking with gas. He devised *a menu to bring to notice* his trick of roasting a whole ox with the newfangled (and world-old) combustible. The rich people who went to his grand ball supplied money for the ox, and the fuel, according to the menu, was "supplied by the Western Gas Company, under the gratuitous superintendence of *Mr. Inspector Davies* of

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that establishment." And here, besides the whole ox—an artful bit of showmanship as well as a *beau geste*—is what "22,000 of the poor" ate in Ham Yard that Christmas day:

- 9000 pounds of roast and baked meat
- 178 beef pies
- 50 hare pies
- 60 rabbit pies
- 50 pork-and-mutton pies (each of these pies weighed between 10 and 30 pounds, except the "monster pie," which weighed 60)
- 20 roast geese
- 5000 pints of porter
- 3300 pounds of potatoes
- 5000 pounds of plum pudding
- 50 cakes
- 6000 half-quartern loaves (2 pounds)
- 1 cask of biscuits
- 18 bushels of Spanish nuts
- 18 bushels of chestnuts
- 6 boxes of oranges
- 3000 2-ounce packages of tea
- 3000 3-ounce packages of coffee
- 5000 half pounds of sugar

If Soyer's pattern of mass feeding in Dublin and London carried over into this festival, people *ate* and even *drank* (although the division of five thousand pints of porter among twenty-two thousand people is a bit thin), and then they went away with packets of tea and coffee and sugar, and perhaps biscuits and chestnuts and bread in their pockets. And it is good to hope that they carried with them the vision of exotic oranges piled opulently upon a table. —M. F. K. FISHER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

KILLING TIME, by Thomas Berger (Dial). A curious and fascinating novel in which the reader is completely involved, but in a furtive way, as though he were watching it all—the crime, the pursuit, and the punishment, or dénouement—in an oddly angled mirror that gives everything away except his presence. Three people—a middle-aged woman, her daughter, and their lodger—are murdered in their apartment on Christmas Eve. As the story opens, the woman's second daughter, Betty; Betty's husband, Arthur; and a pathetic semi-derelict, Andrew Starr, walk into the apartment expecting a Christmas party and find the bodies. Andrew Starr is the estranged husband of the dead woman, and the father of the dead girl and of Betty. He is far gone in alcoholism, and his grasp on reality is not great, but his arrival on the murder scene sets

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the mood of this unusual story—an intimate mood, in which extreme tension is produced through the obvious conflict in the minds of almost all the characters, who take advantage of the crime to assert what they believe to be their true selves while maneuvering desperately in an attempt to conceal their true selves from all eyes. This interior conflict, of dishonesty against dishonesty, is present in everyone except Andrew and his opposite number, the murderer, and these two exceptions, one weak but sane and one strong in madness, illuminate the mundane world like two bonfires. One bonfire casts light, the other casts doubt. Which is which? The reader is enthralled, and the scene he is reading about becomes more real than the familiar room around him. Mr. Berger's work carries echoes not of Nathanael West's work but of Nathanael West's spirit.

AN OPERATIONAL NECESSITY, by Gwyn Griffin (Putnam). Given that war is at best hell, how hellish can a man at war justifiably be? For instance (and thus does Mr. Griffin's problem novel particularize the question), may a submarine commander shoot the survivors of a merchant ship he has sunk, in the hope of dispersing the wreckage they are clinging to, so that enemy search planes will not discover the wreck and—more important to the captain—the submarine? In civil law, there are quite a few legal precedents concerning the degree of force permissible for self-preservation, and most people know that one may not ordinarily answer a slap with a bullet. Mr. Griffin's moral question, and his novel, would be more impressive if he took into account the many relevant yardsticks—not only the laws of war but records of war at sea and of the behavior of naval commanders from Sir Francis Drake through Vice Admiral Graf von Spee and Bull Halsey. (Or Captain Philip at Santiago: "Don't cheer, boys; those poor devils are dying.") Mr. Griffin attempts to palm off his Kapitänleutnant Eugen Kielbasa as an ordinary fellow in a tight spot, but the character looks like the routine hysterical Bad German of propaganda movies during the Second World War. This reduces the question to: Will a coward commit an atrocity in wartime? and shipwrecks the point. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

NOTE: "Yma, Ava; Yma, Abba; Yma, Oona; Yma, Ida; Yma,

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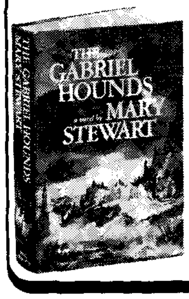

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Aga . . . and Others," a collection of short, light pieces by Thomas Meehan, has been published by Simon & Schuster. Many of them were first printed in *The New Yorker*. . . . Knopf has published "People in Glass Houses," a collection of short stories by Shirley Hazzard. All of them originally appeared in this magazine, in slightly different form.

GENERAL

THE GRAND TOUR, by Geoffrey Trease (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). This charming, cheerful book takes the reader all over Europe in the company of young Englishmen who were rich, handsome, or clever, or—like Sir Philip Sidney, with whom the tale begins—all three. Starting in Elizabethan times, Mr. Trease says, upper-class Britons began to send their young to the Continent for months, or even years, to finish their education and polish their manners. Over three centuries, until railroads and Cook's Tours made European travel commonplace, a semi-official itinerary for the Grand Tour developed. Though it varied, depending on what wars were going on, it usually included a stop in the Loire Valley, where young men, free from Parisian distractions, learned French and fencing; it invariably included Italy, where they appreciated the monuments of antiquity, shuddered at Popery, and learned what was up-to-date in the arts. Mr. Trease describes the Grand Tour through the eyes of these sprigs and scions, and of the scholars who were hired to look after them and see to it that the boys wrote in their journals. He finds some humor in the *plus-ça-change* aspects of travel—Englishmen's dislike of foreign food, confusion about foreign money, and fear of being cheated—and he also notes that the earlier travellers were remarkable linguists; the English discovered that they could not speak foreign languages only when their country became a great power. One permanent gain was that many of the young men brought home objects of art and ideas about the arts that ornamented Great Britain.

HE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE, by Marylin Bender (Coward-McCann). A fashion writer for the New York *Times* describes the pervasiveness of fashion and its simultaneous disappearance: the entire population of the affluent West is engaged in acquiring one fashionable "look" or an-

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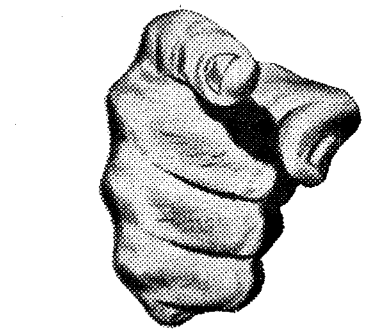

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other, but fashion no longer means complex made-to-order garments worn by members of an élite. The new idea is widespread, amiable shapelessness. Fashion, Miss Bender says, has ceased to be the handmaiden of Society and Celebrity. It creates its own celebrities and its own global society—an international *paella* of titles, money, and such figures from the arts as will stay up for late parties. Miss Bender offers no explanations, nor does she suggest whether we are to consider these phenomena good or bad. The work may not seem important now, but one day it will be social history.

PLANNING U.S.A., by George Soule (Viking). A very short account of economic planning in the United States, from the days when Alexander Hamilton did all of it down to now, when the President has a Council of Economic Advisers, whose job, as one of its former chairmen, Arthur F. Burns, said, is "managing prosperity." As a writer about economics, Mr. Soule is a nonpareil; he makes complications simple without oversimplification, and, more than that, he makes arcana like the Federal Reserve's open-market operations not only clear to the layman but utterly absorbing.

TWENTIETH-CENTURY GERMAN LITERATURE, by Harry T. Moore (Basic Books). A survey by the author of "Twentieth-Century French Literature," with plot synopses, potted biographies, a few trends, and some evaluation. Typically, four poets will be bedded down together in two paragraphs, with the two better known of them each getting a stanza of his verse quoted in translation. For those who want to talk about modern German literature without any wearisome reading of it.

NOTE: "The Village of Ben Suc," by Jonathan Schell, has been published by Knopf. The contents of the book appeared originally in this magazine, in slightly different form.

•

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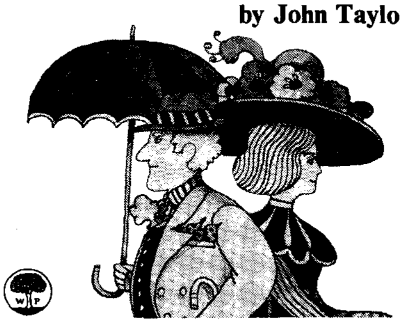

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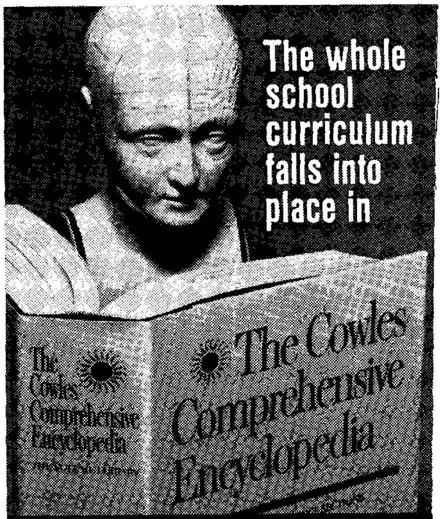
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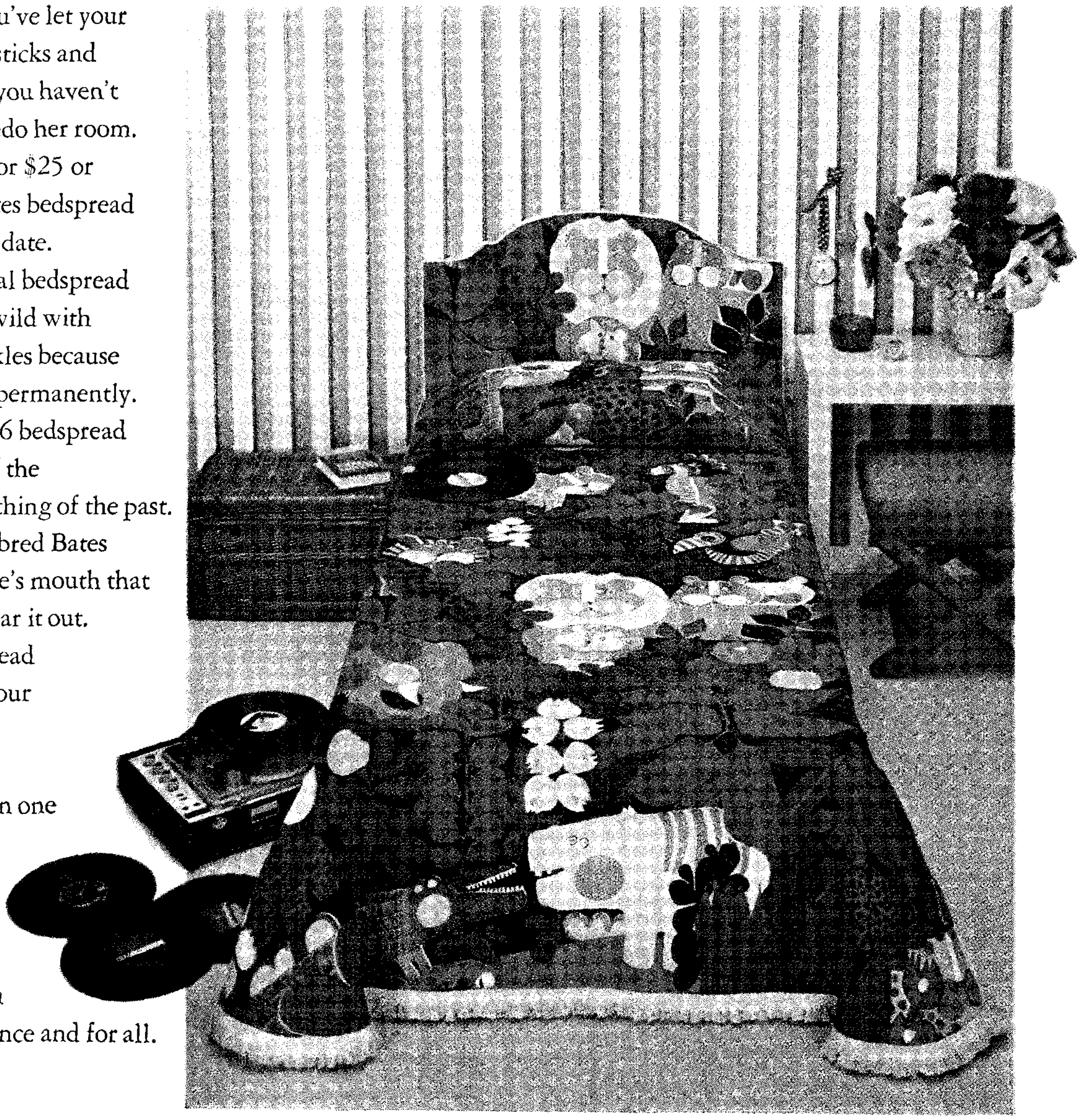

This is Jungle Junket. In red, blue or green. Twin, $22.50. Bunk, $19.98. For a headboard that matches, buy an extra spread, cut it up and tack it on. At all fine stores that know how to cure bedroom neglect.

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